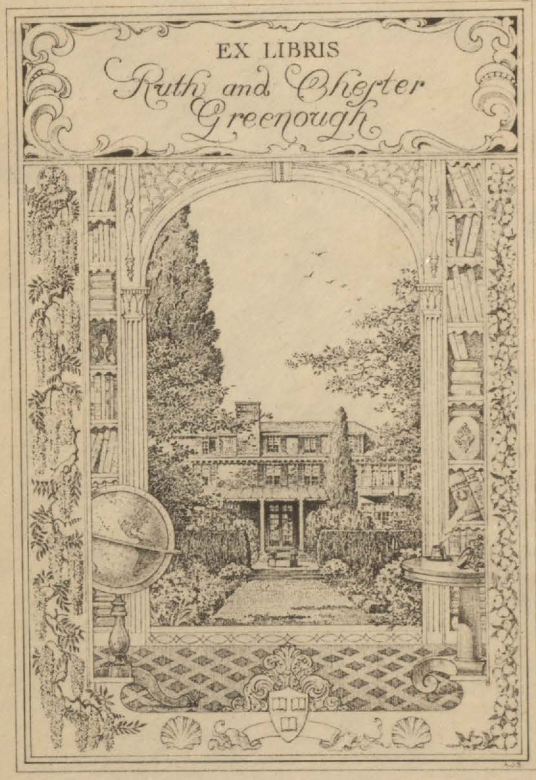
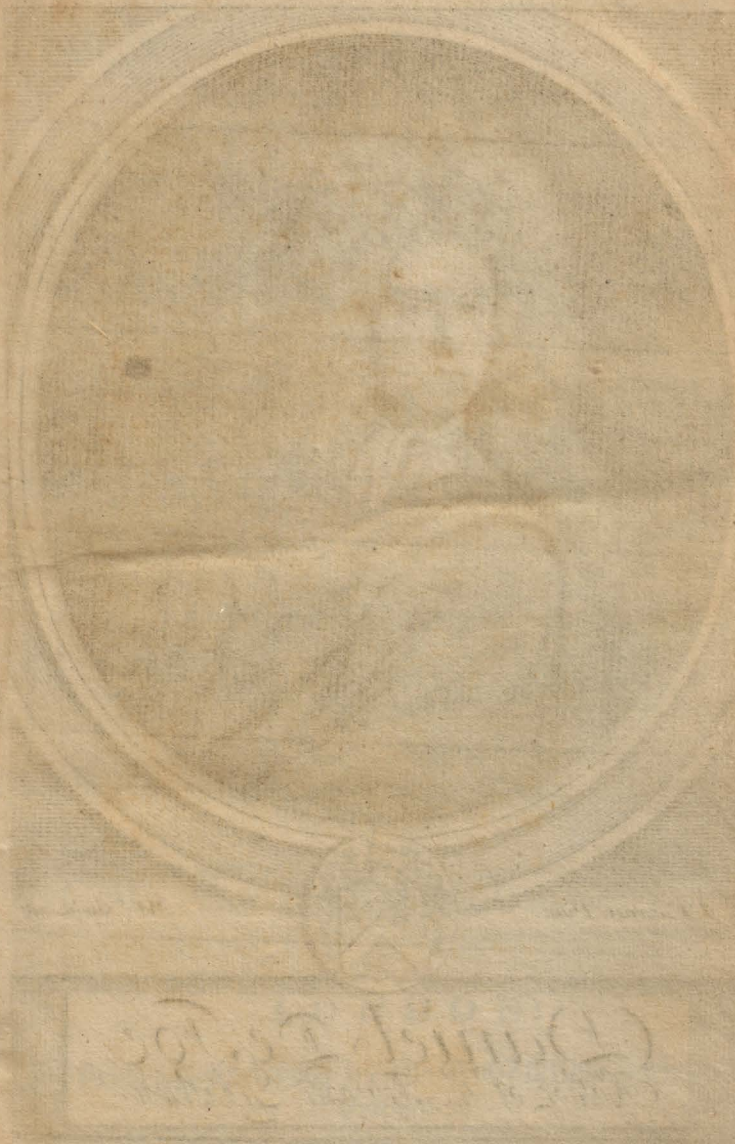




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A

Second VOLUME

OF THE

WRITINGS

OF THE

AUTHOR

OF THE

True-Born Engliſhman.

Some whereof never before printed.

Corrected and Enlarged by the Author.

LONDON:

Printed, and Sold by the Bookſellers. 1705.

Price 6 *s.*

ADVERTISEMENT

OF

A Spurious Edition of the first Volume of the Works of the Author of *The True-Born English-Man.*

THere being a pretended Collection of some of those Tracts, published under the same Name, 'tis thought fit to give Notice, That there are several Things inerted in the said Book, which were not his, and those that are, being full of Errors, Omissions, and Mistakes, which in many Places invert the Sence and Design of the Author.

N. B. The True Collection contains above double the Number of Tracts that were printed in the pirated Edition, as is at large mentioned in the Preface to the Second Edition lately publish'd with Additions. Corrected by Himself. Price bound 6 *s.*

THE PREFACE.

THE same Reasons which obtain'd upon me to expose to the World some of the loose Peices I had formerly publish'd single, in a stated Collection, and a Book by themselves, hold good for my Proceeding to a Second Volume, viz. *that if I do not, some Body else will do it for me.*

The scandalous Liberty of the Press, which no Man more than my self covets to see rectify'd, *is such, that all manner of Property seems prostrated to the Avarice of some People; and if it goes on, even Reading it self will in Time grow intollerable.*

No Author is now capable of preserving the Purity of his Stile, no, nor the Native Product of his Thought to Posterity, since after the first Edition of his Work has shown it self, and perhaps sinks in a few Hands, Piratick Printers

or Hackney Abridgers fill the World, the First with spurious and incorrect Copies, and the Latter with imperfect and absurd Representations, both in Fact, Stile, and Design.

'Tis in vain to exclaim at the Villany of these Practices, while no Law is left to punish them. The Press groans under the unhappy Burthen, and yet is in a Straight between Two Mischiefs.

1. The Tyranny of a Licenser: This in all Ages has been a Method so ill, so arbitrary, and so subjected to Bribery and Parties, that the Government has thought fit, in Justice to the Learned Part of the World, not to suffer it, since it has always been shutting up the Press to One side, and opening it to the other; which, as Affairs are in England often changing, has, in its Turn, been oppressive to both.

2. The unbridled Liberty of invading each other's Property; and this is the Evil the Press now cries for Help in.

To let it go on thus, will, in Time, discourage all manner of Learning; and Authors will never set heartily about any Thing, when Twenty Years Study shall immediately be sacrific'd to the

the Profit of a Piratical Printer, who not only ruines the Author, but abuſes the Work.

I ſhall trouble my ſelf only to give ſome Inſtances of this in my own Caſe.

1. *As to the abuſing the Copy, the* True-born Engliſh-Man *is a remarkable Example, by which the Author, tho' in it he eyed no Profit, had he been to enjoy the Profit of his own Labour, had gain'd above a* 1000 l. *a Book that beſides Nine Editions of the Author, has been Twelve Times printed by other Hands; ſome of which have been ſold for* 1 d. *others* 2 d. *and others* 6 d. *the Author's Edition being fairly printed, and on good Paper, and could not be ſold under a Shilling.* 80000 *of the Small Ones have been ſold in the Streets for* 2 d. *or at a Penny: And the Author thus abuſed and diſcourag'd had no Remedy but Patience.*

And yet he had received no Mortification at this, had his Copy been tranſmitted fairly to the World; but the monſtrous Abuſes of that Kind are hardly Credible: Twenty, Fifty, in ſome Places, Sixty Lines left out in a Place, others turn'd, ſpoil'd, and ſo intolerably mangled, that the Parent of the Brat could not know his own Child: This is the Thing complain'd of, and which

I wait with Patience, and not without Hopes, to see rectifyed.

A certain Printer, whose Practice that way's too well known to need a Name, having frequently practised the same thing in Particulars, made the first Essay in general, and printed a Spurious and Erroneous Copy of sundry Things, which he call'd Mine, and entitled them, A Collection of the Works of the Author of *The True-Born English-Man.*

And tho' the Author was then embroil'd with the Government for one of the Pamphlets he collected, yet had this Man the Face to print among them the same Pamphlet, presuming so far upon the Partiality of the Publick Resentment, that he should pass with Impunity for the publishing that very thing for which the Author was to be persued with the utmost Severity.

This, as it was a full Proof, and most undeniable Testimony, that the Resentment show'd to the Author was on some other and less justifiable Account than the publishing that Book, so was it a severe Satyr on the Ignorance and Unwariness of that Ministry, who had not Eyes to see their Justice plainly exposed, and their general Proceedings banter'd by a petty Printer, in publish-

ing

ing bare-fac'd and in Defyance of them, that ſame Book for which another Man ſtood arraign'd, and was to be expoſed.

Nor was the Inſult to the Government all the Circumſtance of Guilt in this Publication, but the moſt abſurd and ridiculous Miſtakes in the Copies were ſuch as render'd it a Double Cheat: Firſt, To the Author to whom it was a moſt aggravated Theft. Firſt, as it was invading his Right: and, Secondly, as it was done while he was in Trouble, and unable to right himſelf.

Secondly, To the Buyers; to whom it was a moſt ridiculous Banter, and meer picking their Pockets, the Author having, in his firſt Peruſal of it, detected above 350 Errors in the printing, marring the Verſe, ſpoiling the Senſe, and utterly inverting the true Intent and Meaning.

The Author having expreſt himſelf, though in Decent Terms, againſt the Foulneſs of this Practice: The Printer having no Plea to the Barbarity of the Fact, juſtifies it, and ſays, he will do the like by any Thing an Author prints on his own Account, ſince Authors have no Right to employ a Printer unleſs they had ſerv'd their Times to a Bookſeller.

This ridiculous Allegation seems to me, to be as if a Man's House being on fire, he had no Right to get Help for the quenching it, of any Body but the Insurers Fire-Men.

The Instance of this Case was not worth Notice, nor the Man touch'd in it significant enough to mention, were it not at the same time to let the World see the weak Reasons given for so fatal a Mischief, and a thing so discouraging to all manner of Learning and Industry, as this exorbitant License of the Press is.

It may be enquired here how will you find a Remedy for this Mischief? How will you have the Drones, *that* work none, *but devour the Labour and Industry of the Bees, kept out of the Hive?*

It is an Unhappiness that in answering this Point, there is not Difficulty enough either to excuse the Government in letting it lye so long neglected, or to procure me any reasonable Applause for the Contrivance.

The Road is as plain as the Table of Multiplication, and that a Conjunction of Parts makes an Addition of Quantity; two short Clauses would heal all these Evils, would prevent seditious Pamphlets, Lampoons and Invectives

against

againſt the Government, or at leaſt prevent their going unpuniſhed, and preſerve to every Man the Fruit of his own Labour and Induſtry.

Firſt, *That every Author ſet his Name to what he writes, and that every Printer or Publiſher that prints or publiſhes a Book without it, ſhall be deemed the Author, and anſwerable for the Contents.*

Secondly, *That no Man ſhall print another Man's Copy; or in* Engliſh, *that no Printer or Bookſeller ſhall rob another Man's Houſe, for it really is no better, nor is it any Slander, notwithſtanding the aforeſaid Pretence, to call it by that Title.*

I had purpoſed to have given a ſhort Hiſtory here of the ſeveral Tracts in this Collection, and ſomething of the Reaſon of them, but I find it too long for a Preface.

The Hymn to the Pillory ſeems moſt to require it, the Reader is deſired to obſerve this Poem was the Author's Declaration, even when in the cruel Hands of a mercileſs as well as unjuſt Miniſtry; that the Treatment he had from them was unjuſt, exorbitant, and conſequently illegal.

As

As this Satyr or Poem, call it which you pleaſe, was wrote at the very time he was treated in that manner, it was taken for a Defiance of their illegal Proceedings, and their not thinking fit to proſecute him for it was a fair Conceſſion of Guilt in the former Proceeding, ſince he was in their Power, and, as they thought, not like to come out of it.

'Tis true ſome faint ſhew of Reſentment was made, and the Author, though then in Priſon, never declined the Teſt of it, but they began to ſee themſelves in the wrong from the very firſt exerting their Cruelty and Treachery upon this Author, and the Intereſt of the Party ſenſibly decayed from that very Moment of Time.

Multitudes of Occaſions have ſince that ſerv'd to convince the World, that every Word of the Book he ſuffered for was both literally and interpretively the Senſe of the Party pointed at, true in Fact, and true in Repreſentation, and therefore he cannot but repeat the Concluſion as relating to himſelf, which he has ſeen made good even to publick Satisfaction.

Tell them the Men that plac'd him there
Are Scandals to the Time,
Are at a loſs to find his Guilt,
And can't commit his Crime.

I ſhould enlarge on this Subject, but that perhaps the World may in ſome proper Seaſon be troubled with the Journal of all the Proceedings, Trials, Treaties and Debates upon that Head, and the Barbarity as well as Folly of their Conduct be ſet in a true light to the World.

As to the other pieces, the World has ſeen them ſo lately in their proper Seaſons, and the Subjects are ſo plain, I think 'tis needleſs to ſay any thing more to them, let them ſpeak for themſelves.

D. F.

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A

New Discovery

OF AN

Old Intreague:

A SATYR levell'd at Treachery and Ambition.

Calculated to the Nativity of the *Rapparee Plot*, and the Modesty of the *Jacobite Clergy*; designed by way of Conviction to the CXVII. *Petitioners*, and for the Benefit of those that study the City *Mathematicks*.

PREFACE

TO THE

One Hundred and Seventeen.

THE *End of* Satyr *ought to be exposing Falshood, in order to Reformation. As all Warrings are unlawful whose Aim is not Peace, so Satyrs not thus meant are no more* Satyrs, *but* Libels. *One great Character, and the Lines of which I liked as well as any, is left out here, because the Person is*

 attoning

attoning, as I am told, for the past Errors of his Practice, by a future Loyalty to the Government. As for me, if I am blamed for accounting the Petition *reflected on a Branch of our new* Jacobite Plot, *I refer to the Letters taken with my Lord* Preston, *and say no more to any whose meaning was short of that, (as I hope some were) than that they may here see and be convinced whose Tools they have been made, and whose Work they have been doing.*

For my self, Gentlemen, *who I am, you must excuse me, you shall not know; why I wrote this, I shall answer only negatively; not for* Profit, *nor make none of it I assure you, and if I thought I could work on you I would bestow* 117 *upon you* gratis, *and lose so much for a Reformation; not for* Applause *I assure you, for I shall not so much as ask how you like it; not for* Envy *or* Malice, *for I honour your Persons, and should be glad to see you become* English Men *again, and, as I hinted above, should be so much a Friend to the Work of Conversion, as to leave out any other Character of a Reforming Brother.*

If no Reformation follows, I must do as Providence *does, let you alone to your own Wills; and as I never drew my Pen before, so expect no second* Item *from*

Your Humble Servant, &c.

THE

THE INTRODUCTION.

IN Ancient Times when Men of Worth were known,
Not by their Father's Actions, but their own,
When Honours Sacred Pile could be come at,
But by the Steps to Vertue dedicate;
No purchas'd Fame our Panegyricks sung,
Nor were our widdowed Harps on Willows hung.
Renown by downright hazard was attain'd,
And Deeds of Honour only Honour gain'd.
Expence of Blood the Noble Theme began,
And he alone who sav'd a *Roman* call'd a Man.
No gawdy Heir with purchas'd Honour sate
Insulting o're the Legal Magistrate;
Nor glittering Knighthood strutting with Renown,
That from the Father's well stuft Chest begun,
Purchas'd by high *Mandamus* made his own;
But well fought Victories did Fame advance,
The old try'd *English* way of fighting *France*.
And certain Valour certain Glory won,
The honest Bait to Emulation.
No tatter'd *Hero's* in the Shoulder-Belt,
In Age and Poverty their Bruises felt:
By conquering Fortune still acknowledg'd Brave,
Yet go Heroick Beggars to the Grave,

No mangl'd *Cavalier* at Seventy Four,
With fifteen Wounds obtain'd at *Marſton-Moor*,
His Scars expos'd to the unthankful Court,
The Father's Champion, and the Childrens Sport;
Whoſe Stranger Politicks new Syſtems had,
And cruſh'd the Carcaſe to exalt the Head;
And ſo the Baſis of Deceit began:
The King put on by putting off the Man.
And that the Royal Stratagem might take,
Heroick Paths of Luxury they make:
New Ways of Happineſs and Life define,
And ſacrifice to their almighty Wine;
No Idol *Pagod* more Enchantments knew
Than this did firſt contrive, and that purſue:
Nor do the Ages ſince Records were known
Such Standards of refin'd Deluſion own;
In cloſe reſolv'd Tyrannick ways purſuing
By different Means that one great End, our Ruin.
While Crouds of thoughtleſs *Mob* with changeling Praiſe
To their great God the King did ſacrifice:

Nor hot-Brain'd Zeal to fiery *Moloch* paid
Inhuman Offerings of the Sacred Seed,
(While hapleſs Mothers their own Breaſts deny
To bribe the God with their own Progeny)
With greater Guſt than our Addreſſors ſold
Their Liberty for Luſt, for Flattery their Free-hold;
With eager Violence their Charters gave,
Bartring the ſhadow Freedom for the ſubſtance Slave.
And thus the new erected Fabrick throve,
And Freedom long with dying Pangs had ſtrove,

Till

Till Fate diſclos'd its Reſtoration nigh,
The Mighty Sound diſpirits Tyranny,
So darkeſt Clouds the Morning brightneſs flye.
But ſtill the haughty Faction's Diſcontent,
And ſtruggle with the Chains of Government;
Reſtraint from Ill is Freedom to the Wiſe,
And he that parts with that will Tyrannize.
Kings but by Agents act illegal Power;
No Jailor like a licens'd Priſoner.
Who firſt his Freedom ſells, receives in Pay
Licenſe to Tyrannize ſome other way.

He paid for this who firſt indulg'd their Heat,
Whoſe Guile by pious Fraud they firſt defeat;
Men work for others, but for themſelves they cheat.
For when they found
Their darling Luſt Ambition he reſtrain'd,
That *Nero* would be *Nero* by himſelf,
That he engroſs'd the Power and *eke* the Pelf;
That all their Recompences were Delay,
Or ſuch as Tyrants always Traytors pay;
Then their engag'd Aſſiſtance they withdrew,
And with their Lives new Fortunes they purſue.
So greedy Traitors, when their Hopes decline,
Their conſtant Benefactors undermine;
So Wolves, when barren Waſtes afford no Prey,
Will one another brutiſhly deſtroy.

A SATYR, &c.

OF modern *Fame* which hourly Pacquets bring,
And Actions born of yesterday, I sing:
No errant Knights, but errant Knaves I quote,
With Presidents enough, and none remote.
No Foreign Lists our Catalogue supplies,
Some of our own the *French* have took as Prize;
We scorn Reprisals, Knaves of Foreign Growth
Are Contraband:
Besides, the Prohibition barrs the Trade,
And none but Knaves of *English* Stamp are made;
And Troth the Stock is so improv'd for Sale,
The Manufacture is not like to fail.

No Parallels from *Hebrew* Times I take,
And leave the jingling Simily to speak;
Who faithful Balm to *Englands* Wounds applies,
The Danger shows before the Remedies:
Some Harmony with *Hebrew* Times may be,
In some things differ, and in some agree.

The

The chiming Parallel runs counter more
On all the different Steps than it agreed before.

The Sacred Tribes with Heaven it ſelf convers'd,
And thundring Sounds the dreadful Law rehears'd;
Immediate Dictates their Records begun,
Carried by Voice and conſtant Viſion on;
Human Debates obey'd the Heavenly Mode,
And all their Statutes were the Laws of God;
Long Names and *Pedigrees* cou'd only tell
The Hero was the Seed of *Iſrael:*
For different Tribes no different Honour gave,
But only mark'd the *Hebrew* from the Slave;
By *Jus Divinum* of the Heavenly Call
The Son of *Jeſſe*, not the Son of *Saul*
The Regal Dignity at *Hebron* took,
And all the Tribes the Royal Line forſook.
The Sacred Oil was now as loud a Call
As when their Teams were threaten'd by King *Saul:*
No *Levite* durſt in canting Phraſe diſſent,
Nor levy War with dint of Argument:
Nor did with *David* any Prieſt abide
Whoſe dormant Faith attended for the ſtrong'ſt ſide:
Even *Samuel* a due Obedience paid
Unto the Monarch he himſelf had made;
Proportion'd Grandure for himſelf declin'd
T' his proper Work the Ark, and Sacrifice confin'd:
No Titles rais'd, nor haughty Palace fram'd,
But ſtill was poor, and ſtill was *Samuel* nam'd;
The Altar ſerv'd, a linnen Ephod wore,
Was ſtill as meek and humble as before;

Retir'd from Court, in Reverend Veſts array'd,
To *Iſrael*'s God, for *Iſrael*'s King he pray'd:
Had but the Sacred Tribe his Steps purſu'd,
What Years of Peace to *Iſrael* had enſu'd?
How had our flour'ſhing Iſle glad Hours enjoy'd,
For calmer Joys, and nobler Actions made?
While their dark Councils now embroil the State,
Our Feuds encreaſe, and Vengeance antedate;
And their unpractis'd Hands exempt from War
All the vaſt Profits of Confuſion ſhare.
Fatal their Skill, too undiſcern'd the Fraud,
While paſſive Zealots their Harangues applaud;
Their Dictates ſwallow, and at *Jehu*'s Rate
Swiftly drive on with theſe *black Guards* of State;
A Nameleſs Hydra crow'd with *Janus* Face,
That whiſper civil Feuds, and cry for Peace.
Domeſtick Heroes, whoſe Dragooning Hands
Seek out no foreign Wars, while they can plunder Friends.

Inſpire me Jove, with Thunder arm my Pen,
To laſh the Manners, and deſcribe the Men.
How their lov'd Tyrant they at firſt ador'd,
and hugg'd the *Romiſh* Fopperies he reſtor'd;
How their reciprocal Contrivance met,
And *Mighty Injury* upheld the State:
How that loud ecchoing Theatre the Church
Burleſque their God, and Sacred Themes debauch,
Loud Thanks return for th' Monſter they had made;
A *Prot'ſtant* Body with a *Popiſh* Head:
With humble Pray'rs that Chriſt would now permit
That *Antichriſt* ſhould take his Sacred Seat;

The

The Body govern, and the Members keep,
So Wolves protect the unarm'd and eaſie Sheep.
Their *loud Addreſſes* ſanctifie the Fraud,
And his *Almighty Violence* applaud:
Prompt him to Miſchiefs with uplifted Note,
As Right and Wrong had been their own by Vote.
Vow'd that if ever he his Fate ſhould try
With *Life and Fortune* they would all ſtand by,
So afterwards they did at *Salisbury:*
Nor murmur'd they until diſpenſing Art
Their well-belov'd Ambition had cut ſhort:
But early * *Thanks* for Standing Armies gave, * The *Carliſle* Addreſs.
And ſhouted home the glorious Charter *Slave:*
With Muſhrome Joy themſelves Themſelves deceiv'd,
And thank their God for what they ne're † believ'd † Pr. of *Wales.*
Triumphant Flames in Hypocritick Scorn
A ſecond time do *London*'s * Trophies burn, * Fire-Works.
While injur'd Heaven does flaſh for flaſh return.
Yet theſe the ſame who when his Fame decreas'd,
And all his borrow'd Glories overcaſt;
Are found Caballing, and in ſhort Debate,
Quitting his Fortunes to avoid his Fate.
Naſſovian Juſtice Tiranny ſuppreſt,
The wearied Land for ſome few days had reſt;
A few they were indeed, and very few,
Till Diſcontents our former Feuds renew;
And did King *Jeſus* Reign they'd murmur too.
Some ſmaller Aids to our new Joys they lent,
And feign'd to ſmile when they could not prevent;
But bauk'd of Lawleſs Power as once to Reign,
At their own *awkward* Jeſt they firſt repine;

At

At Government with paſſive Fury rail,
And their forſaken *Idol* now bewail:
His hopeful Voyage to *Iriſh* Boggs they ſing,
And his Almighty Thouſands hither bring:
From Month to Month his numerous Hoſts they ſhow,
How oft has *England* been invaded ſo!
Of his great Deeds they threaten'd, and of their own,
And talk'd of Fights, but always talk'd at Home.

So Great *Duras* the Royal Fortreſs Mann'd,
How oft he ſwore, how oft the Prince he Damn'd:
With many a battering Curſe, and many a Gun;
Still as he run he curſt, and as he curſt he run.
His willing Bands with wondrous Courage broke,
Nor fought he for his Monarchs Cauſe a ſtroke;
But fled e're yet the diſtant Troops appear,
And had his Guilt been leſs ſo had his Fear.

And now for Twins in Craft, obſerve the Men
Who early for the Prince's Cauſe began:
The *Poſſe* rais'd, and with united Bands
In Fraud and in Ambition too ſhook Hands;
For Hoſtages their Noble Pledges gave,
There needs no Arts to keep him true that's brave;
Once with our Hate ſucceſsfully they ſtrove,
Screen'd by their Vices and their Maſter's Love;
Blotted by Pride, as they had oft been told,
By their own Braſs, and by the Kingdoms Gold:
Their early Dictates of Tyrannick Sway,
When we the King, the King did them obey:
They ſtill maintain, nor can they ſoon forget
To cruſh the Subject and embroil the State;

New

New Fears of unborn Factions do infuſe,
And threadbare Cries of *Forty One* renews.
Accuſtom'd to be jealous even of Light,
When formidable Nothings did affright;
Vouch that the Votes that *William*'s Scepter gave
Made him a King a Commonwealth to have.
That thoſe are fitteſt to direct his Rule
Who meant him that unthinking thing a Tool;
Unfetter'd at his Hazard, not their own,
Would pay the *Switzer* off, and reign alone:
And now in cloſeſt Councils they preſide,
With Friend and Foe an eqnal Spoil divide:
With double Aſpect ſeek their ſingle Ends,
Aiding King *William* with King *James* his Friends;
To neither true, but hold the Poiſe at Home,
That both may humble Clients be to great King *Tom.*

And now the Church that Sacred Vizor's on,
And *Rome* begins to pull down *Babylon*:
Dragooning's ceas'd, and Paſſive Laws declare,
They wait to ſee the Iſſue of the War.
Too well the ſubtil Stateſman knew the Tribe,
To tamper till he found the Soveraign Bribe,
Too well he knew they could not long withſtand *Sherlock*
A trifling Oath.

De Facto now at one Diſtinction gain'd
The Mil'tant Thouſands of the Sacred Train,
Who long with ſtarving Hopes withſtood in vain.
Four Golden Candleſticks compoſe the Van, 4 Non-juring Biſhops.
With all their Perſecution glories on.

The

The ſame that in the fiery Furnace trod
For Sons o'th' Church are all the Sons of God.

A fifth nor Clergy, nor the Laity own,
Was Soldier, Biſhop, Lord, and Puritan. Biſh. *London.*
Blue Cloak, or Caſſock, Troop, or Convocation,
And thus he *tryes his Skill* upon the Nation.
In grand Proceſſion thus he views the Liſts,
His Squadron full four Hundred Booted Prieſts;
The black Brigade thus for their Church appear'd,
And horrid Cries for *Abdy*, *Harvy*, rear'd:
With Notions ſcar'd, and their own Guilt ſubdued,
So once before they fled when none purſued;
But when the Terror of the Church begun,
And Citts in Troops of *Blew-Coat-Whiggs* came on,
The Martial Zealot in his Cope uprears
To Royal Petticoats his Chriſtian Prayers;
And for disbanding Grace made his Oriſons,
Which, like his Lordſhip's Repartees, were wiſe ones.

One purchas'd Prieſt, whoſe Pay did not miſcarry,
A very Prieſt, for very Mercenary;
Conſcious of his too tottering Faith, and knew
That if he took but one, ſhould perjure two;
In Conſcience ſaid he'd never break them both,
And ſwore by God he would not take the Oath.

But now the gawdy Nicety's in vain,
De Facto Swearers with *de jure* joyn.
Sworn and unſworn one common Cauſe promote,
And private Feuds for publick Good forgot;

While

While Doctor *Sherlock* now the Church harangu'd,
With that ſame Topick *Cook* had try'd and hang'd.
The honeſt *Levites*, who are poor and few,
As they may well be poor who dare be true;
With Words they wheedle ſome, with Gold as many,
For Prieſts were always to be bought for Money.

Room for a Regiment of Bigott Citts,
Who lately loſt, and lately found their Wits;
By wondrous Fate with * forfeit Favours grac'd,
By Mighty *T — m*'s Almighty Magick plac'd:
View them in Arms when our invaded Coaſt
Some glittering Hopes propos'd that all was loſt,
How their advanc'd Battallions did appear
To fight the Men appointed to come here.

* *I don't mean the Lieutenancy.*

Sir *William* that in Martial Robes did ſhine,
And Reaſon good indeed, began the Line;
With many a Rank of Tory Buff and Feather,
That's now reſtor'd, and gone the Lord knows whither;
To keep the Peace Precedencies did grant,
And here, (if not at Home) he's Commandant;
Tho' might he chooſe Commands, 'twould be agen
Ten Thouſand Guinea's, not Ten Thouſand Men:
Ah! *Tom Papillion*, 'twas a ſlippery Trick
To bilk the Mayor, and then to *Holland* ſneak:
See now the Martial Magiſtrate from far,
With all his dreadful Equipage of War;
Three *equal Halves* compoſe his ſtately Meen,
Half Lord, half Soldier, half a Gentleman;
And three as equal Dividends make out
The gawdy Stiles of his Pedantick Rout.

True

True City Champions Tumults to appeaſe,
And wiſh'd for Conventicling Trophies raiſe;
As Taylors, Porters, Prentices, become
Half drunk, half ſober, and a half run home.
Sir *Peter* next had Primitive Command,
Compleatly fix'd, had but his Boots come on,
A Campaign *Phyſ*, and as it came to paſs,
As much a Soldier, and as much an Aſs:
In different Stiles his numerous Titles ran,
Was Hangman, Colonel, and Chamberlain;
Synonimous to that miraculous Store,
Was very Rich, and alſo very Poor.
In later Times he learn'd to domineer,
And now moſt accurately ſwaggers here;
His Favourites now his dear bought Trophies ſing,
And he ſues for ſpeaking Treaſon like a King;
Enrich'd with luſty Verdict from the * Aſſize,
Who at two Marks his over-valued Honour prize.

*Suing *Bellamy* for words, & had two Marks Damages.

A third, and fourth, to fill the Cavalcade,
With match'd Battallions meet on the Parade;
For equal Falſhood equal Fate befel,
This dub'd a Knight, and that a Colonel.
A fifth, and ſixth, with many a ſubaltern,
Went out with Fools, and juſt as wiſe return.
But his Condition juſtly we condole,
For Pity is a Tribute to a Fool;
Who firſt diſmounted in the hot Diſpute,
Went out on Horſeback, and came home on Foot;
The unhappy * Shot diſtinguiſh'd to a Jeſt,
Pick'd out the Animal, and ſpar'd the Beaſt:

Tho'

* A Trooper ſhot the Major's Horſe as they march'd thro the *Park*.

Tho' ſome affirm the Truth did not appear
Till he had firſt be——t himſelf for Fear;
Nor with the Fright did his Misfortune end,
But firſt his Brother Beaſt condol'd, and next his Friend;
So once the Woodman to the Man of God,
When the loſt Ax ſunk in the neighbouring Flood,
Alas 'twas borrowed.

And thus the Knights with City Diſcipline
March'd to *High-Park* indeed to ſee the Queen;
So once the *French* with Forty Thouſand Men
Went up the Hill, and ſo came down agen;
So once King *James* his Squadrons did delude-a,
By Storming *Hounſlow-Heath* inſtead of *Buda:*
Had you the Baggage of the Hoſt but view'd,
Beſides the running Campers that purſu'd;
Had you beheld the Stores, the Magazine,
The Bread, the Cheeſe, the Bottles, and the Wine,
You would have ſwore't had been a *Scotch* Campaign;
That barren Highlands their Fatigues ſhould know,
Where neither they could reap, nor others ſow:
Or that *Montroſs*'s Marches they ſhould take,
With fifty days Proviſion at his Back.
And now the Queen advances to the View,
Lord! how the ready Troops in order ſhew,
No more a Figure, their diſorder'd Files,
But one great Throng the well fix'd Line compiles;
To let the Queen their Annual Poſtures know
At their more regular Figure, *Lord-Mayors-Show.*
And now the Royal Chariot's ſhouted home
By that Almighty Monſter Captain *Tom*,

Whoſe

Whoſe ecchoing Shouts when ſhe no more can hear,
Their Pot-gun Volleys charge Her Royal Ear;
Whoſe regular Noiſe, had ſhe not known how tame,
How unprepar'd, and how reſolv'd they came;
Some dreadful ſcambling Combate did preſent,
Alike confus'd, tho' different in event;
And who knows what that day might have produc'd,
By Wine and Martial Gallantry ſeduc'd;
Had not the wiſer Sex their Votes deny'd,
As to the *Bag of Bullets* by the ſide.
Wiſely the advent'rous Wife her preſence gave,
To calm with Frowns the Fop ſhe came to ſave;
A Whip's a proper Weapon for a Slave;
So once *Sclavonian* Maſters did attack,
When conquering Slaves came in Rebellion back.

And thus the Royal Muſter did conclude,
And th' Hoſt diſſolv'd into a Multitude;
Meer *Mob* the Matter, Army was the Form,
So Bees go out a Troop, come back a Swarm.
So Vapours well compos'd may repreſent
Ships, Armies, Battels, in the Firmament,
'Till ſteddy Eyes the Exhalation ſolves,
And all to its firſt Matter Cloud diſſolves.

Mean while the Martial Terrors of the Field
The threaten'd Whiggs with juſt Diſdain beheld,
Th' unweildy Monſter they at once defie,
And in their Monarch's Cares do Peace enjoy;
Their joyful Aids to his Support lay down,
And thankfully his happy Influence own;

Their

Their hearty Thouſands his Exchequer knows,
And ready Loan their preſs'd Obedience ſhows;
No falſe Harangues of late addreſſing Age,
But thus their *Lives* and *Fortunes* they engage;
An active Loyalty their Princes ſee,
To purpoſe ſhown, and in Extremity:
Words are an empty Loyalty at beſt,
And cheaply paid, Occaſion is the Teſt;
So found too late their Abdicated *James*,
And ſo our Naval Management proclaims.
Nor do we Laurels to his Temples bring,
Or conquering *William*'s dear bought Triumphs ſing
With greater Joy, than with Regret we ſee
His Cauſe (for his is ours) betray'd at Sea:
So while th' accurſed thing i'th' Camp remain'd,
Were *Iſrael*'s Tents with *Iſrael*'s Slaughters ſtain'd.
Not ſo the Hero's our Deſign diſplays,
Whoſe awkward Grin their treacherous Joy betrays.

Ungrateful Smiles their envious Hopes declare,
And ſtile the Invaſion a familiar War.
Their horrid Jeſts on *Engliſh* Fears they make,
And wild Delights in hop'd Revenge they take:
Boaſt of our Loſſes with exalted Voice,
And at their Countries Infamy rejoyce.
With uncouth Joy the well known Story told,
How an Invaſion's bought, and *England* ſold;
And how exact the deep Intreague is laid,
The *Dutch* be ſacrific'd, and we betray'd.

'Twas like a Prieſt, when of the Sacred Tribe,
One in his bloated Hopes their Plots deſcribe:

Our Plot! ſaid he, and paus'd, to let you know
To whom your Hopes, to whom your Thanks you owe,
Is ſo deep, ſo well contriv'd, ſuch Actors in't,
The Devil perhaps may know't, but can't prevent.
But when the Mob the Reverend Author took,
How like his * Guide did paſſive *Clerus* look;
How more confus'd, if Impudence can bluſh,
When ſearch'd for boaſted Plots!

* *Roger* when took and carried to *Guild-Hall.*

The Prieſt, as Prieſts are wont, deceiv'd the Throng,
And look'd for * Treaſon's prov'd a bawdy Song,
And thus the *Gallick Victories* they declar'd,
Even before the haſtening Fact appear'd:
Boaſting their Shame, and hugg'd themſelves to find
Their *Iſrael*, their own *Iſrael* flee before the *Philiſtine:*
Juſt then when ſinking Horror did ſurround,
And preſent Fears our abſent Hopes confound;
The wondrous Trump his * Conqueſt ſounded o're,
So once his Aſpect ſav'd the Land before.
Moments of Time the vaſt Occaſion it,
To thoſe ſurprizing, and to theſe compleat:
Had the great Deed, exactly tim'd by Fate,
One weighty Juncture ſlipt, 't had come too late;
Had he not fought, or had it not been then,
Tho' he had Conquer'd, it had been in vain.
So Mighty *Naſſau*, ſo did Heaven contrive
That thy great Hand ſhould twice the Nation ſave.

* A Parſon taken at *Grave's* Coffee-Houſe.

* *Boyne.*

See now the *Hydra-Faction* of the Town
Cry hail, and bend with aukward Couchees to the Throne;
The Cauſe diſown, and cowardly *Nero* curſe,
Not that he did no better, but no worſe:

And

And were they true to their adopted Cauſe,
There's far more danger in their Tongues than Claws:
For now with fatal Induſtry they drive,
And unto one paſt Plot two more contrive;
Nor grudge to periſh in the Storm they raiſe,
So their laſt Fall their Country but betrays:
So ſwift are Men to deſperate Ills deſign'd,
To Ill ſpontaneous, and in Good confin'd.
A Proof the evil Principle is firſt,
And Guilt has all the Power to Will engroſs'd.

View next the laſt Fatigue of new-born Hope,
To ſink their Fears, and empty Comforts prop,
Exactly laid, but * *God knows how let drop.*

* The Words of the Letter to K. *James* taken with Lord *Preſton*

In ſuppliant Poſtures now to Court they go,
And they who once *abhorr'd*, petition now.
Nor are the Rout of leſs ſuppos'd Eſteem,
Than Sixſcore repreſenting Perſons ſeem:
Captains of Thouſands, mighty Men of Valour,
From ſilly *Will*, to Captain *Tom the Taylor*;
In Mood and Figure to the Houſe made way,
To beg their Prentices a Holiday.
And made a moſt unconſcionable Prayer,
That they might have no Aldermen, nor Mayor:
But that the City, as in ancient *Troy*,
One general Revel-Jubilee might enjoy;
That *Bedlam*, *Newgate*, *Counters*, and *Bridewell*,
Might with the *Common-C——il* now rebel;
That *Tower* Ditches might exclude the *Thames*,
And Royal *Naſſau* truckle to King *James*:

And that your poor Petitioners may be eas'd,
And have a Mayor, or no Mayor, as they pleas'd;
Remonſtrating that what they did reſtore
Had more reſtrain'd them than they were before;
'Twas not their loathſome Priviledges they ſought,
But freedom to do ill.
Give them their ancient Priviledges agen,
When they could plunder and deſtroy like Men:
The luſcious Garlick of the former Reigns,
and pin not Freemen up with Poſts and Chains:
When threatning Baſtions at the *Tower* begun,
And *Guild-Hall* Gate became a Garriſon.
When Charters were the Teſt, and Kings cou'd know
What they durſt ask, the Subject durſt beſtow:
When truſty Patriots bought Mechanick Sway,
Begg'd for illegal Orders to obey,
And Compliment their Liberties away;
Whoſe * ſwifter Grant his Cravings did defeat,
And Tyranny it ſelf anticipate.

* *Pickering* thatbegg'd to have his Companys Chart r takenaway and delivered it with his own Hand.

A new Sir *Will.* this ſecond March begun,
And brought his *Blunderbuſs*, but left his Gun.
'Twas thought theK. beſtow'd hisSpurs in ſpight,
And ſpoil'd a Captain to compoſe a Knight;
In Whigg-Plot days have you not ſeen the *Beau*
With Martial Bagpipe to the Main Guard go;
With many a Blunderbuſs, and Muſquetoon,
Compleatly arm'd, with Cane, and Pantaloon:
Equipp'd with his Hereditary Pride,
And his Inheritance of Brains beſide:
Nature has wiſely blazon'd on his Face
The Eſchutcheon of his Family, an Aſs:

From

From Ear to Ear the Mantling does extend,
Creſted to ſhow the Goat's the Aſſes Friend;
Accuſtom'd to Command, he rais'd in pity
This Independant Troop to ſerve the City:
And wiſely does remonſtrate to the Houſe
How much his Zeal before his Knowledge goes;
And how he had improv'd his Time at School,
Was now a well accompliſh'd Captain Fool,
A weighty Blockhead, with an empty Scull.

Next him Sir *Ralph*, in his due order ſtood,
A very *Ralph*, a very piece of Wood:
By Art they ſay his Timber does excel,
An artificial Stroke may poliſh Hell:
Some hid Accompliſhments he may contain,
That do for Speculation ſtill remain;
Or to be known, when th' Art to underſtand,
Without the drudgery of ſpeaking's gain'd,
At preſent if we judge by what is known,
As to the ſpecies of a Fool, he's one.

Alas *Tom Durfey* thou haſt fallen *ſhort*,
And now * *Drugeſtus* ſhall excuſe thee for't,
For he had elſe come next to make us ſport;
With ruby Face, and old abhorring Noſe,
So Copper mix'd with Stone does Braſs compoſe.

* *New Rapparees*, pag. 6.

Next Couſin *Will*, with *wither'd* Face and Foot,
In his addreſſing Slippers hobbl'd to't,
With aukward *Phys*, and a petitioning Band,
Recants abhorring now, to heal the Land:
With many a Sigh the Danger repreſents,
And now like *Pen*, the Brother Stateſman cants;

Had he a linnen Ephod from the Stall,
On's Head a *neighbouring Sign*, he'd be a Cardinal:
Were I King *James* I'de send for him to *France*,
And to a real *Hat* the Tool advance.
Who knows when once become *His Eminence*,
He may be fitter for an * *Evidence*.
Besides some change attends him that he knows,
Inform'd by his prognosticating Toes.

*His Blunder at the Barr of the House.

Now if you'd hear some Loyal City Farce,
Hear *Bed*——*d*, hee'l bid you kiss his Ar—
Nor Sherriffs, nor Mayor, nor Common Halls excus'd,
But his Posteriors are alike expos'd:
Nay, if *Bow* Bells for Whiggish Joys are rung,
The jangling Metal must salute his Bung;
The Parliament he hopes will hear him now,
If not his common Compliment they know.

Some of the sort have Crimes are Capital,
On whom their Brothers Blood for Vengeance call;
Tender of these, we say to *Rouse* and *Brough*,
Eternity is Punishment enough.
Take an authentick Term for your Condition,
'Twas *Murther* stil'd by th' House you now petition:
Petition Heaven, (if it be not too late)
And tempt no more inevitable Fate:
But note, that they do Penitence pretend,
Who strive to extenuate, and not amend.

And here some Tears does injur'd *Cornish* call,
Whom weeping Heaven does annually bewail,
And Vengeance *swift as Fate* upon his Murtherers entail;

Whose

Whoſe Death will never be forgot, forgiven
On Earth by Man, or unreveng'd by Heaven:
An innocent Man by your unrighteous Breath,
As a Man before the Wicked fell.———
To paint the ſingle Character of all
Would ſwell the Satyr to a Chronicle:
As whipping *Langham*, and his Brother *Kent*,
With pious *Brerewood*, Doctor Small-Beer's Saint,
And ſome that ſacrificed Miſtreſs *Gaunt*;
With one of *Corniſhes*, (that yet *ſurvives*)
And near an Hundred more *Diminutives:*
One general Character the Liſt may own,
The *Hackney Jurors* of the drooping Town;
The Inquiſitors of late Tyrannick Reign,
Who now *petition* for Power to ride again.

How vaſt had been the Liſt, had not the Band
To Senate Members only been confin'd:
Thus Sir *J*—— *Moor* they left, and that was pity,
Who, ſo long been the *Genius* of the City:
Well might the King to his Eſchutcheon add
The *Rampant* * *Lion*, who ſuch roaring made,
And eat up all the Privileges we had:
And ſome Aſſiſtants that the Fury fed
Were now become of the petitioned.
Not thence the ſlacker handed to put on,
The labour'd Purchaſe of Confuſion:
For if paſt Hazards are a proper Teſt,
Sir * *Thomas* ſhares a Faith above miſtruſt;
Who frigidated by diſtemper'd *Hams*,
His fiery Zeal for Slavery proclaims;

* K. *Charles* added to his Schutcheon the *Lyon Rampant*.

* *Vernon*

With gouty Corps, in Mathematick Chair,
To Charter giving Votes did heartily repair.

Sir *Sy——n Lewis* held up both his Paws,
To think that he who ſmarted for the Cauſe,
Should now be robb'd of his delight, Applauſe;
And by his *quondam* Honours loudly ſwore,
Tho' jilted oft, was never thus before;
Nothing but Time can lay the Fermentation,
Or make his VVorſhip fit for Converſation.
Not *Celia's* Charms, not *Clora's* tender Hours,
But raves in Love, and frets in his Amours.

Sir *W——m W——ms* firſt the Cauſe eſpous'd,
And all his ſputtering Eloquence he rous'd;
Foaming with learned Fury, you'd ha' thought
He came to ſpew them in he once ſpew'd out.
Well hir'd to be the Churches Champion,
And thus for *Biſhops Trial* does attone.
For Sovereign Fee with eager Note does prate,
No Cauſe ſo bad but has an Advocate.

And to make up the Show with Men of Senſe
Comes *Common Sergeant* for an *Evidence*;
With *We*'s, and *They*'s, with *Us*'s, and *Suppoſe*'s
Tells how in *Common-Hall* he counted Noſes:
Tells you how he himſelf with City Power,
Decently waited on by Sheriffs, and *Mayor*,
Does *Propria Perſona* firſt diſcloſe,
And tell the People who it is they choſe.
With meagre Face, and true Mechanick Pride,
So will th' exalted Beggar always ride.

The

The CONCLUSION.

GReat *Naſſau* from his envied Throne look'd down,
And view'd their buſie Malice with a Frown.
Their impotent Fury view'd with juſt Diſdain,
And ask'd if he had ſav'd them all in vain?
Their weak Intreagues with due Contempt he ſaw,
And generouſly reſtrain'd the Scourge of Law.
His conquering Mercy did his Juſtice ſtay,
And at his Peril let them diſobey:
Reſtraints to his own injur'd Paſſions gave,
Their Folly pitied, and their Guilt forgave.
A Proof he ſtrove for their meer Liberty,
Had *Fought* to ſave, and *Conquer'd* to ſet free;
Divinely Good, their treacherous Arts he bore,
Was ſtill as kind, and gentle as before:
Arm'd them as Friends, to fortifie his Throne,
And ſmil'd until they thought he durſt not frown.
But when their Inſolence his Arm defy'd,
And wou'd again their baffled Cauſe have try'd,
And he muſt now deſtroy or be deſtroy'd;
Lets flie at once his Vengeance to devour,
And gives a taſte of his miſtaken Power:
Takes care that they ſhall never more rebel,
And with juſt Thunder drives them down to Hell.
" So *Jove* when Earth-born *Titan's* did aſpire,
" Pile Hill on Hill, and higher yet came and higher,

" Till

" Till they almoſt had ſcal'd Heavens glittering Wall,
" And either they, or he himſelf muſt fall,
" Unrein'd his Vengeance, let his Thunders flie,
" And forked Lightnings ſally round the Skie;
" The black *Abyſs* is cover'd with their Spoils,
" They float on *Chaos*, like enchanted Iſles;
" Transfix'd with angry Bolts, from ſurge to ſurge they go,
" Deſpair and raving wander in Eternal Woe:
" May all thine Enemies, *Great Naſſau*, periſh ſo.

More

More Reformation,

A SATYR upon HIMSELF.

THE PREFACE.

THE World has been pleas'd to manage me so severely of late, that if ever I presume to visit them in Print again, I must at the same time make a tedious Apology, and so descend to what I have always had an Aversion to, I mean the Impertinence of a long Preface.

'Tis hard, that when by a Man's Writing 'tis plain enough what he means, yet a poor Author should be forc'd to trouble the World with a long Account of what he does not mean too.

I confess, according to the Custom of the Times, he that writes any thing which may be misunderstood, ought to expect to be misunderstood, and ought to give People leave to believe he meant ill, tho' the Error is in their own Eyesight, and the Reason is, because he that knew the Defect of Custom ought to have fenc'd against it: As when a Man talks softly to a deaf Man, he ought to expect the Man should think he Curses when he Complements, and that if he smiles at a Story, he laughs at him he tells it to, and he cannot blame the Man neither, because he might have spoke plainer.

This is the Case with respect to those Dissenters, who are of the Opinion, That a certain Book, which, 'tis too true for me was of my writing, was writ with a Design to have all the Dissenters hang'd, banish'd, or destroy'd, and that the Gallows and the Gallies should be the Penalty of going to a Conventicle, forget-

forgetting that at the same time I must design to have my Father, my Wife, six innocent Children, and my self, put into the same Condition.

All the Fault I can find in my self as to these People is, that when I had drawn the Picture, I did not, like the Dutch *Man, with his Man and Bear, write under them,* This is the Man, *and* This is the Bear, *lest the People should mistake me.*

I confess I did not foresee an Occasion for this, and having in a Compliment to their Judgments shunn'd so sharp a Reflection upon their Senses, I have left them at Liberty to treat me like one that put a Value upon their Penetration at the Expence of my own.

I have no Occasion further to mention that unhappy Book than on these Accounts, for 'tis plain all other Parties understand it, and take it as it was meant, and I am like to find it so.

The Liberty the World has taken with my Character in this time of my Retreat has been the Occasion of this Book.

'Tis hard, that when a Man under the Publick Resentment was oblig'd to keep out of the way, the whole World should fly at him, like a Dog with a Broom at his Tail, reckon up all the Faults of his Life, and Ten Thousand more than ever he committed, to be the common places of their general Discourse, taking the Advantage of his Absence, when he was not able to answer for himself.

Nay, so extravagant was the whole World, that one had Wit little enough, as well as Manners, to challenge me in Print, when he knew at the same time there was a Reward of Fifty Pounds to be given to him that would discover where I was.

This was such a Satyr upon all the rest, that really instead of fighting that Gentleman I would thank him, if I knew who he was, as a Person that was willing to shew himself a Coxcomb, that other People might see their own Pictures.

England *is particularly famous for the most generous way of Fighting in the World, I mean as to the common Peoples private Quarrels, while the* Dutch *mangle one another with Knives, the* Scotch *Highlanders knock one anothers Brains out with Pole-Axes, the* Irish *stab with their Skeins, and* Spaniards *with their Daggers; the* Englisn *Men fairly Box it out, and in this way of Fighting the Rabble stand by to see fair*

Play,

Play, as they call it, which is, that when a Man is down 'tis counted foul Play, and the Trick of a Coward, to ſtrike him, but let him riſe, and then have at him.

Gentlemen, it had been but kind to have given me fair Play, and not fall all upon me when I was down; let me get up again, if I can, for I much doubt it, *and then let us ſee whoſe Face is blackeſt, and welcome.*

In this univerſal Humour of Mobbing me ſome Gentlemen have deſcended very much beneath their own Characters, as well as Honeſty, to the Diſgrace of good Manners, and the Scandal of their Education. If I was not really very angry with them I ſhould give them ſome room in this Book, but I ſcorn to make a Satyr the Method of ſhewing my private Reſentment.

If I would reſent all the ſcoundrel Uſage I have met with, and ſome of it from my Friends, I muſt certainly prepare to die with my Shooes on, *and therefore I chuſe to let it paſs, as that which is really more Shame to the Author of Scandal than to me.*

But that the World may ſee I am not one of thoſe that practiſe what I reprove, I began this Satyr with owning in my ſelf thoſe Sins and Misfortunes which I am no more exempted from than other Men; and as I am far from pretending to be free from Human Frailties, but forwarder to confeſs any of the Errors of my Life than any Man can be to accuſe me, I think my ſelf in a better way to Reformation than thoſe who excuſe their own Faults by reckoning up mine.

Some that have heard me complain of this hard Uſage have told me, there is ſomething of a Retaliation of Providence in it, for my being ſo very free with the Characters of other Men in a late Satyr call'd, The Reformation of Manners.

To this I anſwer,

Firſt, *In that Satyr, or any other I ever wrote, I have always carefully avoided laſhing any Man's private Infirmities, as being too ſenſible of my own; but if I have ſingled out any Men by Characters, it has either been ſuch as pretending to reform others, and execute the Laws againſt Vice, have been the great Examples and Encouragers of it in their own Example and Practice.*

Or

Or such as have been trusted with the executive Power of Justice, and having been call'd upon by the Laws to reform us, have been a publick Reproach to the Magistracy of this Nation, and ought to be punish'd by the Laws they have been protected by.

Secondly, *I have never made any Man's Disasters and Misfortunes the Subject of my Satyr.*

I never reproach'd any Man for having his House burnt, or his Ships cast away, or his Family ruin'd; I never lampoon'd a Man because he could not pay his Debts, or for his being a Cuckold.

Thirdly, *I never reproach'd any Man for his Opinion in Religion, or us'd him the worse for differing in Judgment from me.*

Indeed, if I meet with a profess'd Atheist, that after God has given him Life and a Being, denies to own the being of him that made him; if I meet with a Clergy-man that points the way to Heaven to other People, but tells them 'tis not worth while for him to go that way himself, a Fellow that Preaches because he's paid for it, and bids his Hearers get them to Heaven and be Damn'd to 'em, *in such Cases I think I have no Bounds set me.*

If therefore the scandalous Treatment I have received is just upon me for abusing others, I must ask such, Who is the Man? Where is the Character I have given that is not just? And where's the Retaliation of Providence that these Men entitle themselves to in loading me with Falsities and Lies, as a just Punishment for my saying the Truth?

But a P---x on him, said a certain sober Gentleman, that did not use to have such Words in his Mouth, *he is a* Whigg, *and what need he have meddl'd with his own Party? could not he have left them out, there were Characters enough o' t'other side.*

Why really, Gentlemen, I must own I know no Whigg or Tory in Vice; the Vicious and the Vertuous are the only two Parties I had to do with; if a vicious, lewd, debauch'd Magistrate happen'd to be a Whigg, what then? let him mend his Manners, and he may be a Whigg still, and if not, the rest ought to be asham'd of him.

Besides,

Besides, if they will have me be of that Party, I think I ought rather to have fix'd on my own Party than not, First, *That no Man might say I was partial and unfair, and* Secondly, *That those I had most Kindness for might reform first, which is the best thing I could wish for them.*

Well, Gentlemen, if these are my Faults, you have paid me home for them; *and now 'tis my Turn again, but I shall treat you with some different Candor from what I receiv'd.*

I do own that I shall never see a notorious scandalous Magistrate, a whoring drunken Clergyman, a lewd debauch'd Justice of the Peace, a publick blaspheming Atheist, but I shall be apt to have a fling at him my way; but you have done me this good that I shall always be a publick Penitent for my own Miscarriages, if it be only in meer Pride not to be liable to you Recrimination.

And I recommend my Practice to all my Friends, if they would be Satyr free,

Confession will anticipate Reproach,
He that reviles us then reviles too much.
All Satyr ceases when the Men repent,
'Tis Cruelty to lash the Penitent.

And yet, Gentlemen, I desire not to be mistaken, for as I will never hide my Infirmities, so I am not oblig'd to confess Sins I never committed; and therefore speaking to the vicious, with whom I have been so free, I must say, I was not in their Debt this Acknowledgment; for tho' I have been a Man of Misfortunes, and one of the greatest has been to be wrongfully accus'd, yet I have the Comfort of this Negative, if negative Vertues can be any Comfort, That I have not been a Man of Vice, and whatever Malice may have the ill Nature to suggest, I venture to say without Pride no Man can charge me with it.

I forbear to say any thing farther than Thankfulness to restraining Goodness extorts, for I count a Man no proper Advocate for himself: But if I must act the Pharisee *a little, I must begin thus;* God, I thank thee, *I am not a Drunkard, or a Swearer, or a Whore-master, or a busie-body, or idle, or revengeful,* &c. *and tho this be true, and I challenge all the*

World

World to prove the contrary, yet I must own I see small Satisfaction in all the possible Negatives of common Vertue; for tho' I have not been guilty of any of these Vices, nor of many more, I have nothing to infer from thence but Te Deum Laudamus.

But after all, how can it be true that I have been too free with the Characters, when here are a sort of People almost ready to go together by the Ears about the Characters; if there be a drunken Justice, all Men are fond of being thought the Man, the Lawyers have named me Twenty Men for my Clitus, *and abundance more for* Fletumacy, *and if I have singl'd out but one of a sort, where is the Injury to any Body? since if they who are nam'd don't like it, here is so many People are fond of taking it up in their stead.*

However, it seems to be a Disparagement to the Satyr to want so direct a Hint at the Person nam'd, as if the Character was not a sufficient Description of the Party, and this argued a deficiency of Wit in the Performance.

In order therefore to please every Body, if that impossible thing be likely, I have plac'd the few Characters in this Book without any true References, declaring before hand that the Letters signifie no Body, and the Consequences of this are two.

First, *If any Person has reason to think he is the Man pointed out in any particular, he is at liberty to disown the Character, and by his future Reformation to shew that it could not be he.*

Secondly, *Those that are fond of a rank Character need not fall out who was meant by the Author, but as many as find their likeness in the Picture may call it their own, and fill up the Blanks with their Names if they please.*

They who expect I should say any thing of my own Matters relating to The shortest Way, *will be mistaken, this is no part of the Design, nor hath the Book any thing to do with it; so far as that Book has displeas'd the Government, I have surrendred at Discretion, and having voluntarily committed my self to the Publick Clemency, have no more to say but this,* It is the Queen, let Her Majesty do what seems good in Her Eyes.

More Reformation, &c.

A

SATYR.

HE that in Satyr dips his angry Pen,
To lash the Manners, and the Crimes of Men;
Pretends to bring their Vices on the Stage,
And draw the proper Picture of the Age:
If he be mortal, if he be a Man,
They'll make a Devil of him if they can.
The meanest slip shall in a Glass be shown,
That by his Faults they may excuse their own:
So guided by their Passions, Pride, or Fate,
That they who should reform, recriminate:
And he that first reforms a vicious Town,
Prevents their Ruin, but compleats his own;
For if he was an Angel from on high,
He cannot 'scape the general Infamy:
They who resolve they never will amend
Assault him first, their Vices to defend;
And when his Lines may happen to convince,
They miss the Passions, tho' they touch the Sense.
By secret Pride, of which we all partake,
We'll hate the Doctrine for the Teacher's sake:

Scorn the Inſtruction, or with high Diſdain,
Tho' we receive the Hint, abuſe the Man;
As School Boys, when corrected for a Fault,
Like what they learn, but hate the Man that taught.

Ill Nature is conſpicuous enough
In Mankind's ſtrong Averſion to Reproof,
In which their Paſſions contradict their Senſe,
While Shame and Pride ſhut out their Penitence.

For Pride's the Native Regent of the Mind,
And where it rules it ruins all Mankind;
He that pretends to ſtorm it, may as well
Aſſault the very Counterſcarp of Hell:
Ten Thouſand leſſer Devils ſtand within,
To garriſon their Frontier Town of Sin:
Whom e're this ſwelling Vapour does poſſeſs,
It never fails their Reaſon to ſuppreſs;
To ſtruggle with it is a vain Pretence,
It maſters all the Manners and the Senſe;
But above all things, 'tis diſtinctly ſhown,
In that our leaſt Miſtakes we ſcorn to own:
Go on in Vice, becauſe we hate to mend,
And won't acknowledge what we can't defend:
And if the ſawcy Prieſts, or Poets, dare
To laſh the faſhionable Vice we wear;
Nay, tho' their Language ſhould convince th' Age,
They'll hiſs the grave Inſtructor off the Stage.

Shame, Pride's young Siſter, and her ſelf a Vice,
Prompts Nature next Repentance to deſpiſe;
She talks of Honour, Scandal of the Times,
Bluſhes at Reformation, not at Crimes.

Men

Men muſt be vicious when they have begun;
The ſcandal of Acknowledgment to ſhun;
They muſt go on in Vice, becauſe they're in;
Aſham'd t' repent, but not aſham'd to ſin:
Theſe Mens Deſtruction no Man can prevent;
For Modeſty has made them Impudent.
The Difficulty in this Riddle lies;
The Vertue ſhou'd reform them is their Vice.
No proper Language can deſcribe the Caſe,
Too little Honeſty, and too much Grace:
Cowards, whom Nature too much Courage lent;
Who dare to ſin, but dare not to repent:
Fools, who unhappily are curſt with Wit,
And know not how to own what they commit.

Theſe Arguments the latent Cauſe contain;
Why Mankind are ſo oft reprov'd in vain:
Their Modeſty's the new uncommon Evil;
'Tis bad to ſin, but to repent's the Devil.
He that offends may ha' been Vice's Tool;
But to acknowledge makes a Man a Fool;
Puts him quite out of Faſhion in the Town;
And he that *once* reforms is *twice undone.*

Satyr, while Men upon ſuch Maxims move;
Expect no Quarter, if thou wilt reprove;
If e're unhappily thou ſtep'ſt awry,
Thy general Vertue's all condemn'd to die:
With a full Cry they'll join to hunt thee down;
By th' univerſal Clamour of the Town.

Then firſt examine with a careful Hand,
And ſearch the ancient Statutes of the Land;

And if you miſs the matter on record,
See what aſſiſtance Reaſon will afford;
Enquire among the Sages, often try
The Rules of Wiſdom and Philoſophy,
And learn, if poſſible, from wiſer Men,
Who us'd to be allow'd our Vices to condemn.

If Innocence alone muſt Guilt remove,
Where lives the Man that's fitted to reprove?
Whoſe Life will Scandal and Reproach prevent,
And never had occaſion to repent?
If in our Circle ſuch a Star ſhould ſhine,
Thy Whips and Scorpions Satyr muſt reſign:
He only cou'd a right of Scandal claim,
And he alone might honeſtly defame.

But ſince Mankind are all alike ſo frail,
That Crimes with Life come like Eſtates in tail;
All have an equal Title to Reproach,
Except ſome few, who ſin a Knot too much:
He that has all his own Miſtakes confeſt,
Stands next to him who never has tranſgreſt,
And will be cenſur'd for a Fool by none,
But they who ſee no Errors of their own:
For Innocence in Men cannot be meant
Of ſuch as ne're offend, but as repent;
Therefore of them that Vices reprehend
'Tis not requir'd that they ſhould ne'er offend:
But this they always owe to Gods and Men,
Not to commit the Vices they condemn;
Nor to be quite ſubdu'd by general Crimes,
Not firſt debauch, and then reform the Times.

Satyr is Nonſenſe when it comes from thoſe
Who practiſe all the Errors they expoſe;
This is reforming of the World by halves,
And all the Satyr points upon themſelves;
Directly tell us their own Names are meant,
As if they ſinn'd on purpoſe to repent.

Yet is it not thy Buſineſs to deſcry
The vulgar Errors of Society?
Human Infirmities are not the Crimes,
For which thou art to ſcandalize the Times;
Nor is it fit for thee to call to mind,
Or banter the Misfortunes of Mankind;
For if their Sins and Sorrows muſt come in,
Thy Satyr muſt upon thy ſelf begin.
Since none that ever wrote a Line before
Of *theſe*, has had, ſo many of *thoſe*, has more:

Malice ſhall write thy Character in vain,
Thou know'ſt more Faults than thy Deſcribers can;
But let the Man that pens thy Hiſtory
Correct his own, and firſt repent like thee:
He's welcome then his Satyr to advance,
And gorge his riſing Spleen with thy Miſchance;
'Tis vain againſt thy Crimes to raiſe a Storm,
Let thoſe recriminate who firſt reform:
Let them expoſe thy Errors to the Town,
As freely as if they themſelves had none:
Thou ſhalt go unreprov'd 'till they repent,
But firſt let them reform, and thou'rt content.

If ever yet thou didſt pretend to be
From Paſſions, Pride, or from Misfortunes free,

In this thou haſt been guilty of a Crime,
Blacker than all the Vices of the Time.

Nay, if it ſhould be thy ſeverer Fate,
That thoſe thou haſt reprov'd recriminate;
And, as in Malice it is often found,
Should forge on thee the Crimes with which themſelves (abound;
Thy Pen ſhall never plead thine Innocence,
Nor write one angry Line in thy Defence;
Becauſe thy guilty Thoughts can call to mind
More ſecret Crimes than ever they could find.

Yet tell them who their darling Vices love,
Thou ſtill retain'ſt a Title to reprove;
For this thy Satyr's Credit ſhall reſtore,
Thy Faults are leſs, and thy Repentance more.

Nor will Recrimination ever do't,
For common Vices are not in diſpute;
But let the Men who think thou doſt 'em wrong,
And are ſo touch'd and angry at thy Song,
Rummage the bottom of thy Character,
To find the Crimes which thou haſt banter'd there;
And if with Truth of Conduct they can find
Thoſe Crimes in thee for which thou blam'ſt Mankind,
Then let them blaſt thy Satyr and condemn
The partial Malice of thy ill-bred Pen,
Then let thy Rhimes be curſt, *but not till then.*

G——writes Satyrs, rails at Blaſphemy,
And his next Page lampoons the Deity;
Expoſes his *Darinda*'s vicious Life,
But keeps ſix Whores, and ſtarves his modeſt Wife;

Sets

Sets up for a Reformer of the Town,
Himſelf a Firſt Rate *Rake* below Lampoon.

To ſin's a Vice in Nature, and we find
All Men to Error and Miſtakes enclin'd,
And Reprehenſion's not at all uncivil,
But to have *Rakes reprove us*, that's the Devil.

S——n, if ſuch a thing this Age can ſhow,
Sets up for an inſtructing ſober *Beau*,
An air of Gravity upon his Brow,
And wou'd be pious too, if he knew how;
His Language decent, very ſeldom ſwears,
And never fails the Play-Houſe, nor his Prayers;
Vice ſeems to ha' been baniſh'd from his Doors,
And very, very, very ſeldom whores.

His Brother Fops he drags to Church to Pray,
And checks the Ladies if they talk too gay:
But *S——n* moſt unhappily has fix'd
On two Extreams which never can be mix'd;
For they will all the Power of Art out-do,
Can join the new Reformer and the Beau.

Some that look out for Wit, and love to read,
Are raiſing Bully *Strephon* from the Dead;
His vicious Lines they ſay will Vice lampoon,
And *Rocheſter* ſhall now convert the Town:
What tho' the Bawdy runs thro' all he writ,
The more the Wickedneſs the more the Wit.
The vileſt Senſe which in his Verſe appears
Will ruin Lewdneſs by the Dreſs ſhe wears;

And thus with lame Pretences they revive
Thoſe Lines when dead he bluſh'd at whilſt alive:
As if Mankind could not diſcern their Evil,
Without a naked Viſion of the Devil.

Like ſome gay Ladies, who, as Authors ſay,
Firſt for the vicious part approve the Play;
But threaten they would all the Work refuſe,
Did not the Wit the lewder part excuſe.

Theſe, worſe than *Rocheſter*, prepare to ſin,
And act the Follies he left off again:
Like him they boldly venture on the Crime,
But think not of repenting too like him.
Pleas'd with the Lines he wiſh'd he had not writ,
They court his Folly, and paſs by his Wit.

Some, *Satyr*, make thy ſharp Rebukes in vain,
Whoſe Reformation no Man can explain:
The Fault which they're reprov'd for they forſake,
And change of Vices not of Manners make,
Tranſpoſe their Crimes, which they by turns commit,
And manage their Repentance by their Wit.

Theſe from thy Satyr always were ſecure,
Fenc'd by the Mask of Penitence they wore;
Buſie to cure the Error of the Times,
But Shams of Reformation hide their Crimes.
The Courſe of Nature does their Faults renew,
And when they lay one down, they take up two.
Theſe are the *Royal Companies* of Vice,
Whoſe Reformation in their out-ſide lies;

Who

Who ſhift their Crimes about from Hand to Hand,
And *Stock-job* Sin, as Men transfer their Land;
The *Devil*'s *Brokers* for Exchanges, who
Old *Whiſton*, *Haynes*, or lewder *Criſp* out-do.
Theſe are *Diſſenters* from the Modes of Vice,
But hold *Occaſional Conformities*;
A general Vertue openly profeſs,
But *as occaſion offers* can tranſgreſs.

D——*d*'s a Penitent, his former Days
Were ſpent in all the high Extreams of Vice;
At *Rome*, at *Paris*, and wher'e're he came,
The Bravoes knew his Face, the Whores his Fame.
His Bully Sword he now forbears to draw,
Repents of Blood, and murthers now by Law;
Reforms his open Lewdneſs, and begins
To mingle ſome Diſcretion when he ſins;
Has learnt to bluſh, and pleads in Scripture Phraſe,
And ſhakes his Head at his own lewder Days.
The outſide of Repentance may proceed,
But ſtill the Devil and the Man's agreed:
He changes publick Crimes for private Vice,
And where's the Reformation pray of this?

K——'s a Diſſenter, and ſevere of Life,
Inſtructs his Houſhold, and *corrects his Wife*;
Reproves a Stranger if he hears him ſwear,
For Vice and he ha' been ſome Years at War;
But Sins of Inclination will remain,
Eclipſe the Chriſtian, and expoſe the Man:
For Wine's the darling Devil of his Life;
This reconciles the Antichriſtian Strife

Betwixt

Betwixt the Convert and his former Friends,
And for his Reformation makes amends.
Religion ſeems to have poſſeſt his Soul,
But Vice corrupts the parts, and taints the whole,
Infects his painted Piety and Zeal,
And ſhows the Hypocrite he'd fain conceal.
The Bottle conquers all his Reformation,
And makes Religion ſtoop to Inclination.
Lectures and Sermons he frequents by Day,
But yet comes Home at Night too Drunk to Pray;
Yet too much Piety is his Diſeaſe,
Thank Heaven! there's few ſuch Hypocrites as theſe;
That wipes his Mouth and acts without Remorſe,
Sins and repents, repents and ſins in courſe.

All this to true Religion's no Diſgrace,
For Hypocrites encreaſe in every place.
The Church may the Diſſenters then deſpiſe,
When they themſelves are free from Men of Vice;
And Whiggs may Church Integrity decry,
When none are ſo but Men of Honeſty;
For Party Vice can no Religion blame,
But Knaves of all Religions are the ſame;
The Villain in his Heart will ſtill be ſo,
Tho' he to Church or *Conventicles* go.
The ſacred Mask put on the Man may come,
And joyn with all the ſorts in Chriſtendom.

Satyr forbear to touch the *honeſt few*,
Who are to Honour and to Conſcience true;
Whom no occaſional Pretence can bribe,
No Byaſs turn, or Human Force preſcribe.

Theſe

These are the Favourites of God and Man,
Whom Kings need never fear, nor Laws restrain;
They never study to embroil the State,
Nor mortgage their Religion to be Great.
Tho' Oaths or Sacraments they may decline,
'Tis not from subtil Reasons, but Divine;
The private Scruples in the Conscience fix'd,
From Int'rest free, and with Design unmix'd:
And therefore when by Fear or Honour mov'd,
Their Native Honesty is quickly prov'd.
This with a just Contempt they can defie,
And *that* with equal Constancy deny.

With steddy Faith they serve the Government,
In Judgment, not in Charity dissent:
To the Establish'd Church they yield the Hand,
For Conscience only they dispute Command;
And those few Doubts which force them to divide,
Are from Necessity, and not from Pride:
Events or Causes are not their Pretence,
These they resign with Peace to Providence:
They seek no Place for Profit or Applause,
Are Friends to *Cæsar* and to *Cæsar*'s Laws.
In Quietness and Peace is their delight,
And always where they can't obey submit:
For the Establish'd Government they Pray,
To the Establish'd Government they pay,
With hearty Zeal Sincerity and Love,
Which both the Christian and the Subject prove.
The *English* Crown they chearfully maintain,
And wish that where it is it may remain.

The Church they can't conform to they defend,
Its Civil Power uphold, its Sacred Power befriend;
With Toleration they are well content,
And theſe are they the Toleration meant:
No Government would ſuch as theſe oppreſs,
Or wiſh to make their little Numbers leſs.

What tho' we think their Conſciences miſled,
Conſcience is poſitive, and muſt b' obey'd;
And he that's faithful to its Dictates goes
Direct and ſteddy to the Truth he knows;
And they that find a nearer way than he
May blame his Knowledge, not his Honeſty.

But he's the Hypocrite who both ways bends,
Whoſe doubling Conſcience ſerves his private Ends;
To day can from the Eſtabliſh'd Church divide,
To morrow can his Conſcience ſell to Avarice and Pride;
Alternate Oaths and Sacraments can take,
Alternate Sacraments and Oaths can break;
On one Hand can the Eſtabliſh'd Church defie,
And when *Occaſion offers* can comply:
No *Tolerating Laws* can theſe defend,
To theſe no *Royal Promiſes* extend;
The Nation ſhould determine this Diſpute
By timely Laws, leſt Heaven it ſelf ſhou'd do't.

In vain to Honeſty they may pretend,
Vain are the Shifts the Practice to defend;
He never can be ſteddy to the Truth
Who builds with one Hand and pulls down with both.

They that for Conſcience ſake at firſt diſſent,
Can ne're conform again till they repent:

The

The Actions of themſelves ſo diſtant lye,
They ſtab the firſt diſſent when they comply:
The Scruple's baniſh'd by inſtructing Light,
As Day ſucceeds the darkneſs of the Night.

But ſome to diſtant Ages will retire,
And of the Church's Infant Years enquire;
And there from Apoſtolick Practice try
To back the grand Miſtake with Scriptural Authority:
St. *Paul*, they tell us, ſometimes did refuſe,
And ſometimes joyn'd in Worſhip with the *Jews*:
To day would Chriſtian Proſelytes Baptize,
To morrow *Hebrew* Converts Circumciſe.
Crowds of Diſſenting Chriſtians from them draw,
Exalt the Goſpel, and Preach down the Law;
Yet as Occaſion offer'd too thought fit
To Synagogues and Sanhedrims ſubmit.
And this they very learnedly apply
To their Occaſional Conformity.

No Man can certainly be thus miſtaken,
But he that's of his Senſes firſt forſaken;
Since he that has but half an Eye may ſee
The Reaſons differ, tho' the Facts agree;
The diſtant Circumſtances ſoon will tell
The lame and incoherent Parallel.

For *Law* and *Goſpel* were the very ſame,
From one Divine Original they came:
Law was but *Goſpel* under Types conceal'd,
And *Goſpel* was thoſe Types and *Laws* reveal'd;
The Sacred Inſtitution only dy'd,
Becauſe t he thing was come it ſignifi'd;

The Types and Figures could no more remain,
Becauſe the Subſtance made the Shadows plain;
The meaning of the Law was not deſtroy'd,
Only the Goſpel made th' Occaſion void;
The Sacred Subſtance ſtill remain'd alive,
In its Eternal Repreſentative.
The equal Object equally will laſt,
That of a Chriſt to come, *this* of a Jeſus paſt.
Thus both in equal Strength remain alive,
That Antecedent, *this* the Relative;

The Circumſtances to one Center came,
And were not two Religions, but the ſame.
Their high ſucceſſive Order was Divine,
Where *that* determin'd *this* was to begin;
So that the Man who did with *this* comply,
Did not by Conſequences *that* deny.

The Knife with which the Rabby Circumcis'd,
The Font in which the Chriſtian was Baptiz'd,
Were all the ſame, the ſame they ſignifi'd,
And only one another they ſupply'd;
Both had their Sanction from the high Command,
And the ſame thing by both we underſtand:
No Scruple therefore juſtly cou'd ariſe,
Whether to cut the *Foreskin* or Baptize.

The ſame in Ceremonies holds as true,
The Jewiſh Rites the Chriſtian Doctrines view;
Their *Altars*, *Sacrifices*, *Incenſe*, *Smoke*,
Attonements, *Sprinklings*, *Blood*, and *Prieſts* t' invoke;
The *Temple*, *Holy-Place*, and *Mercy-Seat*,
Feaſts, *Paſſovers*, *New-Moons*, *forbidden Meat*,

All

All these the great *Messias* represent,
For him they all were made, and him they meant.

Human Inventions were not here impos'd,
Where Heaven commands the Conscience is foreclos'd.
And all the Scruples that cou'd here remain
Was but where *this* shou'd end, or *that* begin:
Here was no Civil Power or Military
To make indifferent *things* be necessary:
Nothing was insignificant or vain,
Nothing was doubtful, nothing was Humane;
'Twas all from Heaven, and tho' 'twas near its end,
Its great beginning did their Awe command.

If this be all we find to justifie
This modern Hetrodox Conformity,
The lame Precedent no Example draws,
But leaves the Practice modern as the Cause.

Besides, if 'twill not thus be understood,
Jewish Conformity may still be good;
Christians may when they think it fit Baptize,
Or as *Occasion* offers Circumcise;
The Talmud use instead of Common-Prayer,
Altars and Sacrifices now prepare:
We may their Feasts, New-Moons, and Fasts divide,
And *Pentecost* observe for *Whitsontide*;
If we the Apostle's Practice will avow,
Because 'twas lawful then, *'tis lawful now*;
Christians their ancient Rites may first refuse,
And then *Occasionally* turn to Jews.

But

But if to Scripture Periods we refer,
We find no Myſtery nor Wonder there;
The Matter's plain, the Difficulty's ſolv'd,
The Type was in the Typifi'd diſſolv'd:
But till the perfect Union, 'tis as plain,
Till one was fix'd the other might remain.
How readily a ſinking Cauſe applies
To weak and unaſſiſting Vanities!
And how induſtriouſly will Men defend
The Faults on which their Intereſt does depend!

Satyr, thou may'ſt the farther Search refrain;
And let the latent Arguments remain;
He that his baſſl'd Conſcience can defie
Will Arguments and Principles deny:
To talk where Pride and Profits are to come;
Is preaching Goſpel to a Kettle-Drum.

Intereſt, like one of *Jeroboam*'s Calves,
In all Religions will at leaſt go halves;
But where it gets a little overſway
It hurries all our Honeſty away.
If Conſcience happens to maintain its Ground,
And is too long on the Defenſive found,
The vigorous Siege is carry'd on ſo faſt,
'Tis Ten to One but it's ſubdu'd at laſt.
But if the Scruple happens to remain,
Religion's twiſted up, that Scruple to explain.
To this great Idol Conſcience learns to bow,
And what was *Error* once is *Order* now.

Satyr, forbear, induſtriouſly refrain
The ſacred Name of *Conſcience to prophane*;

Cunning

Cunning and Craft may take up the Diſguiſe,
But *Conſcience* muſt be under ſome Surprize:
And, when he's well recover'd, will raiſe a Storm,
'Tis Ten to One 'twill make them all reform:
He can the ſtrongeſt Reſolution break,
And *will be heard*, when he thinks fit to ſpeak:
The ſtouteſt Courage never could ſuſtain
The ſhocks of Conſcience, the Attempt's in vain.

The Atheiſt feels *this trifle* in his Breaſt,
And, while he banters, trembles at the Jeſt;
The ſecret Trepidation racks his Soul,
And when he ſays, *no God*, replies, *thou Fool.*
Of *Sleep* it robs their Nights, of *Joy* the Day,
Makes Monarchs ſtoop to Fear, *and Kings obey*;
Diſtracting Thoughts in all their Mirth 'twill raiſe,
And ſtrange Regret to pleaſant Acts conveys.

Kingdoms and Governments it keeps in awe,
For Conſcience is ſuperior to the Law.
No Acts of Parliament can here conſtrain,
But Force or Fraud are equally in vain.
Diſpenſing Power has here a legal force,
For Laws to conquer Conſcience *ceaſe of courſe*;
And where a Law commands a Man to ſin,
The Law goes out, and lets the Libel in.

Men never could commit Miſtakes, would they
This *conſtant waking Centinel obey*;
Would they within this Cabinet retire,
And of this *faithful Counſellor* enquire
Of every Action, they might quickly know
Whether it was an honeſt one or no.

Conſcience muſt be the only thing that's meant
When we expreſs our Reaſons for Diſſent;
They who another Argument can make,
Let them ſtand up, and bid their Reaſons ſpeak:
For he that can diſſent, and yet comply,
I own has learn'd a Doctrine more than I.

Satyr, with them thy future Portion ſeek
Who uſe no Arts their Conſcience to beſpeak;
But liſtening to his honeſt Dictates they
With Care enquire, and then with Care obey.
If e're thou turn thy Pen *to banter theſe*
May all thy Power of Satyr from thee ceaſe;
May Heaven deny thee Wit as well as Bread,
Thou ceaſe to write, and wiſe Men ceaſe to read.
For againſt theſe it is in vain to write,
S—— will not here find out his Hypocrite,
And were we all like theſe *there's none wou'd try't.*

Hoadly would anſwer *Calamy* in vain,
Only to help him baffle him again:
Sacheverell's Standard never had been ſpread,
And *High-Church Spleen* would hide her angry Head.
The Church her ſelf would ſo much Candour feel,
To own their Honeſty, and *ſpare their Zeal:*
The general Charity would quickly flow,
And Chriſtian wou'd be all the Names they'd know:
Here wou'd be then no Parties, nor no Strife,
The Nation wou'd be eaſie as they're ſafe;
The Church might govern, and have no Pretence
To cruſh the Party in their own Defence,
For what have Men to fear from Innocence?

Then

Then they could find no Colour to oppreſs,
And if the Hate remain'd *the Cauſe would ceaſe.*
No Prince, no Church could ſuch a Race deſtroy,
Without the blackeſt Brand of Tyranny.
Religion, *if there's any in the Land,*
Would own the Party, and the Cauſe defend:
And all the Clamour at their long diſſent
Muſt bow to *Conſcience* which they can't prevent.

Now, *Satyr*, all thy Grievances rehearſe,
And ſo *retrieve* the Honour of thy Verſe.
No more ſhalt thou old *Marvell*'s Ghoſt lament,
Who always rally'd Kings and Government:
Thy Lines their awful diſtance always knew,
And thought that Debt to Dignities was due.
Crowns ſhould be counted with the Things Divine,
On which Burleſque is Rudeneſs and Prophane;
The *Royal Banter* cannot ſtand the Teſt,
But where we find the Wit we loſe the Jeſt.
Poets ſometimes with Royal Praiſe appear,
And ſometimes too much Flattery prepare,
Which wiſer Princes hardly will diſpenſe,
Tho' 'tis a Crime of no great Conſequence.
But *Satyr* has no Buſineſs with the Crown,
No Wit can with good Manners there be ſhown.
He that the Royal Errors will expoſe,
His Courage more than his Diſcretion ſhows.
Beſides, his Duty ſhou'd his Pen reſtrain.
And blame the Crime, but not deſcribe the Man:
His proper Parallel of Vice may bring,
Expoſe the Error, not expoſe the King.

Be faithful, *Satyr*, and thy Lines addreſs;
Before Mankind accuſes thee confeſs;
And where thy Pen has thy own Maxims broke
Recal thy Senſes, and the Crime revoke:
Thy ſwift purſuit of Vice a while adjourn,
To Panegyricks all thy Satyrs turn;
Let Guilt take Breath, and all *the Sons of Sin*
Have Time with thee to mend their Manners in:
Ceaſe now to laſh the Errors of the Town,
And turn thy pointed Satyr at *thy own*.

Thy needleſs Care from Vices to abſtain,
Thy Vertue and thy Temperance all's in vain;
Since the firſt ſlip of thy unhappy Pen
Levels thy Fame beneath the worſt of Men:
Unhappy Poets! when they ſtrive t' excel,
Periſh in the Extreams of doing well.
Promiſcuous Gall, unwarily let fly,
May hit the Honeſt, paſs the Guilty by:
But when at Soveraign Power 'tis looſly thrown,
'Tis Treaſon in the Verſe, and all the Crime's our own.
When thy *luxuriant Fancy* ſoar'd too high,
And ſcorch'd its Wings with Beams of Majeſty,
Like haſty *Icarus*, depriv'd of Flight,
It ſunk beneath the Ignorance of Night.

Herein much more than others thou haſt ſinn'd,
Becauſe thy Lines againſt thy Light offend;
Haſt broke thy own firm conſtituted Laws,
Haſt been thy ſelf th' Effect, thy ſelf the Cauſe;
And it muſt be the Devil drew thee in
Againſt thy Senſe and Cuſtom thus to ſin,

Since

Since thou haſt always own'd that Heaven thought fit
Want of Manners ſhould paſs for want of Wit.

Well grounded Satyr's Phyſick for the Times,
But operates on nothing but our Crimes;
And turns to rankeſt Poyſon, if let fly
At Vertue, Innocence, or Majeſty.
Satyr on Kings and Queens is all Lampoon,
And he that writes it ought to be undone.
'Tis Wits High Treaſon, and for Puniſhment
The Poet ought to lodge *i'th' City's Tenement.*

Bedlam's the County Goal, the Wits ſhould know,
Where all *Apollo*'s mad Men ought to go;
The Muſes *Bridewell* to correct ſuch Fellows
As merit not the Favour of the Gallows;
A worſer Dungeon *than the laſt below*,
Where, if Men are not mad, it makes them ſo:
For he that won'd not rather chuſe to die,
And from St. *Bedlam* to St. *Tyburn* flie,
Muſt have no Senſes left to be his Guide,
Muſt certainly be lunatick and mad.

Satyr go on, and ſearch the rankl'd Wound,
For *more Miſtakes of thine* are to be found;
And if thou ſhould'ſt not all thy Faults confeſs,
Mankind will mind reforming theirs the leſs:
The Country Juſtice may diſturb the Peace,
The Clergy drink and whore, the Goſpel ceaſe,
The Doctors cavil, and the Prieſts contend,
And Convocation-Quarrels ſee no end;
The *High* and *Low-Church* Strife embroil the State,
And ſubdivide us all for God knows what;

Phyſicians fetch their Poiſons from afar,
And Soldiers ſtudy to protract the War;
Give Thanks for Victories when they retreat,
And find out Conqueſts in their own Defeat;
Occaſional Conformity prevail,
And looſeneſs on our Principles entail.
Thou art not qualifi'd to laſh the Crimes,
Or heal by ſearching Verſe the vicious Times;
Leſt in purſuance of thy ſtated Law
Thy own Miſtakes ſhould keep thy Pen in awe.

Then firſt confeſs that with unwary touch
Thou laſheſt ſome too little, ſome too much;
And humbly ask the Pardon of Sir *John*
For thinking him too much below Lampoon:
Not that he leſs than others loves a Whore,
Not that he's leſs than thoſe debauch'd, *but more.*
For when to Beaſts and Devils Men deſcend
Reforming's paſt, and Satyr's at an end.
No decent Language can their Crimes rehearſe,
They lye below *the Dignity of Verſe.*
But if among thy Lines he would have place,
Petition him to *counterfeit ſome Grace,*
Let him like ſomething of a Chriſtian ſin,
Then thou't ha' ſome Pretence to bring him in.

Then thou art blam'd for winking at a L--d
Whoſe Rapes and Vices ſtand upon Record,
And call'd a partial Coward, for paſſing by
Such open Crimes, becauſe of Quality;
But here thy Courage has too much been Proof,
And to thy Loſs haſt anger'd Lords enough;

But if 'tis Criminal, my Lord may see
Thy Veneration for Nobility;
Since their sublimer Quality might lead
To guess they're meant when other Names are read.

Satyr's imperfect, and the Title's lame,
Till Men may read their Crimes without the Name;
And Characters the Persons best explain,
When by the Picture all Men know the Man;
For if the Picture does the Person shew,
They're certain Signs that the Description's true.
The Poet is not taken upon trust,
For all Men know the Characters are just;
But if the Names are needful to impart,
There must be a Deficiency of Art;
Like the *Dutch* Painter with his *Man* and *Bear*,
Who writes beneath to tell us what they are,
As if the Picture would not let us know
Which was the propereſt Booby of the two.

And wou'dst thou now describe a *modern Tool*,
To wit, to Parties, and himself a Fool,
Embroil'd with State to do his Friend no good,
And by his Friends themselves misunderstood;
Misconstru'd first in every Word he said,
By these unpitied, and by those unpaid;
All Men would say the Picture was thy own;
No Gazet Marks were half so quickly known.

Thou that for *Party-Interest* didst indite,
And thought'st to be excus'd for *meaning right*:
This Comfort will thy want of Wit afford,
That now thou'rt left a *Coxcomb* on Record;

 England

England had always this one Happineſs,
Never to look at Service, but Succeſs;
And he's a Fool that differing Judgment makes,
And thinks to be rewarded for Miſtakes.

If thou canſt name the long forgotten Days,
When Men for *good Intentions* met with Praiſe;
If in our ancient Records you can find
True Engliſh Men to Gratitude enclin'd.
If it has been the Talent of the Land
Merit without Succeſs to underſtand,
Then you might have expected a Reward,
And then ha' thought the Diſappointment hard.

Endeavour bears a Value more or leſs,
Juſt as 'tis recommended by Succeſs;
The lucky Coxcomb every Man will prize,
And proſperous Actions always paſs for wiſe.

Poet take heed of *Irony's* again,
You'll meet with more than *Labour for your Pain*;
If thinking to oblige them you offend,
'Tis as they think, and not as you intend;
For if you miſs what honeſtly you meant,
The Error's not excus'd by the Intent;
The Cuſtom of the Age will fix th' Offence,
Not in your meaning, but your Ignorance.
The Reaſon's plain, the Subject is with-held,
The Fact's expreſs'd, but the Intent's conceal'd.

Nor will this Reaſon form a juſt Pretence
To plead there is no need of Penitence:

If

If thou haſt err'd, tho' with a good Intent,
One merits Pity, t'other Puniſhment.

Deal with the Times as they ha' dealt with thee;
If they miſtake, what's that Miſtake to me,
Be unconcern'd at that, and let them know
Thou'lt own the Error *'cauſe they think 'tis ſo*;
For 'tis a Debt to Sovereign Power due
Always to let them think *that they ſay true*;
And he that ſtrives to make the Matter known,
In opening firſt their Eyes, *puts out his own.*

Dear Satyr, thou wer't of thy Wits forſaken,
To leave them any room to be miſtaken;
For if a Poet's meaning is not plain,
The World allows no leiſure to explain;
He dies for the firſt Crime he can commit,
For want of Cunning, not *for want of Wit*;
If double meaning hangs upon his Tongue
He's always certain to be taken wrong,
And Miſconſtructions are his conſtant Fate,
Which he in vain corrects when 'tis too late.

Then Satyr juſtifie thy ſelf no more,
Thou wilt be only where thou was't before;
For till the World thy meaning underſtood
They ought to think thy meaning was not good.
To b' unintelligible is a Crime
Almoſt as bad *in Proſe* as 'tis in *Rhyme.*
An Author who we cannot underſtand
Is like a *Reſty Horſe*, at no Command;
And 'tis convenient in a Land of Peace
With Care to cauſe Diſturbances to ceaſe;

Beſides,

Beſides, *a State Enigma* put in print
Has ſomething really ſeditious in't.
Unleſs the Expoſition ſuit the Times,
For Negatives in Authors paſs for Crimes;
Then let thy Penitence for this be known,
And when thou writes again thy meaning own,
Or honeſtly declare that thou haſt none.

He that dares write and leave the World to gueſs
Will *fall like thee*, and he deſerves no leſs;
Yet be not ſullen, Satyr, and *give o're*,
But never truſt 'em with thy meaning more.

For if thou but a Hypocrite deſcribe,
The Clergy ſearch for him *among their Tribe*;
If one *Sir Harry* in thy Lines appear,
All the Sir Harry's think themſelves are there.
If to deſcribe a Blockhead we intend,
The *Beaus* take Arms, and think they're all deſign'd;
Each Man takes up the part that ſuits him beſt,
And ſtrives to knock thy Brains out for the reſt.

There's not a drunken Juſtice in theſe Lands
But for himſelf thy *Furius* underſtands,
Becauſe ſo much Similitude appears
Betwixt the Practice and the Characters.

How many has thy *Fletumacy* own'd?
Of his ſupine Accompliſhments how fond?
How ſatisfi'd to be from *Bedlam* free
Pleas'd to be thought as rich and blind as he?
The Ladies who in Fops and Fools delight
Wou'd all be *Diadora's* for her Wit:

What

What tho' ſhe ſtands a Whore upon Record,
They'll never baulk the practice of the Word,
They'd gladly be as much a Jilt as ſhe,
To get a Cully half ſo blind as he.
'Tis ſtrange, that Men ſo forward ſhould appear,
Fond to be thought more Wicked than they are.
He that to ſuch a pitch in Vice is brought,
Is quite as wicked as he wou'd be thought.

B——s an Atheiſt, and ſo angry's grown,
That *Blackbourn*'s Character is not his own.
Dear Satyr, if thou doſt not do him right,
Be cautious how thou goeſt abroad by Night.

In Impudence he cannot be outdone,
Thinks, if there's any Gods, himſelf is one;
He raves to ſee our Verſe ſhould be ſo blind,
To ſearch for Atheiſts, and leave him behind.
In Wickedneſs he is ſo nice and odd,
He will not ſwear, leſt he ſhould own a God:
Corrects his Vice, for fear the Crimes ſhould tend,
To prove the Deity which they offend.

Beau *P——ll* ſhows himſelf in *Tunbridge* Walks,
Of ſtrange Amours and numerous Actions talks;
His Levee's crowded up with Billet Deux,
He haunts the Court, the Play-houſe, and the Stews;
Eternal Tattle dwells upon his Tongue,
Eternal Bawdy fills up every Song;
Whores are his daily Conſorts and Delight,
Is lewd all day, but very chaſte at Night.

Fate may a Stone upon his Grave beſtow,
Tho' niggard Nature has deny'd him two;

'Tis

'Tis ſtrange that Vice on Nature ſhou'd prevail,
To fill the Head, and yet forget the Tail.
Supply his want of Lewdneſs with his Wit,
And make him boaſt of Sins he can't commit.

But, *Satyr*, that which moſt concerns thee now
Is what, if Heav'n prevent not, feelingly thou'lt know;
That when a *Learned Mouth*'s deſcrib'd by thee
L—— *of all Mankind* ſhould think 'twas he!
Without Diſpute the Characters were true,
But that 'twas ——— 's none but —— knew.
What tho' to Likeneſs he might make Pretence,
Similitude cannot be Evidence.

But, Satyr, of his Anger have a care,
Or ſpeedily for Martyrdom prepare;
For if within his reach you chance to come
You've ſung your laſt, a Fool may read your Doom,
Tho' no more Poets liv'd in *Chriſtendom*.
Grave *Inuendo* in his Forehead ſits,
Able to banter Fools and puniſh Wits.
From his Reſentment, Satyr, flee amain,
Like Death, there's none returns from him again;
'Twill be in vain to make a long Defence,
In vain 'twill be to plead thy Innocence;
His Breath concludes the Sentence of the Day,
He kills at once, for *'tis his ſhorteſt way*.

Satyr, go on, do Pennance for thy Crimes,
And own thy rhyming Errors in thy Rhymes;
Bluſh not thy Native Folly to make known,
The Pen that has offended muſt attone;

But if *thou Poet* ſhouldſt be obſtinate,
And load thy Satyr with thy Verſes Fate,
His Blood will certainly be on thy Head,
And *haunt the Poet* when the *Poem*'s dead;
With *Whitney's Horſes* 'twill in Judgment riſe,
And all thy later Penitence deſpiſe.

Kneel then upon the *Penitential Stool*,
And freely tell the World that thou'rt *a Fool*,
Which from thy Mouth, if they will not believe,
Thy Verſe ſhall *laſting Teſtimonies* give;
A Fool indeed to advocate for ſuch,
As load thee daily with unjuſt Reproach;
A Fool, as by the Conſequence appears,
To put thy own Eyes out *to open theirs:*
A Fool to tell the Nation of their Crimes,
And knock thy Brains out to inſtruct the Times.

From hence old *Rawleigh*'s cautious Rule obey,
And ne're reform the World the *ſhorteſt way*;
Reproof, the grave Reprover, will undo,
They'll always hate thee if the Matter's true.

S—— the Grave thy Labours has condemn'd,
And wiſely ſays he knows what we intend.
Two fam'd Harangues the Orator has made,
Tho' Talking's not his Talent, but his Trade:
Yet has his Wit betray'd him to thy Fate,
For no Man underſtands what he'd be at;
And as his firſt Diſcourſes ſeem'd to fail,
For being all Head, but born without a Tail,
So theſe were Damn'd again, as has been ſaid,
For being all Tail, indeed, without a Head.

Unhappy

Unhappy Satyr, now review thy Fate,
And ſee the *threatning Anger* of the State!
But learn thy ſinking Fortunes to deſpiſe,
And all thy *Coward Friends* turn'd Enemies.

Before thee ſtands the Power of Puniſhment,
In an exaſperated Government.
Behind the vacant Carpet fairly ſpread,
From whence thy *too well ſerv'd Allies* are fled.
At a remoter diſtance there they ſtand,
And mock thy *Folly*, but thy *Fault* commend;
Freely thy former Services diſown,
And ſlily laugh to ſee thee *firſt undone.*
Of thy plain *Action* wou'd invert the *Senſe*,
And rail, and counterfeit an *Ignorance*,
As if 'twas poſſible thou ſhould'ſt intend,
In one Point-Blank two Oppoſites offend.
Theſe ſeem'd provok'd, becauſe they will not know
Thy eaſie Senſe, and *thoſe* becauſe they do.

Satyr, 'twou'd certainly appear a Crime,
Not to *applaud* their Policy in Rhime,
Who, when poor *Authors* in their Quarrel write,
Can to *their Safety* ſacrifice the Wit.
Wait for the *ſafe Event*, and wiſely try,
Whether with *Truth* or *Int'reſt* to comply,
As Proſpects govern, and Succeſs directs,
Their Cunning this *approves*, or that *rejects*.

Bluſh for them, *Satyr*, who thy Name abuſe,
And by Reproach wou'd *Gratitude excuſe*,
And tell them as thou may'ſt be underſtood,
Their Temper's wicked, tho' their Cauſe is good.

Yet

Yet never thy juſt Principles forſake,
For that wou'd be to ſin becauſe thy Friends miſtake;
But bid 'em tell thee, if they can tell how,
What are the Crimes for which they treat thee ſo.
What horrid Fact, what capital Offence
Could bar thee from the Prieſts Benevolence,
That they their Benediction ſhould deny,
And let thee live unbleſs'd, *unpray'd for die.*
Thieves, Highway-men, and Murtherers are ſent
To *Newgate* for their future Puniſhment,
But all Men pity them when they repent.
Religious Charity extorts a Prayer,
And *H*——— ſhall freely viſit *Whitney* there;
Yet three petition'd Prieſts have ſaid thee nay,
And vilely ſcorn'd ſo much as but to Pray;
Refus'd the weighty Talent of the Tribe,
And let their Heat their Piety preſcribe;
Strange Power of Fear upon the Minds of Men,
Which neither Senſe nor Honour can reſtrain.

Ask them why they're exaſperated ſo,
To baulk the cheapeſt Gift they can beſtow.
Satyr, it muſt ha' been ſome mortal Sin,
Some ſtrange Apoſtacy of thy unhappy Pen,
That has the Reverend Fathers ſo perplex'd,
And diſoblig'd the Maſters of the Text.

What tho' the ſcurvy Humours of thy Head,
In Houſe of Tribulation made thy Bed,
And Fate, which long thine Enemy was known,
Had Cloath'd thy Tenement in Walls of Stone?
I know the Learned Orthodoxly ſay,
That after Death there is no room to Pray;

But yet no Article I ever read,
Has counted Men in *Newgate* with the Dead.

Satyr, look back, and former Days review,
How ſtood it once betwixt the Tribe and you,
In proſperous Days their conſcious Pride muſt know
You fed thoſe Prieſts that ſcorn to own you now.
With conſtant Charity reliev'd their Poor,
For which they'll ſtone thee now 'tis in their Power.
With juſt Contempt look back upon their Pride,
And now deſpiſe the Gift which they deny'd;
But let thy Charity their Crime outlive,
And what *they ſeldom practiſe* now forgive.
For Heaven, without their Help, upholds thee here,
He only claims thy Thanks who hears thy Prayer,
He can the Royal Clemency incline,
For Human Grace is center'd in Divine.

A N

AN ELEGY ON THE AUTHOR OF THE True-born *Engliſh* Man.

THE PREFACE.

THO' theſe Sheets have been wrote ſeveral Months, and in a Time that ſeem'd to make them ſomething more ſuitable than now, yet the Occaſion renewing it ſelf every day, who can refrain from ſpeaking?

Had the ſcribbling World been pleas'd to leave me where they found me, I had left them and Newgate *both together; and as I am metaphorically dead, had been effectually ſo as to Satyrs and Pamphlets.*

'Tis really ſomething hard, that after all the Mortification they think they have put upon a poor abdicated Author in their ſcurrilous Street Ribaldry, and Bear-Garden Uſage, ſome in Proſe, and ſome in thoſe terrible Lines they call Verſe, they cannot yet be quiet, but whenever any thing comes out that does

not please them, I come in for a share in the Answer, whatever I did in the Question; every thing they think an Author deserves to be abus'd for must be mine.

Several plentiful Showers of Raillery I have quietly submitted to, and thought I had a Talent of Patience as large as might serve me in common with my Neighbours; but there is a Time when a Man can bear no longer, and if the Man is in a little Passion he thinks he ought to be born with.

I tried Retirement, and banish'd my self from the Town; I thought, as the Boys us'd to say, 'twas but fair they should let me alone while I did not meddle with them.

But neither a Country Recess, any more than a Stone Doublet, can secure a Man from the Clamour of the Pen.

In the following Sheets I endeavour to state the Case in order to a Truce; for Shame, Gentlemen, let him alone, why the Man's dead; 'tis a cowardly Trick to beat a Man when he is down, but to fight a dead Man is the Devil.

And with Submission, Gentlemen, the Allegory is just; for if being tied under Sureties and Penalties not to write, at least not to write what some People may not like, be not equivalent to being dead, as to the Pen, I know not what is.

But how do these People treat Mankind, that they pretend to indict a Man for every thing they please, as if they had Power to read his Countenance in Letters, and swear to a Stile as they would to his Face?

'Tis easie to prove the Authors of Books, and no Man can be conceal'd in such Cases; but for a Man to be charged with other Mens Faults, who has too many of his own, is a Method newly practis'd, and more upon me than upon any Body; and yet the Grief of this Usage does not stick so deep upon me, but that I may tell my Antagonists, if any think themselves deserving that Name, that they are very welcome to go on their own way, and use me as they please, I shall always be ready to reply, or by my Silence let them see I do not think it worth while.

AN

AN
ELEGY, &c.

SATYR ſing *Lachrime*, thou'rt dead in Law;
Thy fatal Hour draws on,
The Lines of thine own *Exit* draw,
And tell how thou'rt undone.

Send for the Prieſt, and ask Advice,
Reflect upon thy Time miſpent;
When Wit upon its Death-Bed lyes
'Tis high time to repent.

What canſt thou ſay old *Pluto* to appeaſe?
Thy Hymns in that dark World will never pleaſe:
Silence, Eternal Silence is thy Lot,
And all thy Rhymes and all thy Hymns forgot:
Bury'd in dark Oblivion, there thou'lt lye
For ſeven long Years, *a Wit's Eternity?*

Little thou thought'ſt in Verſes paſt
Thoſe Songs of thine would be thy laſt.

'Tis hard thy vigorous Muſe ſhould lye
In all her ſtrength of Thought condemn'd to die:

'Tis hard to have her periſh in her Prime,
And moſt Men think ſhe dy'd before her time.
With Patience, Satyr, to thy Fate ſubmit,
And ſhow thy Courage can outdo thy Wit;
With Calmneſs meet the Sentence of thy Death,
And yield with Temper thy Poetick Breath.
What tho' to Silence they condemn thy Rhymes,
Even that Silence ſhall condemn the Times.
The World ſhall bluſh when e're they read,
And thou be ſtill a Satyr, tho' thou'rt dead.

When Malefactors come to die
They claim uncommon Liberty:
Freedom of Speech gives no diſtaſte,
They let them talk at large, becauſe they talk their laſt;
'Tis hard thy dying Words ſhould give offence,
And neither pleaſe in Language nor in Senſe;
He that muſt never open more,
Dearly attones for what he ſaid before.

Departed Satyr! let thy Ghoſt appear,
To keep the vicious Town in fear;
Verſes ſhall from thy injur'd Aſhes riſe,
And Satyrs always pointed at their Vice:
No Man ſhall ſin in peace,
And Vertue only ſhall thy Shade appeaſe.
But ſince, *dear Satyr*, 'tis thy Lot
Thus to die upon the Spot,
In ſofteſt Notes ſing thine own Elegy,
Be ſilent dead, but never ſilent die.

The ELEGY.

Circled in *Newgate*'s cold Embrace,
And reconcil'd to Death by ſuch a place,
I from the horrid Manſion fled,
And, *as concerning Poetry*, am dead:
To ſeven long Years of Silence I betake,
Perhaps by then I may forget to ſpeak:
And thus I dy'd, and yield Satyrick Breath,
For to be dumb *in Poetry is Death.*

If you demand a Reaſon of my Fate,
Whether it came too ſoon, or came too late;
Whether wiſe Heaven did this permit
For want of Manners, or elſe for want of Wit;
Whether I ſaid too little, or too much,
Or loaded any with too juſt Reproach.
If you would know the latent Cauſe,
Go ſearch the hidden Secret in the Laws.
Let not my Verſe my Verſes Crimes debate,
Go ask the powerful Engines of the State.

Beſides he muſt be void of Senſe
Who dare ſtand up in my Defence:
Behold that Power, which Men call Law,
Can keep even Innocence in awe.
Let it ſuffice this Elegy to read,
And tho' you ſee the Man,
All his Poetick Fancy's dead,
Nothing but Carcaſs can remain:
The Shadow of the Poet may appear,
No Subſtance can be there:

A walking *Spectrum*, with his Fancy fled,
And he that rais'd the Devil, the Devil has laid.

Yet I have reaſon to complain,
I cannot quiet in my Grave remain:
The World's diſturb'd about my Memory,
They'll neither let me live nor let me die.
If an ill-natur'd Muſe
Attempts the Nation to abuſe,
If ſome unhappy Truths they tell,
Which might have been conceal'd as well,
My Ghoſt's arraign'd, and I am ſaid
Already to be riſen from the Dead.

The Mob of wretched Writers ſtand
With Storms of Wit in every Hand,
They bait my Mem'ry in the Street,
And charge *me* with the Credit of their Wit;
I bear the Scandal of their Crimes,
My Name's the Hackney Title of the Times;
If ſome new Wit in *Satyr* lies conceal'd,
And lately in Lampoon reveal'd,
My ſilent Aſhes are diſturb'd to know
Whether it's dated from below;
Whether it's *mine* or no.
If ſome in Paſquinades affront the State,
And tempt their yet unpity'd Fate,
Unwilling to be cautious till too late,
The ſubtil Mimicks to this Shadow fly,
Conceal their Guilt, *and ſay 'tis I:*
No Man can ſatyriſe a Man of Fame,
But daily Curſes riſe againſt *my Name.*

Hymn, Song, Lampoon, Ballad, and Paſquinade,
My recent Memory invade;
My Muſe muſt be the Whore of Poetry,
And all *Apollo*'s Baſtards laid to me.

If any Poet has but writ
With an Exuberance of Spight,
Has he the mighty Vices of the Age
And mighty Men too brought upon the Stage;
As who can with his Pen forbear
To dreſs the S--sM-n in the Robes they're fond to wear?
They ſearch the deep Receſſes *of my Grave*,
Liſten to hear the ſleeping Genius rave:
Such is the Folly of their Hate,
That Death cannot their Jealouſies abate;
Such is the force of Guilt, they ſee
Such Reaſon to expect Reproach from me,
Their Fancy harbours the Miſtake,
I dream in Death, and ſend my Ghoſt to ſpeak.

Yet undiſturb'd I ſafely ſleep,
And calm as Death my Silence keep;
I laugh at all the Anger of Mankind,
Who, loth to bear the T——, my Pen confin'd:
I ſmile at Human Policy,
Who always ſtop that Mouth whoſe Words they can't (deny:
Yet let them not their Crimes conceal,
New Satyrs will their Crimes reveal;
More Poets from my Monument ſhall riſe,
Who ſhall like me their Power deſpiſe.
Who ſhall condemn a vitious Court,
And make the Nation's Knaves the Nation's Sport.

Naked as Nature's firſt Original
Vice ſhall before the Bar of Truth appear,
Keen Satyrs ſhall to Judgment call,
And Power ſhall not protect them there;
Satyr ſhall mighty Crimes rehearſe,
No Rogue's above the Quality of Verſe.

Satyr ſhall keep thoſe Knaves in awe
Who are too cunning for the Law;
And ſhall at leaſt expoſe the Cheat
Of thoſe that think themſelves too great.
Fleets ſhall not ſpend a Seventeen Months Advance
To take the Air upon the Coaſt of *France*;
No ſham Deſcents ſhall e're be made,
The Money ſpent, and Majeſty betray'd,
But laſting Verſe ſhall make the Matter clear,
And what the Nation feels the World ſhall hear.

Nor will there e're be wanting to this Age
Poets to ſpread their Errors on the Stage;
Oppreſſion makes a Poet; Spleen indites,
And makes Men write by force, as *G*——*n* fights.
Was e're ſuch broken Voyages made?
Was ever War ſo much a Trade?
If Fleets to *Italy* ſhall go,
And hardly tell the Foe
Whether they have been there or no:
Come back to let us know the Money's ſpent,
And hardly knew for what they went;
The Nation ne'er can want a Poet long
To turn ſuch Juggling into Song.

When

When Traitors creep into th' Affairs of State,
Poets will always propheſie their Fate;
When Villains ſerve the Queen by halves,
And fleece the Nation to enrich themſelves;
Her Majeſty may ſtrive in vain,
Make Peace with *Portugal*, and War with *Spain*.
Fit Armies out, ſend Fleets to Sea,
The Money's all but thrown away:
Unleſs the Heroes who Command
Would learn to do as well as underſtand.
When the new Leagues with *Portugal* appear
All honeſt Men rejoyce;
But had they been ſecur'd before the War
'T had been at half the price:
Had not the Nation been betray'd
Lisbon had long ago embrac'd *Madrid*;
The *Bourbon* Lawrels had abandon'd *Spain*,
And *Anjou*'s Triumphs been in vain.

Were I alive again, and could but hear
The Hopes we have of this *Algarvian War*,
My Satyr could no more forbear
To pay the due *to William*'s *Character*;
The early Meaſures of this War he laid,
But 'twas his Fate to be betray'd;
He form'd the League the Queen has now retriev'd,
And had he been believ'd
The Queen had not been now embroil'd with *Spain*,
And forc'd to purchaſe *Portugal* again.
Spain had long ſince an *Auſtrian* Monarch known,
And rightful Princes had poſſeſt their own.

If

If ſome bold Satyr does not ſoon revive
To let them know that Honeſty's alive;
If we muſt always be embrac'd by Knaves,
And all the Nation's Work be done by halves;
Be every Year endeavouring to be poor,
Be always mending what we marr'd before;
Have always ſomething to retrieve,
And always doing ſomething to deceive;
Vaſt Navies fitted out to fight
A Foe that's always out of ſight;
And yet the *French* in flying Squadrons reign,
Inſult our Trade, and Bully all *the Main*,
And bravely dare our Ships to fight in vain:
If our Sea Captains when they run away
Shall only forfeit three Months Pay;
If no new Genius riſes up to ſhow,
And let the injur'd Nation know
By whom they're thus betray'd, and how;
I fear, in ſpight of all that has been ſaid,
I ſhall be forc'd to ſpeak, altho' I'm dead.

Mean while let mercenary Poets ſtrive
To make their Malice my Deceaſe outlive.
Let them reproach my Memory,
And write, *for now they're ſure of no Reply:*
Let them their true-born *Engliſh* Temper ſhow,
Men in Diſtreſs are always treated ſo:
Let them with wretched Satyrs glut the Town,
Expoſe my Morals, and forget their own;
This ſhall my Quiet never diſcompoſe,
Contempt's a Cure which preſent help beſtows;

Silence

Silence ſhall anſwer their Reproach,
For Silence is a Debt to ſuch.

But if ſome Satyrs ſhall aſſault my Hearſe,
And raiſe my frighted Ghoſt with their more frightful (Verſe,
Let ſuch revengeful Wretches underſtand
I'll anſwer when they'll ſatisfie my Bond:
If they my Pledges will defend
I'll from this Grave ariſe,
I'll reaſſume my Satyrs, and
Leave off theſe Elegies;
The World ſhall have their Errors plainly ſhown,
I'll blaſt their Vices, and reform my own.

Of all the Men that ever dy'd before
Mine's the ſevereſt Caſe,
The Grave till now was always taken for
A place of Peace:
But I, as if ſome ſecret Power I had,
Give Bond to be at quiet when I'm dead;
My Enemies are not content to kill,
But take Security that I'll lye ſtill:
Jealous, it ſeems, my buſie Head
Should make me talk when I am dead.
Here's all the Reaſon I can make them give,
That tho' the Poet's dead *the Man's alive.*
To which as gravely I have ſaid,
That tho' the Man's alive *the Poet's dead.*

He's bad indeed who when he dies
Has none to mourn his Obſequies;
And of the Vertuous find me one
But ſome rejoyce when e're he's gone;

So I have Mourners who lament my Verſe,
And ſome Triumph upon the Satyr's Hearſe:
Some think I die without a Crime,
Some like my Fate, and think 'twas time.
But this juſt Calculation I can make,
And there I think I can't miſtake,
The Wiſe and Vertuous Sorrow's Tribute pay,
And Vice alone keeps Holiday;
This does my Judgment ſatisfie,
For ſo would every wiſe Man die:
So let the Cenſure of my Works be paſt,
So let me die, when I muſt die my laſt;
Let wiſe Mens Sorrow be my Choice,
And let *the Knaves and Fools rejoice.*

'Tis true there is ſome Reaſon in the Caſe,
Vice now has room to ſhew her Face;
For now my walking Ghoſt is laid,
The grand Contagion may the Nation ſpread;
Reproofs may ceaſe,
And all Men be as wicked as they pleaſe.

Cities may Magiſtrates elect,
That may the Crimes they practice there protect;
That all their *D*—— Men may out-ſwear,
And with exalted Drunk'neſs grace the Chair.
No more departed Satyr can reproach,
No more the Crimes or Perſons touch.

S—— may blaſt the Root from whence he came,
And load his Family with Pride and Shame.
The high exalted Wretch untouch'd may live,
Ride in his Coach, *and make his Father drive:*

And

And leaſt his Inſolence ſhould ever fail
Has laid his own Progenitor in Goal.
Let future Poets blame the Law,
That keeps leſs Villains more in awe:
But ſuffers ſuch a Wretch to brave the State,
And ſin above the reach of Magiſtrate:
My *Satyr*, ſilenc'd by the Times,
Will ceaſe to check the moſt unnatural Crimes.
Degenerate *M*—— may now diſown
His Mother's Senſe, in hopes to ſhow his own.
But ſure the Devil muſt be in the Cheat,
To tell him he could make it paſs *for Wit*,
And make him prove with ſuch exceſſive pains,
His want of Manners by his want of Brains.
The young unnatural Fop has ſtrove too long,
With empty Head, and inconſiſtent Tongue.
Nature to make amends for want of Senſe,
Has throng'd his Head with clear Impertinence.
His gay outſide's a *Satyr* on *the Fair*,
And lets us know what's moſt obliging there.
The Ladies who in Beaus delight,
Make ſhift by day, ſo they're but pleas'd at Night.
The Charms which pleaſe a vicious Bed,
Lye ſomewhere elſe than in the Head;
And if the ſuited Blockheads Parts will hit,
They'll always bear with want of Wit.
His own dear Jeſt he labours to enjoy,
And ſtudies how to live and die a Boy.
Nature that left th' unfiniſh'd Fop too ſoon,
Juſt lent him Senſe enough to be undone;
And now he keeps a mighty pother,
And for Hereditary Wit indicts his Mother:

Rails that he's of his Brains bereft,
And yet pretends that ſhe has little left.
Bedlam ſome Title to him had,
But Fools, they ſay, are never mad.
Were not my *Satyr* lately dead,
His juſter Character ſhould here be read;
Mean time would but his Mother take Advice,
The vile unnatural Monſter to deſpiſe:
Nature the viperous Wretch would ſoon diſcard,
And in his Vices ſhow him his Reward.

G—— may his weighty Senſe prepare,
For *G*——*s* an Elbow of the City Chair.
He boaſts himſelf the Churches chief Support,
I think the Church her ſelf ſhould thank him for't:
Tho' moſt ſuppoſe his Notions were but wild,
To fetch the *Jew* to Goſpellize his Child.
The *Hebrew* Rake from Synagogue diſmiſt,
Came in to Circumciſe the Feaſt,
And made the Godfather, but ſpoil'd the Jeſt.
Some ſay 'twas look'd upon as a Reproach,
And interloping on the Church:
But others ſay the *Jew* was rather
A better Chriſtian than the *D*—— Father,
And all agree
The Babe well taught may be the beſt of all the three.
Let the uncircumcis'd alone,
The *Iſraelite* and he are much at one;
Both their Religions now they ſhew,
The *Hebrew* Chriſtian, and the Chriſtian *Jew*.

Some ſay my former *Satyrs* ſhow,
The Ebb of vicious Characters run low;

But

But if they'll pleaſe to think agen,
They'll find I never Tyth'd the Men,
Nor ever throng'd my Verſe with One in Ten.
Why elſe ſhould *S*—— and *T*—— eſcape,
This for his Parricide, that his inceſtuous Rape.
How came prodigious *D*—— to be unnam'd,
For Crimes unheard of lately fam'd.
Of all the Beaus and Brutes that croud the Town,
My modeſt *Satyr* choſe but one,
And he to all Men but himſelf unknown.
I never touch'd great *M*——
Whoſe Follies have not been a few;
Nor told the World of half the Crimes,
Which a fine Houſe can harbour from the Times.

L—— and *W*——*t* in ſpight of me,
Have been as lewd as *R*—— and *D*——
I ſpar'd them for their Modeſty:
Becauſe their Vice was ſomething new,
And made one Whore between them ſerve the two.
Old lying *B*—— ne're met with my Reproof,
Tho' he gave always room enough.
My *Satyr* ſtrove to whet her Pen
Againſt the Crimes, and ſpar'd the Men:
But now the faſhion of the Times,
Makes Poets damn the Men without the Crimes.
If I have been too backward here,
To make the Vices of the Times appear,
If e're I come to riſe again,
I'll make ye all amends, and name the Men.
Young *S*——*t* ſhall not the Houſe of God debauch,
And meet with neither Cenſure nor Reproach.

If

If e're my *Satyr* ſhould revive,
They ſhall reform, or be aſham'd to live.
But now my ſleeping *Satyr* quits the Stage,
And leaves untouch'd the vicious Age.
The eager Rakes may unreprov'd ſin on,
There's time enough to be undone.
No more my *Satyr* ſhall thoſe Follies touch,
No more the Crimes, no more the Men reproach.

M—— may hug *the ſhorteſt way*,
And for its Execution pray:
Next to the ſacred Books he plac'd the Scheme,
And lov'd the Practice better than the Theme.
He always for his Soveraign pray'd,
But 'twas to have her be a Tyrant made;
To have her dip her Hands in Blood,
And ruin all the Nation for their Good.
But when the hair-brain'd Zealot found
The Plot lay deeper under Ground;
When he firſt felt the *Satyr* bite,
And found 'twas writ t' expoſe, and not excite,
He chang'd his Eccleſiaſtick look,
And damn'd the Author, tho' he lov'd the Book.

My *Satyr* has the hardeſt Fate,
Her Book's the Contradiction of the State.
Riddle Ænigma double Speech,
Dark Anſwers, doubtful Scriptures, which
Puzzle the Poor, and poſe the Rich:
Are plain explicite things to theſe,
Who puniſh Authors when the Subjects pleaſe.

Nothing

Nothing but this can ſuch dark Steps explain;
They like the Doctrine, *but they hate the Man.*

Grave Authors now may write Eſſays,
That with one Face look ſeveral ways,
Of Peace at home, and War abroad,
And damn the Subject which they wou'd applaud.
Banter the Queen with Dedications,
And call that Peace which will embroil three Nations.

S—— may new Harangues indite,
To ſet Conformity in clearer light:
Learned Quotations bring by rote,
Wiſe as the Nations he thought fit to quote,
Whoſe Laws he knew, *but had their Names forgot.*
'Twas his ſtrong forecaſt which foreſaw,
To damn Diſſenting by a Law,
Would make our fatal Quarrel ceaſe,
And bring the Nations all to Peace.

Ye Sons of Vice advance your Wit,
'Tis now your turn to reign;
Satyr's ſubdu'd, and muſt ſubmit,
And never like to riſe again:
My Fate will dictate to the reſt,
In me, they know how they ſhall be oppreſt:
My Doom will learn 'em to be wiſe,
And ne're attempt Impoſſibilities.
The Magiſtrate may now be lewd,
The ſawcy Satyr ſhall no more intrude:
A vicious Clergy may the Church ſupply,
Debauch the Gown, and give their Text the Lie:

Smother their Morals in the Vine,
And prove the Bottle's Origine Divine.
Religion may be in a Blanket toſt,
From Hand to Hand, 'till 'tis as good as loſt:
'Till Fate reſtore ſome Juſtice to the Times,
Satyr ſhall leave 'em to grow old in Crimes.
Atheiſts may, unmoleſted, now blaſpheme,
Slight Human Power, and banter the Supream;
Almighty Drunkenneſs bear Imperial Sway,
And Mankind be debauch'd th' *ſhorteſt way.*
The Poor, alone, find in their Crimes their Fate,
And mock the Duty of the Magiſtrate;
They ſuffer for the Crimes the Rich commit,
For want of Money, not for want of Wit.

Guilt may in Splendor thro' the City ride,
With all the Court of Elders by her ſide;
Thoſe true Reformers need not fear,
A ſilent *Satyr* can do nothing here.
Their Sham of Reformation they may print,
With much of canting Nonſenſe in't;
Cajole the People to believe they care,
What lewder Scenes are drawn in *Smithfield* Fair.
For having damn'd Prophaneneſs firſt,
Then they proclaim the Fair, and bid them do their worſt.
In grand Proceſſion to the place they go,
Was ever God Almighty banter'd ſo?

Let 'em go on, abſurdly act,
Firſt Vice condemn, then Vice protect;
My bury'd *Satyr* can no more reprove,
Leave them to Juſtice from above;

Refer

Refer them to their Orders for the Fair,
Prophaneneſs ſinks beneath the City Chair;
But rais'd by Proclamation lives again,
And every *Booth's* a Libel on the Men.

Yet let young Poets reverence the Chair,
For God's *Vicegerent's Deputy* ſits there:
With annual Pomp, and Majeſty enthron'd,
But how does Vice conniv'd his Seat ſurround!
What tho' no Perſonal Crimes there could appear,
To ſoil the brightneſs of his Character:
His weak purſuit of Vice the Law defeats,
For Negatives are Crimes in Magiſtrates.
Yet from my Ghoſt take this Prophetick Curſe,
The next the City chuſes ſhall be worſe.
Let 'em expect thoſe days to come,
When Vice ſhall be embrac'd, and *Satyr* dumb.
My Verſe beneath this Tomb contented lyes,
Reproof's a Bleſſing none but Fools deſpiſe,
And they that hate it never will be wiſe.

Ye Men of Might and *muckle Power*,
Who rule Mankind, and all Mankind devour;
If you would have my quiet Ghoſt remain,
Lock'd in the Laws too mighty Chain,
Obey the Nation's Intereſt and your own,
Learn to protect, and not betray the Throne.
Witneſs ye Powers! I promiſe now,
For ever Sacred be the Vow!
As long as Magiſtrates forbear,
In Crimes they puniſh to appear.

While Parſons ceaſe to drink and whore,
P——*s* to be proud, debauch'd, and poor:
While Lawyers ceaſe to talk Mankind to Death,
And murther Men with mercenary Breath.
While *C*——*rs* Promiſes regard,
And Princes Men of Faith reward.
My *Satyr* ſhall in quiet ſleep,
Her ſentenc'd ſilence keep;
With-hold her Rage,
No more diſturb the Age;
No more the mighty Vices of the mighty Men engage.

When Soldiers haſten to diſpatch the War,
Their Countries Service to their Pay prefer;
Ceaſe to give Thanks for Victory when they fly,
And give Almighty Truth the Lie.
As long as Navies, Fleets, and Men,
Come ſhatter'd home, and haſten out again:
While they protect our Trade, defend our Coaſt,
And bravely fight, what e're it coſt.
While Actions good or ill have due regard,
The Coward Puniſhment, the Brave Reward.
While all our Publicans are juſt,
And faithfully diſcharge the People's Truſt;
Receivers due Accounts give in,
And duly pay it out again.
While needful Charges are defraid,
The Navy mann'd as well as paid.
And no Commiſſion Officers preſume,
To take the Nation's Pay and ſtay at home.
When e're theſe happy Articles appear,
There'll be no Buſineſs for a Satyr here.

I may lye ſtill without Security,
There can be no occaſion then for me;
I ſhall have nothing left to ſay,
For this would ſtop my Mouth *the ſhorteſt way.*

I was in hopes with this Poetick Death,
Slander would die, and let me take ſome Breath:
But Envy never ſleeps, Report begins
To charge my Memory with my Neighbours Sins,
As if they had not known
I have too many of my own.
They tell me now, *the Party* did combine
To bear my Charges, and to pay my Fine.
Malice is always retrograde to Senſe,
And judges things without their Conſequence;
Willing her miſchievous Intent to ſhow,
She always goes too faſt, or elſe too ſlow.

They that this empty Notion rais'd,
Not me, but all the Party ſatyriz'd.
Since all Men that know how to judge by Rules,
Know that the Men they mean were never Fools.
And their worſt Enemies would never try,
To brand them with the blame of Generoſity.
But to remove this modern doubt,
I'll give *Five Hundred Pound* they'll make it out.

Thus like old *Strephon*'s vertuous Miſs,
Who, fooliſhly too coy,
Dy'd with the Scandal of a VVhore,
And never knew the Joy.
So I, by VVhigs abandon'd, bear
The *Satyr*'s unjuſt Laſh,

Die with the Scandal of their Help,
But never ſaw their Caſh.

No Man of Crime that ſuffer'd Death
VVas ever us'd like me,
In Thefts and Treaſons, Rapes and Blood,
All Men have leave to die.
No Sentence ſure was half ſo hard as mine,
That could not die till I had paid my Fine.
Methinks to make me poor had been enough,
For when they had my Pelf,
Perhaps if they had given me time
I might ha' hang'd my ſelf:
But this, and I ſhould think they needs muſt know it,
Is not *the ſhorteſt way* to kill a Poet.
In vain they ſpend their Time and Breath
To make me ſtarve, and die a Poet's Death:
In *Butler's Garret* I ſhall ne'er appear,
Neither his Merit nor his Fate I fear.
Heavens keep me but from Bullet, Sword and Gun,
I'm not afraid of being undone;
I'm ſatisfy'd it never ſhall be ſaid,
But he that gave me Brains will give me Bread.

Some People ask if I was fairly ſlain?
Tho' I think not, I ſhan't complain
Till I ha' ſlept my time, and riſe again.
But they that are concern'd at this
Are freely left to gueſs
VVhy I am doom'd to write no more,
If ſomething wan't too true I wrote before.

VVhy

VVhy ſhould they thus deny
To let me write my truer Hiſtory?
Why ſeven long Years of Silence now impoſe,
If I had nothing to diſcloſe,
Nothing to make appear,
Nothing to ſay they cannot bear to hear.

But 'tis enough I loſt my Life by Law,
And ſtill by Rules am kept in awe.
The Manner all exact and regular,
Whate'er the Conſequences are;
Never demand if it were juſt,
For if the Forms are right, the Matter muſt.

Law is a great Machine of State,
With Hooks and Screws to make it operate;
Which, as they are wound up by Art,
With eaſe perform the fatal part;
Exactly anſwer to the Workman's Skill,
This way 'twill work to ſave, or that to kill.
Crime in this Management has no concern,
No Man can Right from Wrong diſcern;
The Movement is ſo ſubtil and ſo ſure,
And does ſuch certain Fate procure.
The Mathematicks are in vain,
Defenſive Study uſeleſs does remain.
This Monſter whom it pleaſes will devour,
For Law is but a Heathen Word for Power;
A Metaphor, invented to confeſs
The Methods by which Men oppreſs;
By which with Safety they deſtroy Mankind,
While Juſtice ſtands before, *and Fraud behind.*

Thouſands of little Wheels, and unſeen parts
Of perjur'd Promiſes, and wheedling Arts,
This mighty Thing compoſe,
And no Man half its crooked Turnings knows.
The wild Meanders none can trace,
And no Man knows it by its Face.
It learns to change with every Turn of Times,
And rings the Time 'tis ſet to, like the Chimes.
'Tis by this Engine I thought fit to die,
And ſo has many a wiſer Man than I;
And by their broken Promiſes betray'd,
Satyr is thus upon its Death-Bed laid.

If e'er I come to Life again,
Coleman for that, I'll put no Faith in Man:
I that did on fair Quarter yield,
Laid down my Arms, and left the Field,
Did from my own Defence withdraw,
Thinking that Honeſty was Law,
Have loſt my rhiming Life by this Deceit,
And I deſerve it for my want of Wit.
Had I remembred *Days of Yore*,
When we complain'd of Arbitrary Power,
When Lawyers were the Tools of State,
And hurried Men to haſty Fate.
When the great Engine was ſcrew'd up too high,
And Men were hang'd they knew not why;
Had I remember'd *Scroggs*'s Fame,
And known that Lawyers are in every Reign the ſame,
I ne'er had ventur'd to believe
M n, whoſe Profeſſion's to deceive.

Memento

Memento Mori here I ſtand
With ſilent Lips, but ſpeaking Hand;
A walking Shadow of a Poet,
But bound to hold my Tongue, and never ſhow it:
A Monument of Injury,
A Sacrifice to legal T——y.
I beckon to Mankind to have a care,
And pointing, tell how I was loſt, and where;
I ſhow the dangerous Shore,
Where I have ſuffer'd Shipwrack juſt before.
If among Poets there remains a Fool,
That ſcorns to take this Notice for a Rule,
But ventures the Fidelity
Of thoſe whoſe Trade and Cuſtom 'tis to l——,
Let Men no Pity to him ſhow;
Let him to *Bedlam*, not to *Newgate*, go.

THE

THE STORM.

AN ESSAY.

I'M told, *for we have News among the Dead,*
Heaven lately ſpoke, but few knew what it ſaid;
The Voice in loudeſt Tempeſts ſpoke,
And Storms, which Nature's ſtrong Foundations ſhook.
I felt it hither, and I'd have you know
I heard the Voice, and knew the Language too.
Think it not ſtrange I heard it here,
No place is ſo remote, but when *he ſpeaks* they hear.
Beſides, tho' I am dead in Fame,
I never told you where I am.
Tho' I have loſt Poetick Breath,
I'm not in perfect State of Death:
From whence this *Popiſh Conſequence* I draw,
I'm in the Limbus *of the Law.*
Let me be where I will I heard the Storm,
From every Blaſt *it eccho'd thus*, *REFORM*;
I felt the mighty Shock, and ſaw the Night,
When Guilt look'd pale, and own'd the Fright;

And

And every time the raging Element
Shook *London*'s lofty Towers, at every Rent
The falling Timbers gave *they cry'd REPENT.*
I ſaw, when all the ſtormy Crew,
Newly Commiſſion'd from on high,
Newly inſtructed what to do,
In lowring cloudy Troops drew nigh;
They hover'd o'er the guilty Land,
As if they had been backward to obey;
As if they wonder'd at the ſad Command,
And pity'd thoſe they ſhou'd deſtroy.
But Heaven, that long had gentler Methods try'd,
And ſaw thoſe gentler Methods all defy'd,
Had now reſolv'd to be obey'd.
The Queen, an Emblem of the *ſoft ſtill Voice*,
Had told the Nation how to make their Choice;
Told them the only way to Happineſs
VVas by the bleſſed Door of Peace.
But the unhappy Genius of the Land,
Deaf to the Bleſſing, as to the Command,
Scorn the high Caution, and contemn the News,
And all the bleſſed Thoughts of Peace refuſe.
Since Storms are then the Nation's Choice,
Be Storms their Portion, ſaid the Heavenly Voice:
He ſaid, and I could hear no more,
So ſoon th' obedient Troops began to roar:
So ſoon the black'ning Clouds drew near,
And fill'd with loudeſt Storms the trembling Air:
I thought I felt the VVorld's Foundation ſhake,
And look'd when all the wond'rous Frame would break.
I trembl'd as the Winds grew high,
And ſo did many a braver Man than I:

For

For he whoſe Valour ſcorns his Senſe,
Has chang'd his Courage into Impudence.
Man may to Man his Valour ſhow,
And 'tis his Vertue to do ſo;
But if he's of his Maker not afraid,
He's not courageous then, *but mad.*

Soon as I heard the horrid Blaſt,
And underſtood how long 'twould laſt,
View'd all the Fury of the Element,
Conſider'd well by whom 'twas ſent,
And *unto whom* for Puniſhment;
It brought my Hero to my Mind,
William, the Glorious, Great, and Good, and Kind.
Short Epithets to his juſt Memory;
The firſt he was to all the World, *the laſt to me.*

The mighty Genius to my Thought appear'd,
Juſt in the ſame Concern he us'd to ſhow,
When private Tempeſts uſe to blow,
Storms which the Monarch more than Death or Battel (fear'd,
When Party Fury ſhook his Throne,
And made their mighty Malice known,
I've heard the ſighing Monarch ſay,
The Publick Peace ſo near him lay,
It took the Pleaſure of his Crown away,
It fill'd with Cares his Royal Breaſt.
Often he has thoſe Cares Prophetically expreſs'd,
That when he ſhould the Reins let go,
Heaven would ſome Token of its Anger ſhow,
To let the thankleſs Nation ſee
How they deſpis'd their own Felicity.

This

This robb'd the Hero of his Reſt,
Diſturb'd the Calm of his ſerener Breaſt.

VVhen to the Queen the Scepter he reſign'd,
VVith a reſolv'd and ſteddy Mind,
Tho' he rejoyc'd to lay the Trifle down,
He pity'd Her to whom he left the Crown:
Foreſeeing long and vig'rous Wars,
Foreſeeing endleſs, private, party Jars,
Would always interrupt Her Reſt,
And fill with anxious Cares Her Royal Breaſt.
For Storms of Court Ambition rage as high
Almoſt as Tempeſts in the Sky.

Could I my haſty Doom retrieve,
And once more in the Land of Poets live,
I'd now the Men of Flags and Fortune greet,
And write an Elegy upon the Fleet.
Firſt, thoſe that on the Shore were idly found,
Whom other Fate protect, while better Men were drown'd,
They may thank God for being Knaves on Shore,
But ſure the Q—-n will never truſt them more.

They who rid out the Storm, and liv'd,
But ſaw not whence it was deriv'd,
Senſleſs of Danger, or the mighty Hand,
That could to ceaſe as well as blow command,
Let ſuch unthinking Creatures have a care,
For ſome worſe End prepare.
Let them look out for ſome ſuch Day,
When what the Sea would not, *the Gallows may.*
Thoſe that in former Dangers ſhunn'd the Fight,
But met their Ends in this diſaſt'rous Night,

Have

Have left this Caution, tho' too late,
That all Events are known to Fate.
Cowards avoid no Danger when they run,
And Courage 'ſcapes the Death it would not ſhun;
'Tis Nonſenſe from our Fate to fly,
All Men muſt once have Heart enough to die.

Thoſe Sons of Plunder are below my Pen,
Becauſe they are below the Names of Men;
Who from the Shores preſenting to their Eyes
The fatal *Goodwin*, where the Wreck of *Navies* lyes,
A Thouſand dying Sailors talking to the Skies.
From the ſad Shores they ſaw the Wretches walk,
By Signals of Diſtreſs they talk;
There with one Tide of Life they're vext,
For all were ſure to die the next.
The barbarous Shores with Men and Boats abound,
The Men more barbarous than the Shores are found;
Off to the ſhatter'd Ships they go,
And for the floating Purchaſe row.
They ſpare no Hazard, or no Pain,
But 'tis to ſave the Goods, and not the Men.
Within the ſinking Supplaints reach appear,
As if they'd mock their dying Fear.
Then for ſome Trifle all their Hopes ſupplant,
With Cruelty would make a *Turk* relent.

If I had any *Satyr* left to write,
Cou'd I with ſuited Spleen indite,
My Verſe ſhould blaſt that fatal Town,
And drowned Sailors Widows pull it down;

No

No Footſteps of it ſhould appear,
And Ships no more caſt Anchor there.
The barbarous hated Name of *Deal* ſhou'd die,
Or be a Term of Infamy;
And till that's done, the Town will ſtand
A juſt Reproach to all the Land.

The Ships come next to be my Theme,
The Men's the Loſs, I'm not concern'd for them;
For had they periſh'd e'er they went,
Where to no purpoſe they were ſent,
The Ships might ha' been built again,
And we had ſav'd the Money and the Men.
There the Mighty Wrecks appear,
Hic jacent, uſeleſs things of War.
Graves of Men, and Tools of State,
There you lye too ſoon, there you lye too late.
But O ye Mighty Ships of War!
What in Winter did you there?
Wild *November* ſhould our Ships reſtore
To *Chatham*, *Portſmouth*, and the *Nore*,
So it was always heretofore;
For Heaven it ſelf is not unkind,
If Winter Storms he'll ſometimes ſend,
Since 'tis ſuppos'd the Men of War
Are all laid up, and left ſecure.
Nor did our Navy feel alone
The dreadful Deſolation;
It ſhook the *Walls of Fleſh* as well as Stone,
And ruffl'd all the Nation,
The Univerſal Fright
Made guilty *H.*—— expect his fatal Night;

His

His harden'd Soul began to doubt,
And Storms grew high within as they grew high without.
Flaming Meteors fill'd the Air,
But *A——l* miſs'd his *fiery Chariot* there;
Recall'd his black blaſpheming Breath,
And trembling paid his Homage unto Death.

Terror appear'd in every Face,
Even *vile Blackbourn* felt ſome ſhocks of Grace;
Began to feel the hated Truth appear,
Began to fear,
After *he had burleſqu'd a God* ſo long,
He ſhould at laſt be in the wrong.
Some Power he plainly ſaw,
(And ſeeing, felt a ſtrange unuſual Awe;)
Some ſecret Hand he plainly found,
Was bringing ſome ſtrange thing to paſs,
And he that neither God nor Devil own'd,
Muſt needs be at a loſs to gueſs.
Fain he would not ha' gueſt the worſt,
But Guilt will always be with Terror curſt.

Hell ſhook, for Devils dread Almighty Power,
At every ſhock they fear'd the fatal Hour,
The Adamantine Pillars mov'd,
And Satan's *Pandemonium* trembl'd too;
The tottering *Seraphs* wildly rov'd,
Doubtful what the Almighty meant to do;
For in the darkeſt of the black Abode
There's not a Devil but believes a God.
Old *Lucifer* has ſometimes try'd
To have himſelf be deify'd;
But Devils nor Men the Being of God deny'd,

Till

Till Men of late found out new ways to ſin,
And turn'd the Devil out to let the Atheiſt in.
But when the mighty Element began,
And Storms the weighty Truth explain,
Almighty Power upon the Whirlwind rode,
And every Blaſt proclaim'd aloud
There is, there is, there is, a GOD.

Plague, Famine, Peſtilence, and War,
Are in their Cauſes ſeen,
The true Originals appear
Before the Effects begin:
But Storms and Tempeſts are above our Rules;
Here our Philoſophers are Fools.
The *Stagirite* himſelf could never ſhow,
From whence, nor how they blow.
'Tis all ſublime, 'tis all a Myſtery,
They ſee no Manner how, nor Reaſon why;
All Sovereign Being is our amazing Theme,
'Tis all reſolv'd to Power Supream;
From this firſt Cauſe our Tempeſt came,
And let the Atheiſts 'ſpight of Senſe blaſpheme,
They can no room for Banter find,
Till they produce another Father for the Wind.

Satyr, thy Senſe of Sovereign Being declare,
He made the mighty Prince o'th' Air,
And Devils recognize him by their Fear.

Ancient as Time, and elder than the Light,
E're the firſt Day, or antecedent Night,
E're Matter into ſettl'd Form became,
And long before Exiſtence had a Name;

Before th' Expance of indigeſted Space,
While the vaſt *No-where* fill'd the room of place.
Liv'd *the firſt Cauſe*, the firſt great *Where* and *Why*,
Exiſting *to* and *from* Eternity,
Of his Great Self, and of *Neceſſity*.
This I call God, that one great Word of Fear,
At whoſe great Sound,
When from his mighty Breath 'tis eccho'd round,
Nature pays Homage with a trembling Bow,
And conſcious Man would faintly diſallow;
The ſecret Trepidation racks the Soul,
And while he ſays, no God, replies, thou Fool.
But call it what we will,
Firſt Being it had, does Space and Subſtance fill.
Eternal ſelf-exiſting Power enjoy'd,
And whatſoe'er is ſo, *that ſame is God*.

If then it ſhould fall out, as who can tell,
But that there is a Heaven and Hell,
Mankind had beſt conſider well for fear
'T ſhould be too late when their Miſtakes appear;
Such may in vain reform,
Unleſs they do't before another Storm.

They tell us *Scotland* 'ſcap'd the Blaſt;
No Nation elſe have been without a Taſte:
All *Europe* ſure have felt the Mighty Shock,
'T has been a Univerſal Stroke.
But Heaven has other ways to plague the *Scots*,
As Poverty and Plots.
Her Majeſty confirms it, what ſhe ſaid,
I plainly heard it, *tho' I'm dead*.

The dangerous Sound has rais'd me from my Sleep,
I can no longer Silence keep;
Here *Satyr*'s thy Deliverance,
A Plot in *Scotland*, hatch'd in *France*,
And Liberty the Old Pretence.
Prelatick Power with Popiſh join,
The Queen's juſt Government to undermine;
This is enough to wake the Dead,
The Call's too loud, it never ſhall be ſaid
The lazy *Satyr* ſlept too long;
When all the Nations Danger claim'd his Song;

Riſe *Satyr* from thy Sleep of legal Death,
And reaſſume ſatyrick Breath;
What tho' to ſeven Years Sleep thou art confin'd,
Thou well may'ſt wake with ſuch a Wind.
Such Blaſts as theſe can ſeldom blow,
But they're both form'd above and heard below.
Then wake and warn us now the Storm is paſt,
Leſt Heaven return with a ſeverer Blaſt.
Wake and inform Mankind
Of Storms that ſtill remain behind.
If from this Grave thou lift thy Head,
They'll ſurely mind one riſen from the Dead.
Tho' *Moſes* and the Prophets can't prevail,
A ſpeaking *Satyr* cannot fail.
Tell 'em while ſecret Diſcontents appear,
There'll ne'er be *Peace and Union* here.
They that for Trifles ſo contend,
Have ſomething farther in their End;
But let thoſe haſty People know,
The *Storms above* reprove the *Storms below*;

And 'tis too often known;
That *Storms below* do *Storms above* fore-run;

They say this was a High-Church Storm,
Sent out the Nation to reform;
But th' Emblem left the Moral in the Lurch,
For't blew the Steeple down upon the Church.
From whence we now inform the People,
The Danger of the Church *is from the Steeple.*
And we've had many a bitter Stroke,
From Pinacle and Weather-Cock;
From whence the Learned do relate,
That to secure the Church and State,
The Time will come when all the Town,
To save the Church, will pull the Steeple down.

Two Tempests are blown over, now prepare
For Storms of Treason and Intestine War.
The High-Church Fury to the North extends,
In haste to ruin all their Friends.
Occasional Conforming led the way,
And now Occasional Rebellion comes in play,
To let the wond'ring Nation know,
That High-Church Honesty's an empty Show,
A Phantosm of delusive Air,
That as Occasion serves can disappear,
And Loyalty's a senseless Phrase,
An empty Nothing which our Interest sways,
And as that suffers this decays.

Who dare the dangerous Secret tell,
That Church-Men can rebel.

Faction

Faction we thought was by the Whigs engroſs'd,
And *Forty One* was banter'd till the Jeſt was loſt.
Bothwell and *Pentland-Hills* were fam'd,
And *Gilly-Cranky* hardly nam'd.
If living Poets dare not ſpeak,
We that are Dead muſt Silence break;
And boldly let them know the Time's at hand,
When Eccleſiaſtick Tempeſts ſhake the Land.
Prelatick Treaſon from the Crown divides,
And now Rebellion changes ſides.
Their Volumes with their Loyalty may ſwell,
But in their Turns too they rebel;
Can Plot, Contrive, Aſſaſſinate,
And ſpight of Paſſive Laws diſturb the State.
Let fair Pretences fill the Mouths of Men,
No fair Pretence ſhall blind my Pen;
They that *in ſuch a Reign as this* rebel,
Muſt needs be in Confederacy with Hell.
Oppreſſions, Tyranny, and Pride,
May form ſome Reaſons to divide;
But where the Laws with open Juſtice rule,
He that rebels *muſt be both Knave and Fool.*
May Heaven the growing Miſchief ſoon prevent,
And Traytors meet Reward in Puniſhment.

A HYMN TO THE PILLORY.

HAIL! *Hi'roglyphick* State *Machin*,
Contriv'd to puniſh Fancy in:
Men that are Men in thee can feel no Pain,
And all thy *Inſignificants* diſdain.
Contempt, that falſe new Word for Shame,
Is without Crime an empty Name.
A Shadow to amuſe Mankind,
But never frights the wiſe or well-fix'd Mind:
Vertue deſpiſes Human Scorn,
And Scandals Innocence adorn.
Exalted on thy *Stool of State*,
What Proſpect do I ſee of Sov'reign Fate;
How the *Inſcrutables* of Providence,
Differ from our contracted Senſe;
Here by the Errors of the Town,
The Fools look out, the Knaves look on.
Perſons or Crimes find here the ſame Reſpect,
And Vice does Vertue oft correct,

The

The undiſtinguiſh'd Fury of the Street,
With Mob and Malice Mankind greet:
No Byaſs can the Rabble draw,
But *Dirt* throws *Dirt* without reſpect to Merit or to Law.

Sometimes, the *Air of Scandal* to maintain,
Villains look from thy lofty Loops in vain:
But who can judge of Crimes by Puniſhment,
Where Parties rule, and L——s ſubſervient.
Juſtice with change of Int'reſt learns to bow,
And what was Merit once is Murther now:
Actions receive their Tincture from the Times,
And as they change are Vertues made, or Crimes.
Thou art the *State-Trap* of the Law,
But neither canſt keep Knaves nor honeſt Men in awe;
Theſe are too hard'n'd in Offence,
And thoſe upheld by Innocence.

How have thy *opening Vacancies* receiv'd,
In every Age the Criminals of State?
And how has Mankind been deceiv'd,
When they diſtinguiſh Crimes by Fate?
Tell us, *Great Engine*, how to underſtand,
Or reconcile the Juſtice of the Land;
How *Baſtwick*, *Pryn*, *Hunt*, *Hollingsby* and *Pye*,
Men of unſpotted Honeſty;
Men that had Learning, Wit, and Senſe,
And more than moſt Men have had ſince,
Could equal Title to thee claim,
With *Oats* and *Fuller*, Men of later Fame:
Even the Learned *Selden* ſaw,
A Proſpect of thee thro' the Law:

He had thy *lofty Pinnacles* in view,
But ſo much Honour never was thy due:
Had the Great *Selden* Triumph'd on thy Stage,
Selden the Honour of his Age;
No Man wou'd ever ſhun thee more,
Or grudge to ſtand where *Selden* ſtood before.

Thou art no Shame to Truth and Honeſty,
Nor is the Character of ſuch defac'd by thee,
Who ſuffer by oppreſſive Injury.
Shame, like the Exhalations of the Sun,
Falls back where firſt the motion was begun:
And he who for no Crime ſhall on thy Brows appear,
Bears leſs Reproach than they who plac'd him there.

But if Contempt is on thy Face entail'd,
Diſgrace it ſelf ſhall be aſham'd;
Scandal ſhall bluſh that it has not prevail'd,
To blaſt the Man it has defam'd.
Let all that merit equal Puniſhment,
Stand there with him, and we are all content.

There would the fam'd *S——ll* ſtand,
With Trumpet of Sedition in his Hand,
Sounding the firſt *Cruſado* in the Land.
He from a Church of *England* Pulpit firſt
All his diſſenting Brethren curſt;
Doom'd them to Satan for a Prey,
And firſt found out *the ſhorteſt way*;
With him the wiſe Vice-Chancellor o'th' Preſs,
Who, tho' our Printers Licenſes defy,
Willing to ſhow his forwardneſs,
Bleſs'd it with his Authority;

He

He gave the Church's Sanction to the Work,
As *Popes* bleſs Colours for Troops which fight the *Turk*.
Doctors in Scandal theſe are grown,
For *red hot Zeal* and furious Learning known:
Profeſſors in Reproach, and highly fit,
For *Juno*'s Academy, *Billingſgate*.
Thou like a true-born *Engliſh* Tool,
Haſt from their Compoſition ſtole,
And now art like to ſmart for being a Fool:
And as of *Engliſh* Men 'twas always meant,
They're better to improve than to invent;
Upon their Model thou haſt made,
A Monſter makes the World afraid.

With them let all the States-men ſtand,
Who guide us with unſteddy Hand:
Who Armies, Fleets, and Men betray;
And ruin all *the ſhorteſt way*.
Let all thoſe Soldiers ſtand in ſight,
Who're willing to be paid and not to fight.
Agents, and Colonels, who falſe Muſters bring,
To cheat their Country firſt, and then their King:
Bring all your *Coward Captains* of the Fleet;
Lord! What a Crowd will there be when they meet?

They who let *Pointi* 'ſcape to *Breſt*,
Who all the Gods of *Carthagena* bleſt.
Thoſe who betray'd our *Turkey* Fleet;
Or injur'd *Talmaſh* ſold at *Camaret*.
Who miſs'd the Squadron from *Thoulon*,
And always came too late, or elſe too ſoon;

All

All these are Heroes, whose great Actions claim
Immortal Honours to their dying Fame;
And ought not to have been deny'd,
On thy *great Counterscarp* to have their Valour try'd.

Why have not these upon thy *spreading Stage*
Tasted the keener Justice of the Age;
If 'tis because their Crimes are too remote,
Whom leaden-footed Justice has forgot?
Let's view the modern Scenes of Fame,
If Men and Management are not the same;
When Fleets go out with Money, and with Men,
Just time enough to venture home again?
Navies prepar'd to guard th' insulted Coast,
And Convoys settl'd when our Ships are lost.
Some Heroes lately come from Sea,
If they were paid their due, should stand with thee;
Papers too should their Deeds relate,
To prove the Justice of their Fate:
Their Deeds of War at *Port Saint Mary*'s done,
And set the Trophies by them which they won:
Let *Or——d*'s Declaration there appear,
He'd certainly be pleas'd to see 'em there.
Let some good Limner represent,
The ravish'd Nuns, the plunder'd Town,
The *English* Honour how mis-spent;
The shameful coming back, and little done.

The *Vigo* Men should next appear,
To Triumph on *thy Theater*;
They, who on board the great Galoons had been,
Who robb'd the *Spaniards* first, and then the Queen:

Set

Set up the Praiſes to their Valour due,
How Eighty Sail had beaten Twenty Two.
Two Troopers ſo, and one Dragoon,
Conquer'd a *Spaniſh Boy* at *Pampalone*.
Yet let them *Or*——*d*'s Conduct own,
Who beat them firſt on Shore, or little had been done:
What unknown Spoils from thence are come,
How much was brought away, *how little Home*.
If all the Thieves ſhould on *thy Scaffold* ſtand
Who robb'd their Maſters in Command:
The Multitude would ſoon out-do,
The City Crouds of *Lord Mayor Show*.

Upon thy *Penitential Stools*,
Some People ſhould be plac'd for Fools:
As ſome for inſtance who, while they look on,
See others plunder all, and they get none.
Next the Lieutenant-General,
To get the Devil, loſt the De'il and all;
And he ſome little Badge ſhould bear,
Who ought, in Juſtice, to have hang'd 'em there:
This had his Honour more maintain'd,
Than all the Spoils at *Vigo* gain'd.

Then clap *thy wooden Wings* for Joy,
And greet the Men of Great Employ;
The Authors of the Nations diſcontent,
And Scandal of a Chriſtian Government.
Jobbers, and *Brokers* of the City Stocks,
With Forty Thouſand Tallies at their Backs;
Who make our Banks and Companies obey,
Or ſink 'em all *the ſhorteſt way*.

The

Th' intrinſick Value of our Stocks,
Is ſtated in their calculating Books;
Th' Imaginary Prizes riſe and fall,
As they Command who toſs the Ball;
Let 'em upon thy lofty Turrets ſtand,
With *Bear-Skins* on the Back, *Debentures* in the Hand,
And write in Capitals upon the Poſt,
That here they ſhould remain,
Till this *Ænigma* they explain,
How Stocks ſhould fall when Sales ſurmount the Coſt,
And riſe again when Ships are loſt.

Great *Monſter of the Law*, exalt thy Head,
Appear no more in Maſquerade,
In homely Phraſe expreſs thy Diſcontent,
And move it in th' approaching Parliament:
Tell 'em how Paper went inſtead of Coin,
With Int'reſt Eight *per Cent.* and Diſcount Nine.
Of *Iriſh* Tranſport Debts unpaid,
Bills falſe endors'd, and long Accounts unmade.
And tell them all the Nation hopes to ſee,
They'll ſend the Guilty down to thee,
Rather than thoſe who write their Hiſtory.
Then bring thoſe Juſtices upon thy Bench,
Who vilely break the Laws they ſhould defend;
And upon Equity intrench,
By puniſhing the Crimes they will not mend.
Set every vicious Magiſtrate
Upon thy ſumptuous Chariot of the State,
There let 'em all in Triumph ride,
Their Purple and their Scarlet laid aſide.

Let

Let none such *Bridewell* Justices protect,
As first debauch the Whores which they correct:
Such who with Oaths and Drunk'ness sit,
And punish far less Crimes than they commit:
These certainly deserve to stand
With Trophies of Authority in either Hand.

Upon *thy Pulpit* set the drunken Priest,
Who turns the Gospel to a bawdy Jest;
Let the Fraternity degrade him there,
Lest they like him appear:
There let him his *Memento Mori* Preach,
And by Example, not by Doctrine, Teach.
Next bring the lewder Clergy there,
Who Preach those Sins down which *they can't forbear*;
Those *Sons of God* who every day *go in*,
Both to *the Daughters* and *the Wives* of Men;
There let 'em stand to be the Nations Jest,
And save the Reputation of the rest.

A——ll, who for the Gospel left the Law,
And deep within the Clefts of Darkness saw;
Let him be an Example made,
Who durst the Parson's Province so invade;
To his new Ecclesiastick Rules
We owe the Knowledge that we all are Fools:
Old *Charon* shall no more dark Souls convey,
A——ll has found the shortest way:
Vain is your Funeral Pomp and Bells,
Your Grave-Stones, Monuments and Knells;
Vain are the Trophies of the Grave,
A——ll shall all that Foppery save;

And, to the Clergies great Reproach,
Shall change the *Hearſe* into a *fiery Coach*:
What Man the learned Riddle can receive,
Which none can anſwer, and yet none believe;
Let him recorded on *thy Liſts* remain,
Till he ſhall Heav'n by his own Rules obtain.

If a poor Author has embrac'd *thy Wood*,
Only becauſe he was not underſtood,
They puniſh Mankind but by halves,
Till they ſtand there,
Who falſe to their own Principles appear:
And cannot underſtand themſelves.
Thoſe *Nimſhites*, who with furious Zeal drive on,
And build up *Rome* to pull down *Babylon*;
The real Authors of *the ſhorteſt way*,
Who for Deſtruction, not Converſion Pray:
There let thoſe Sons of Strife remain,
Till this Church Riddle they explain;
How at Diſſenters they can raiſe a Storm,
But would not have them all conform;
For *there* their certain Ruin would come in,
And Moderation, *which they hate*, begin.
Some Church-men next ſhould grace thy Pews,
Who talk of Loyalty they never uſe;
Paſſive Obedience well becomes thy Stage,
For both have been the Banter of the Age.
Get them but once within thy reach,
Thou'lt make them practiſe what they us'd to Teach.

Next bring ſome Lawyers to *thy Bar*,
By *Inuendo* they might all ſtand there;

There

There let them expiate that Guilt,
And pay for all that Blood their Tongues ha' ſpilt;
These are the Mountebanks of State,
Who *by the ſlight of Tongue* can Crimes create,
And dreſs up Triſles in the *Robes of Fate.*
The *Maſtives* of a Government,
To *worry* and run down the Innocent;
The Engines of Infernal Wit,
Cover'd with Cunning and Deceit:
Satan's ſublimeſt Attribute they uſe,
For firſt they tempt, and then accuſe;
No Vows or Promiſes can bind their Hands,
Submiſſive Law obedient ſtands:
When Power concurs, and lawleſs Force ſtands by,
He's Lunatick that looks for Honeſty.

There ſat a Man of mighty Fame,
Whoſe Actions ſpeak him plainer than his Name;
In vain he ſtruggl'd, he harangu'd in vain,
To bring in *Whipping Sentences* again:
And to debauch a milder Government,
With *abdicated kinds of Puniſhment.*
No Wonder he ſhould Law deſpiſe,
Who *Jeſus Chriſt* himſelf denies;
His Actions only now direct,
What we when he is made a J——e expect:
Set *L——ll* next to his Diſgrace,
With *Whitney*'s *Horſes* ſtaring in his Face;
There let his Cup of Pennance be kept full,
Till he's leſs noiſie, inſolent and dull.

When all theſe Heroes have paſt o'er thy Stage,
And thou haſt been the Satyr of the Age;

Wait

Wait then a while for all those Sons of Fame,
Whom present Pow'r has made too great to name:
Fenc'd from thy Hands, they keep our Verse in awe,
Too great for Satyr, and too great for Law.
As they their Commands lay down,
They all shall pay their Homage to thy *Cloudy Throne*:
And till within thy reach they be,
Exalt them in Effigie.

The Martyrs of the by-past Reign,
For whom new Oaths have been prepar'd in vain;
She——*k*'s Disciple first by him trepan'd,
He for a K—— and they for F——*s* should stand.
Tho' some affirm he ought to be excus'd,
Since to this day he had refus'd;
And this was all the Frailty of his Life,
He damn'd his Conscience to oblige his Wife.
But spare that Priest, whose tottering Conscience knew
That if he took but one he'd perjure two:
Bluntly resolv'd he wou'd not break 'em both,
And swore by G——d he'd never take the Oath;
Hang him, he can't be fit for thee,
For his *unusual Honesty*.

Thou *Speaking Trumpet* of Mens Fame,
Enter in every Court thy Claim;
Demand 'em all, for they are all thy own,
Who Swear to Three Kings, but are true to none.
Turn-Coats of all sides are thy due,
And he who once is false is never true:
To day can swear, to morrow can abjure,
For Treachery's a Crime no Man can cure:

Such

Such without ſcruple, for the Time to come,
May Swear to all the Kings in Chriſtendom;
But he's a mad Man will rely
Upon their loſt Fidelity.

They that in vaſt Employments rob the State,
Let them in *thy Embraces* meet their Fate;
Let not the Millions they by Fraud obtain,
Protect 'em from the Scandal, or the Pain:
They who from mean beginnings grow
To vaſt Eſtates, but *God knows how*;
Who carry untold Sums away,
From little places, with but little Pay:
Who coſtly Palaces erect,
The Thieves that built them to protect;
The *Gardens*, *Grotto's*, *Fountains*, *Walks*, and *Groves*,
Where Vice triumphs in Pride, and Lawleſs Loves:
Where mighty Luxury and Drunk'neſs reign'd,
Profuſely ſpend what they prophanely gain'd:
Tell 'em their *Mene Tekel's* on the Wall,
Tell 'em the *Nation's Money* paid for all.

Advance *thy double Front* and ſhow,
And let us both the Crimes and Perſons know:
Place them aloft upon *thy Throne*,
Who ſlight the Nation's Buſineſs for their own;
Neglect their Poſts, in ſpight of double Pay,
And run us all in Debt *the ſhorteſt way*.

Great Pageant, change thy dirty Scene,
For on thy Steps ſome Ladies may be ſeen;
When Beauty ſtoops upon thy Stage to ſhow
She laughs at all the humble Fools below.

Set *Sapho* there, whoſe Husband paid for Cloaths
Two Hundred Pounds a Week in *Furbulo's:*
There in her Silks and Scarlets let her ſhine,
She's beauteous all without, all Whore within.

Next let gay *URANIA* ride,
Her Coach and ſix attending by her ſide:
Long has ſhe waited, but in vain.
The City Homage to obtain:
The ſumptuous Harlot long'd t' inſult the *Chair,*
And triumph o'er our City Beauties there.
Here let her haughty Thoughts be gratifi'd,
In Triumph let her ride.

Let *DIADORA* next appear,
And all that want to know her ſee her there.
What tho' ſhe's not *a true-born Engliſh Wh——re?*
French Harlots have been here before;
Let not the Pomp nor Grandeur of her State
Prevent the Juſtice of her Fate,
But let her an Example now be made
To Foreign *Wh——s,* who ſpoil the *Engliſh* Trade.

Let *Fletumacy* with his pompous Train,
Attempt to reſcue her in vain;
Content at laſt to ſee her ſhown,
Let him deſpiſe her Wit, and find his own:
Tho' his Inheritance of Brains was ſmall,
Dear bought Experience will inſtruct us all.

Claim 'em, thou *Herald of Reproach,*
Who with uncommon Lewdneſs will debauch;
Let *C——* upon thy Borders ſpend his Life,
'Till he recants the Bargain with his Wife:

And

And till this Riddle both explain,
How neither can themſelves contain;
How Nature can on both ſides run ſo high
As neither ſide can neither ſide ſupply:
And ſo in Charity agree,
He keeps two Brace of Whores, two Stallions ſhe.

What need of *Satyr* to reform the Town?
Or Laws to keep our Vices down?
Let 'em *to Thee* due Homage pay,
This will reform us all *the ſhorteſt way.*
Let 'em *to thee* bring all the Knaves and Fools,
Vertue will guide the reſt by Rules;
They'll need no treacherous Friends, no breach of Faith;
No hir'd Evidence with their infecting Breath;
No Servants Maſters to betray,
Or Knights o'th' Poſt, who ſwear for Pay;
No injur'd Author 'll on thy Steps appear,
Not ſuch as *won't be Rogues*, but ſuch *as are.*

The firſt Intent of Laws
Was to correct th' Effect, and check the Cauſe;
And all the Ends of Puniſhment,
Were only future Miſchiefs to prevent.
But Juſtice is inverted when
Thoſe Engines of the Law,
Inſtead of pinching vicious Men,
Keep honeſt ones in awe;
Thy Buſineſs is, as all Men know,
To puniſh Villains, not to make Men ſo.

Whenever then thou art prepar'd,
To prompt that Vice thou ſhould'ſt reward,

And by the Terrors of thy *grisly Face*,
Make Men turn Rogues to shun Disgrace;
The End of thy Creation is destroy'd,
Justice expires of course, and Law's made void.

What are thy Terrors? that for fear of thee,
Mankind should dare to sink their Honesty?
He's bold to Impudence that dare turn Knave
The Scandal of thy Company to save:
He that will Crimes he never knew confess,
Does more than if he knew those Crimes transgress:
And he that fears thee more than to be base,
May want a *Heart*, but does not want a *Face*.

Thou like the Devil dost appear,
Blacker than really thou art by far:
A wild Chimerick Notion of Reproach,
Too little for a Crime, for none too much:
Let none th' Indignity resent,
For Crime is all the Shame of Punishment.

Thou *Bugbear* of the Law stand up and speak,
Thy long misconstru'd Silence break,
Tell us who 'tis upon *thy Ridge* stands there,
So full of Fault, and yet so void of Fear;
And from the Paper in his Hat,
Let all Mankind be told for what:

Tell them it was because he was too bold,
And told those Truths which shou'd not ha' been told.
Extol the Justice of the Land,
Who punish what they will not understand.

Tell

Tell them he ſtands exalted there
For ſpeaking what we wou'd not hear;
And yet he might ha' been ſecure,
Had he ſaid leſs, or wou'd he ha' ſaid more.
Tell them that this is his Reward,
And worſe is yet for him prepar'd,
Becauſe his fooliſh Vertue was ſo nice
As not to ſell his Friends according to his Friends Advice;

And thus he's an Example made,
To make Men of their Honeſty afraid,
That for the Time to come they may
More willingly their Friends betray;
Tell 'em the M—— that plac'd him here,
Are Sc——ls to the Times,
Are at a loſs to find his Guilt,
And can't commit his Crimes.

A HYMN TO VICTORY.

TO THE QUEEN.

MAdam, *The Glories of Your Happy Reign*
Are seal'd from Heav'n, *and* Hell *resists in vain:*
You're doubly bleſt *with ſtrange exalted Joy,*
At Home with Peace, Abroad with Victory.
If this is but the Earneſt of Your Fame,
To what ſtrange Heights will Heav'n exalt Your Name!
And what Seraphick Thoughts muſt fill Your Mind,
When You reflect on Glories ſtill behind!

Your Mighty Predeceſſor ſtrove in vain
This very happy Moment *to obtain:*
Through Fields of Blood and ſlaughter'd Armies fought,
But always miſs'd the happy Prize he ſought.
His dreadful Sword in numerous Battels try'd,
And puſh'd at Victʼry hard, but Heav'n deny'd.

In

In vain he might the distant Nymph pursue;
The Case is plain, Sh' has been reserv'd for You.
If, Madam, *Heav'n shou'd now go on to bless*
Your Hands with Strength, Your Armies with Success;
Who knows but his Commission too may come,
That You should break the Yoke of Christendom.
Who knows but Female Glories may advance
And break the strong usurping Chains of *France;*
Religion, Law, and Liberty, restore;
And do such wond'rous things as ne'er were done before.

Lewis *may then with Infamy come down,*
With all the borrow'd Glories of his Crown,
And offer up his Trophies at Your Throne.
The haughty Monarch may with Grief disdain
That Female Pow'r that he'd resist in vain.
And he that William's *Terrors cou'd withstand,*
Wou'd grieve to fall by those that You Command:
'Tis twice to die to die by Woman's Hand.

Madam, *The Hopes of this exalts Your Height;*
This makes Your Subjects smile, Your Soldiers fight.
Who knows the Force of Your Victorious Charms,
Circl'd with English Hearts *and* English Arms?
A Monarch plac'd like You in such a Seat,
And so belov'd, was never Conquer'd yet.
Your Glory makes Your Subject's Valour rise,
He's pleas'd with this that in Your Service dies:
With Satisfaction he resigns his Breath,
That he exalts Your Glory in his Death.
Such Subjects, Madam, *by such Influence led,*
Where shall they not Your dreadful Banners spread!

See how the Nations Your Assistance own,
And bend their Lawrels underneath Your Throne!
Your Conquering English *Legions spread Your Fame,*
And when they kill Your Foes repeat Your Name.
Your happy Genius to their Valour joyn'd,
Seems Heav'n and Earth to Victory design'd.
Never was such an English Army *seen,*
Never with such a Cause, *and* such a Queen.

See how the ransom'd Nations bow their Heads
To You that send us out and him that leads!
Their thankful Sacrifices crowd Your Throne,
You save their Kingdoms and protect Your own.
The suppliant Princes stand about Your Gate,
And Austrian Monarchs *kiss Your glorious Feet.*
The steady Measures which You now pursue
Protect their antient Crowns, and give them new.

Th' Imperial Throne *Your pow'rful Troops restore,*
Spain *seeks from You her rich* Peruvian *Shore;*
Savoy *Your generous Aid for Safety prays,*
And Portugal *for Your Assistance stays.*
Sure Heav'n reserv'd the Glories of this Isle
To this blest Hour, *to You reserv'd the Spoil.*
Your Arms the Gallick Glory *must subdue;*
Peace waits on Conquest, Vict'ry waits on You.

Victorious Marlbro' *Conquers in Your Name;*
His is the Conquest, Madam, Yours the Fame.
Your steady Councils and discerning Sight,
Lets loose his glorious Sword, and shews it where to fight.

The

The daring Hearts that in Your Cauſe appear,
They fight the Battel, but 'tis You make War:
Their Courage may exalt the Engliſh *Name,*
But 'tis the Scepter helps the Sword to Fame.
Your wiſer Conduct ſettles their Succeſs;
Heav'n always ſo ſurrounds the Hand he'll bleſs.
The Agency of Soveraign Wiſdom ſhines
In all the parts of Your ſublime Deſigns.
Such Order muſt a ſuited End afford,
At Home Your Councils, and Abroad their Sword.

The wond'ring Nations turn their Eyes to You,
And ſtrangely ask what Heav'n intends to do!
Such Bleſſings which a few paſt Days can ſhow,
Are more than any ſingle Reign ſhou'd know.
Amaz'd with daily Conqueſts, the Surprize
Sometimes our Hope, ſometimes our Faith denies.
New Wonders crowd the Nation's glutted Ears
Beyond the Atheiſt's Braſs, *the Chriſtian's Pray'rs.*
A Man could hardly have the Face *to go*
And ask ſuch Gifts as Heav'n and You beſtow.

And now, among the Suppliants of Your Train,
That ſeek Your Aid, and ſeek it not in vain,
Religion *comes to own Your Royal Cares,*
And ſhew the grateful Bleſſing She *prepares.*

The Widow'd Dame, *diſconſolate and ſad,*
Threw by the Sable Weed *ſhe wore when* William *dy'd:*
For when She *ſaw* the mighty Spirit *here,*
She *felt new* Hopes, *and quite forgot to* fear.

With

With Joy she *ſought new Refuge in Your Throne,*
And found You joyn'd her Safety to Your own:
With Sacred Zeal she *fill'd Your Royal Breaſt,*
To reſcue Kingdoms ruin'd and oppreſt:
She *fir'd Your Soul with Motions ſo Divine,*
'Twas she *that ſent Your Army from the* Rhine.
From You to glorious high Aſcents she *flew,*
Where she *the mighty Actions kept in view,*
And brought thoſe Triumphs back that are Your due.

The Humble Muſes *now their Tribute pay,*
And ſing the Joys of this Triumphant Day.
And now, the meaneſt of the inſpir'd Train,
Suppreſt *by Fate, and* humbl'd *with Diſdain,*
From all the Joys of Art and Life exempt,
Debas'd *in Name, and cover'd* with Contempt,
With Chains of Injury *and Scandal bound*
In dark Receſs, *Your mighty Influence found;*
So ſtrong the powerful Charm, ſo fierce the Fire,
The Muſe muſt ſing, or in his Verſe expire.
He ſings the Glories of Your happy Reign,
And humbly then retreats diſconſolate *again,*
Under the Blaſt of Perſonal Pique to die,
Shaded from all the Bleſſings of Your Eye.

A

HYMN, &c.

HAil Victory! *Thou Stranger to our Land*;
Thou coy long-courted Miſtreſs of Mankind,
Debauch'd by Tyrants, raviſh'd by the Strong,
Where haſt thou abſent been ſo long?
Why haſt thou fled from *Engliſh* Arms,
And why abroad ſo laviſh of thy Charms?
Thou beauteous Wanderer from theſe Iſles,
Where haſt thou laid thy dear-bought Spoils?
How haſt thou fled from Juſtice and our Cauſe,
Abandon'd Honeſty and Laws,
Encourag'd mighty Injury and Guilt,
And joyn'd thy Triumphs to the Blood they ſpilt!
Thy Chariot has with wonted Fraud
Allur'd our Champions to Attempts abroad:
We thought we had thy Meaning underſtood;
And courted thee thro' Seas of *Engliſh* Blood:
But when we thought thy Friendſhip ſure,
More tempting Objects does thy fickle Mind allure:
Jilted we ſaw thy Shadow fly,
And court the Squadrons of our Enemy:
Yet all thy Errors thus we overlook,
Freely thy Baniſhment revoke,

Welcome

Welcome thee with our open Hand,
Hail Victory! *Thou Stranger to our Land.*

Thou art a ſullen airy Wight,
On ev'ry ſmall Affront thou tak'ſt thy Flight,
For ev'ry Trifle wilt be gone,
And hardly art with ſtrong Entreaties won:
A partial Nymph! that ſcorns to ſmile but where
The unreſiſted Baits of Power are;
Thy mercenary Favours doſt divide,
Not to the beſt but ſtrongeſt ſide.

Invading Numbers are thy Bait,
Too oft on potent Treaſon thou canſt wait,
Beſtow'ſt thy Favours without ſenſe of Right,
And baſely ſtoop'ſt to fawn on Men of Might.
How often have we ſeen thee try'd?
And Rebels get thee over to their ſide?
How often have thy Banners been diſplay'd,
O'er abject Truth, and Right betray'd?
How have oppreſſing Legions rais'd their Fame
On thy abus'd deluded Name?
And Tyrants boldly ruin all Mankind,
Becauſe thy partial Name's their Friend.

Thou formidable ſtrong Pretence,
That ſtand'ſt for Law, and ſerv'ſt inſtead of Senſe;
That mak'ſt the ſtupid World content
To take thy Word inſtead of Argument.
We make our Reaſon to thy Rules ſubmit,
Thou can'ſt ſupply the want of Wit,
In thee the wideſt Contradictions hit.

No Words againſt thee can prevail,
Thy Arguments can never fail:
Conqueſt the worſt of Treaſons ſanctifies,
And where *Victoria* ſpeaks the World complies.

Thou haſt the ſtrangeſt Character;
Thou art the Cauſe as well as End of War!
So many Contradictions blind thy Sight,
Thou'rt always wrong, and yet art always right.
What Villanies are acted in thy Name?
How do thy Conqu'ring Troops the World inflame?
What ravag'd Towns in Flames appear,
Excus'd by Rules of Victory and War?
How do the Monarchs who debauch thy Name,
Value themſelves upon thy ill-got Fame!
Call themſelves Great, Immortal, and Divine,
When all their wild Idolatry is thine!
Had Victory to Vertue been but true,
Lewis! thy Triumphs had been few:
But Victory, debauch'd by Art,
Makes Fate comply, and ſeem to act a part;
And by her mighty Influence
With Fraud and Force uſurps on Providence;
Gives vaſt Succeſs where there's no Vertue due,
And makes the Shades of Valour paſs for true.

In former Times thy Fame was known:
Before thou waſt ſo mercenary grown,
Thy Favours were impartially beſtow'd
To Men of Valour, *leſs to Men of Blood.*
Then *England* ſhar'd thee in her Wars,
And her *Black Prince* engag'd thee to be hers,
At *Creſcy*, *Agin-Court*, and at *Poitiers.*

'Twas

'Twas then thy Vertue might be call'd thy own,
By Battel only to be won;
By dint of Sword and *Engliſh* Valour fought,
By *Engliſh* Valour hither brought.
And had our Vertue not decay'd,
Perhaps thou might'ſt till now ha' ſtaid.

Now thou'rt become *the Whore of VVar*,
Strowling with Bully *Mars* and Coward *Fear*,
Thou tak'ſt the vile degen'rate part,
A Proſtitute to Stratagem and Art;
Submitt'ſt to Treaſon, Avarice, and Blood,
And art no more for Juſtice underſtood.
By modern Methods art procur'd,
The longeſt Purſe ſubdues the longeſt Sword.
Trick, *Sham*, *Contrivance*, and *Surprize*,
In theſe thy new Acquirement lies;
Number, not *Valour*, now prevails,
Art wins, and *Courage* oftner fails:
He Conquers ſooneſt that's the moſt afraid;
The Camp's a Market, and the War's a Trade.

Tell us, returning Nymph, the latent Cauſe
Why thou thy Fav'rite *England* do'ſt forſake?
Where thou had'ſt always juſt Applauſe,
Could always Heroes find, or Heroes make.
In Civil Broils the Goddeſs took the ſide
Where trueſt Valour could her Chariot guide,
Quite unconcern'd as to the Cauſe of War;
'Twas Fighting only that contented her.
When Battail joyn'd, and furious Squadrons met,
She hover'd o'er the bloody Spot

Without

Without examining the Cauſe;
Beſtow'd her Lawrels by her Martial Laws.
But when ſhe came to ſee
How ill they us'd their dear-bought Victory;
Aſham'd of thoſe ſhe had careſs'd before,
She fled for Forty Years, and came no more.
To *Germany* from hence ſhe fled,
With Pleaſure there ſhe us'd to tread;
At *Leipſick*, *Lutzen*, *Nordlingen*, and *Prague*,
She triumph'd o'er the *Auſtrian* League:
There ſhe the Tomb of great *Guſtavus* ſaw,
Who chain'd her to his Saddle-bow,
Who made his Valour be her Law,
And her Amazement too.
So ſwift his Conqueſt, ſo ſecure his Hand,
Not Victory her ſelf could him withſtand.
Had ſhe the Lawrels for his Foes deſign'd,
Had ſhe been partially inclin'd;
So cloſely and ſo boldly he purſu'd,
Ev'n Victory her ſelf was there ſubdu'd.

The angry Goddeſs, loth to be confin'd,
Strove to beſtow a Lawrel from his Head:
But his impetuous Valour ſcorn'd the Deed,
And raviſh'd Victory againſt her Mind.
The haughty Nymph with his new Fame oppreſt,
The mighty Conqu'ring King addreſt:
Here's Victory and Death, ſaid ſhe;
If you will Conquer you muſt die.
I will, th' undaunted Prince reply'd;
So Conquer'd Victory, and dy'd.

To *France* the Goddeſs went from hence;
They deify'd her there, and call'd her Providence:
Pleas'd to be thus careſs'd, ſhe pitch'd her Tent;
And with their Armies always went.
Young *Naſſau* courted her in vain,
The *Dutch* would not defray the Charges of her Train,
She lik'd the Youth, his Valour pleas'd her much,
But ſomething out of Humour with the *Dutch*:
Yet ſhe agreed their ſinking State to ſave,
Joyn'd the young Prince at *Naerden* and the *Grave*;
Bravely ſhe led him on,
At *VVorden*, at *Seneff*, and *Bonn*;
But, baulk'd by *Germany* and *Spain*,
She left him, and return'd to *France* again:
Then ſtay'd ſo long upon the *Rhine*,
'Twas thought ſhe had been married to *Turenne*:
Conde enjoy'd her once or twice,
But left her to poſſeſs his meaner Vice.
And *Luxemburgh* employ'd her ſo,
He hardly gave her time to go.
Schomberg her fickle Favour won,
But could not keep her for his braver Son.

At laſt *Britannia* call'd her o're,
To land with *VVilliam* on her *VVeſtern* Shore.
She came, to *Albion*'s brighter Clifts, ſhe came;
Traytors and Cowards ſtartled at her Name:
And when they heard 'twas *VVilliam* brought her o're,
They never ſhew'd their Faces more.
His ſtrong advanc'd Battalions ſhe led on,
And Armies fled like Miſts before the Sun.

Tyran-

Tyrannick Legions at her Name ſubmit;
Like Providence, the Work was all compleat:
Where're the Hero went, ſhe led the way,
Where're the Hero went, ſhe got the Day.
Conqueſt out-rid his Troops, and Fear
Gave Victory without a War:
'Twas then the Goddeſs made her Dwelling here.
She plac'd her Image up in ev'ry Street,
She led our Armies, *nay* ſhe led our Fleet:
For then we ſaw no Cowards there,
And Victory had left no room for Fear.
She led our glorious Legions on,
And follow'd *William* to the *Boyne*:
Nay, when *Britannia* call'd him home,
She let him come.
She ſtay'd behind to propagate his Fame,
And Conquer'd *Ireland* in his Name.

Tell us, returning Nymph, the Cauſes why
Thy Bleſſing did from *England* fly?
She went with *William* from our Land,
We thought ſh' had been at his Command;
And doubted not but ſhe'd come home again:
But ah! ſhe left him at *Landen*.
Thro' Seas of Blood he thought to fetch her home,
But the too partial Nymph would never come:
At *Namure* once, by Force, he made his way,
And fetch'd her home, but could not make her ſtay.
And ſeeing he in vain purſu'd,
He let unſettl'd Peace the War conclude.

Now tell us, Nymph, *and yet forbear,*
The Cauſes of thy Flight,
Of which ſo many bluſh to hear,
So few will dare to write.
Was it that Traytors dwelt at home,
And Cowards went to War,
Some ſold the Fleet, the Army ſome,
And ſome were Rogues for fear.
Some ſtay'd at home our Councils to betray,
Some bravely went abroad to run away.
The few that had ſome Courage brought,
Firſt damn'd the Cauſe, and for the Money fought.
The aukward Heroes made the War a Trade,
And Fought as dully as they had been paid:
And Thouſands, *which was worſt of all,*
Receiv'd their Pay, and never Fought at all.

Britannia! What was in thy Fate,
That always found thee Ra——s to pawn thy State?
Thy Noble Sons regard no Camp or Fleet,
But Bully *France* in Chocolate;
Beg Places to betray the Land,
And ſteer the State they cannot underſtand.

Theſe are the Men that baniſh'd Victory,
That made her abdicate and fly;
Theſe made the glorious *William* fight in vain;
Shew'd him the Lawrels he could ne'er obtain:
Theſe made him weary of the War,
And fill'd his Royal Heart with anxious Care,
Made him content with meaner Terms of Peace,
And ſhort'ned all our Happineſs.

These are the Men that held the Nation's Hands,
That thwarted his more just Commands;
That sunk the Money, and the War delay'd,
The fatall'st way of being betray'd.
Had his Successor been abus'd like him,
Not Heav'n it self cou'd Victory obtain.
He never form'd a proper Scheme,
But they unform'd it all again.
If he Commission'd them to fight,
They kept the Enemy out of sight;
But if the Money was in the Command,
They'd always be at hand.
No Wonder Vict'ry ne'er return'd again;
No Wonder *William* fought in vain;
Nothing but Miracle can save a Land,
Where Knaves must execute what Fools Command.

Thus Victory from *England* fled,
And pale Miscarriage manag'd in her stead;
Abortive Vapours on our Councils sate,
Untimely Devils hover'd o'er the State.
The native Vipers of the groaning Land,
Eat out the Vitals of their Parent Isle;
And while she fed them with her open Hand,
Abandon'd her to Rogues, and shar'd the Spoil.

Had not the fatal Charm dissolv'd at last,
All our Deliv'rance had been past.
Not changing Hands could break the horrid Frame,
Ro——s of all Parties are the same,
From crafty *L*——*s* to empty *N*——.

Not *William*'s Death, nor *Ann*'s ſucceeding Power,
Before the high appointed Hour,
Cou'd looſe the Witchcraft of our Fate,
Open the Nation's Eyes, or ſave the State.
In the old Road of Miſchief we went on,
And made our wonted Haſte to be undone:
Miſcarriages from every Corner come,
Knaves act abroad as Fools direct at home.
Wonder no more, ye Men of Senſe!
Miſcall not our Misfortunes Providence!
'Twas not Diſaſter made our Voy'ges vain,
'Twas all Contrivance and Deſign.
The buſie States-men juggle and debate,
And make a Jeſt of *England*'s Fate:
Parties decide the Nation's Doom;
Fighting abroad's a Jeſt, *The War's at home.*
Navies and Armies may themſelves defeat,
It all concurs to form the gen'ral Cheat.
The embattl'd People now in ſides appear,
And all's embroil'd in Party-War.

Where will *Britannia*'s Miſchiefs end?
Who ſhall her ancient Glories now defend?
While Parties, Prejudice, and Pride,
From Peace and Honeſty divide.
Armies of *Tookites* intercept our Peace,
And too much Law's the Nation's known Diſeaſe.
Occaſional Contention leads the way,
And Zeal deſign'd Religion for a Prey:
But they that ſav'd the Nation got the Day.

The fatal Blaſt confounded all their Powers,
Blew *R——r* and *S——r* out of Doors;

And

And *N*——*m*, when his Supporters fell,
Alas, what Pen the fatal News can tell!
Sunk Soul-leſs, down the mighty Bubble ſate,
Like the meer Tool of State:
And he that us'd his Honour like his Whore,
Was juſt as ſenſeleſs now, as uſeleſs long before.
His *Conſcio ſibi* ſtar'd him in the Face,
And by his Silence ſhew'd his Guilt and Grace:
For tho' his ſtruggling Paſſions might be ſtrong;
This made him bluſh, that made him hold his Tongue

Old *S*——*r* govern'd not his Spleen ſo well,
But like a mighty ſtrong *Coloſſus* fell:
He thought his Int'reſt fix'd, and kept his Seat,
And knew his Merit better than his Fate:
Tho' had his Senſes been in exerciſe,
His Fall cou'd ne'er ha' been the leaſt Surprize;
Since any Man that had but half his Crime,
Muſt needs approve his Fate, and own 'twas time.
The tott'ring Engine, by his Pride oppreſt,
Fell all Mens Scorn, and ev'ry Wiſe-man's Jeſt.
The Breath of Royal Juſtice blew him down,
And plac'd him at a ſafer diſtance from the Crown.
Envy ſo ſwell'd his guilty Breaſt with Rage,
Nature cou'd hardly bear his Pride and Age:
Oppreſt with Madneſs, and oppreſt with Years,
He mixt his hearty Curſes with repining Tears.
So Cowards, by their Guilt and Fear ſurpriz'd,
Want Courage but to ſee themſelves deſpis'd.
Old *R*—— with equal Guilt and Shame,
Shunn'd the Diſorders to preſerve his Fame:

The haughty Chit, tho' ſwelling with Diſdain,
Cou'd better his high Diſcontents contain,
And in ſedater Terms his Griefs explain.
With ſteadier Thoughts did his Diſguſts engage,
Neither with *F*——'s Spleen nor *S*——'s Rage,
Rallies his Maſter-Politicks to try
Another Caſt for Government, or die.
In vain the ſubtil Wretch embroils this Iſle;
In vain he'd *Whig* and *Tory* reconcile:
He courts th' Extremes of Parties, and in ſpight
That he may more divide, wou'd ſome unite:
Such humble Thoughts his Policy creates,
And ſtrives to League with thoſe we know he hates.
But common Heads his ſhallow Thoughts explain,
And all his vaſt Contrivance is in vain.

The Royal Blaſt the Party overtakes,
The deep Contrivance breaks.
The Queen to Peace the willing Land perſwades,
And with that Word their deep Deſign invades:
The willing Lords cloſe with the Royal Word,
And damn'd the Bill as cruel and abſurd.

'Twas now that Victory return'd:
The Flame of Civil Strife too long had burn'd.
The Queen too plainly ſaw the vile Deſign:
Her Majeſty blew up the Mine.
And now her *Victory* is ſo compleat,
No *Tookite* dare the Royal Word debate.
Well may our Armies fight abroad,
Well may the World their Services applaud;
From hence the Springs of Conduct come,
Courage Abroad, Fidelity at Home.

The

The Queen at Home a greater Conqueſt gains,
Greater than this on the *Bavarian* Plains:
There ſhe the *German*'s Foes has overthrown,
But here ſhe vanquiſhes her own.
The heady, falſe, and furious Stateſmen fall,
And Moderation rules us all:
A flowing Caſh, a quiet State:
Can ſuch a Nation fear an adverſe Fate,
By able Stateſmen guided here,
And able gallant Generals guide the War.
This Conqueſt nobly ſhe has gain'd,
And Victory's come home, *That Stranger to our Land.*

Hail Goddeſs! Welcome to thy old Abode!
Be thou the Guardian of the Nation's Good.
Let Civil-Strife and Party-Fire
Under thy weighty Hand expire:
Under thy Banner let us always Fight;
Conquer Abroad, at Home unite.
Let all that would our private Peace moleſt,
Be by thy ſolid Arms ſuppreſt.
Then to the Field our Legions may advance.
This is the only way to Conquer *France.*

'Tis done! The glorious News is juſt come o're;
She Conquers there that Conquer'd here before.
Hail Victory! the welcome Blow!
How great, how mighty, is the Overthrow!
So ſhall he Conquer that for *England* fights:
So ſhall the People Conquer that unites.

'Tis done! the Sound of Victory was heard
As ſoon as *Marlbro*'s Conquering Troops appear'd.

Soon as he drew the *Engliſh* Sword,
And gave Queen *ANN* for the *Victorious Word*,
Victoria let her Face be known,
And gave him Earneſt that ſhe was his own.
At *Schellemberg* the ſcatt'red Troops took Flight;
Valour it ſelf to Vict'ry muſt ſubmit;
And *Engliſh* Banners there, thro' Seas of Blood,
To *Danow*'s Stream the routed *French* purſu'd.

Danubius joins her willing Streams, to ſave
The vanquiſh'd Troops, tho' conquer'd, *Brave*.
Safely ſhe landed them on t'other Shore,
But bid them tempt her Waves no more:
She wou'd not promiſe them to join
Againſt thoſe Troops that once ſubdu'd the *Boyne*.

Fluſh'd with Succeſs, the *Engliſh* Soldiers fly
" To Battel, on the Wings of Victory:
Their own intrepid Courage leads them on;
The Omen's good, they know the Day's their own:
Poſſeſt with ſecret Joy, the Conqueſt's ſure:
They only fight to make it more ſecure.

An *Engliſh-man* has ſomething in his Blood,
Makes him love Fighting *better than his Food*;
He will be ſullen, lay him down, and die,
Unleſs he can *come at* his Enemy:
But, *let him looſe*, you fill his Soul with Joy,
He's raviſh'd with the Thoughts of *Victory*.
Let him but fight, give but his Valour vent,
And if he's beaten *he's as well content*.
He ſmiles and dies, wiſhes the Victor Joy,
Pleas'd with that Valour does himſelf deſtroy.

The

The Guſt of Battel ſo his Temper hits,
He's never out of Humour when he fights.
From whence his Foe's of this Advantage ſure,
A Word will generous Articles procure.
The Enemy he Conquers he'll defend,
And will for ever after be his Friend.
But while he fights for Life and *Victory*,
No *Africk Lyon*'s half ſo fierce as he:
No Bounds his native Vigour can reſtrain,
He's more a Fury than a Man;
With ſuch intrepid ſteadineſs of Mind,
As Nature has for Victory deſign'd.
Battel was always *Engliſh-men*'s Delight;
They'd always Conquer *if you'd let 'em fight.*
And if by Coward Captains they're reſtrain'd,
They hate the Men as much as the Command.
Their own ſuperior Courage lets them know,
They *Can* and *Dare* what no Man elſe *will do.*

Great *Tallard*, let thy Soul no more repine;
'Tis no Reproach to yield to *Engliſh-men:*
Adviſe thy Maſter, e'er it be too late,
Never to prompt *their Rage*, nor tempt *his Fate.*
They always Conquer'd, *'tis their due by Blood*;
If they ha' leave to fight they ne'er can be withſtood.
Bid him look back to all the Ages paſt,
As far as Memory or Books can laſt;
Let him the Nation's Valour but compare,
He'll find *it muſt not be a Fighting War.*
If he will *Engliſh-men* ſubdue,
He muſt his way *of ſpinning War* renew.

Fateaguing

Fateaguing Marches, Haraſs, and Surprize,
Long Campings, Dodging, and *Delays*;
Theſe baulk an *Engliſh-man,* and make him mad,
Make Valour droop, and hang the Head.
They're ſo impatient and uneaſie there,
The very Nation's *ſick of War.*

Would *France* but with *this fighting War* go on,
She'll quickly be undone:
In Art, in Bribe, in Conduct, and Surprize,
Her proper Talent lyes.
There we muſt own ſhe manages Mankind,
Sees with their Eyes while they themſelves are blind;
Hoodwinks the World, and plays her Game ſo ſure,
Princes her willing Yoke endure:
She makes her Neighbour-Kings ſupport her Throne
By the Deſtruction of their own.
She Tricks the World in Arts of Governments,
And thoſe ſhe cannot Conquer, Circumvents.
By this ſhe's made a Match for all Mankind;
And this way ſtill ſhe may her ſelf defend:
But if ſhe comes to Fighting on the Square,
She'll quickly finiſh all the War.
Two more ſuch Battels wou'd undo her,
And ſink at once her wild extended Pow'r.

Tell us, Great *Tallard,* and your mighty Train,
That made the vaſt Attempt in vain;
(You ſaw th' amazing Sight)
Tell us how Engliſh *Armies fight.*
You have *the mighty German Squadrons* broke,
The *Roman Eagle* ſnar'd and took;

At

At *Landau* and *Briſack* your Fame is known,
And *Heſſian Princes* your high Conduct own:
In Honour now the noted Truth confeſs;
To your own Honour you can do no leſs:
Do your too happy Victors Right,
Tell us how Engliſh *Armies fight?*
Is there not ſomething *in an Engliſh Face,*
Something *peculiar to the very Race,*
That carries Terror out in ev'ry place?
Are they not Furies? ſomething more than Men?
Something beyond Humane?
Let your amaz'd Battalions tell their Tale,
What made their wonted Courage fail?
To whom did *Ninety* Enſigns yield?
To whom did *Thirty Squadrons* quit the Field?
Could common Men *the Royal Houſhold* fright?
And make them court the Waves to ſhun their ſight?
Thoſe Troops that rais'd the *Gallick* Fame,
And purchas'd *Lewis* his immortal Name;
That made the *Germans* ſtoop to his Command,
And always fought with Victory in Hand;
That paſs'd the *Rhine*, the *Danube*, and the *Po*,
That made the ſtubborn Nations bow,
And always were invincible till now;
Innumerable Battels they have fought,
Innumerable Victories ha' got;
Witneſs the Thouſands of their ſlaughter'd Foes,
Whoſe Valour only help'd their Overthrows.
At *Fleru*, at *Marſaglia*, and *Landen*,
The *Maeſe*, the *Moſelle*, and the *Rhine*,
They ſtrew'd with Blood the fruitful Shore,
And *never had their Fame eclips'd before.*

Can

Can theſe be Conquer'd? Can the mighty Line,
That with ſo many Conqueſts ſhine;
That never could by any Force be broke,
Nor ever felt the Conqu'rors Stroke;
Can theſe to equal Numbers e'er ſubmit?
Can theſe the Field of Honour quit?

The Flow'r of *Germany* and *Spain*,
Have often made the great Attempt in vain.
They ſcorn your *Coſſacks*, *Croats*, and *Huſſars*,
Phantomes and *Scare-crows* of the Wars;
The *Ignis Fatuus* of the Field,
And hardly worth the trouble to be kill'd:
They always ſtruggl'd for the nobler Prize,
And choſe the Dangers of exalted ſize.
The *Saxon*, *Brandenburgh*, and *Heſſian* Horſe,
Have often fled from their ſuperior Force:
Whole Armies have at once defy'd;
Bully'd the *Swiſs*, the *Italian* Troops deſtroy'd:
Trod down the fatal Grenadiers,
And broke the brazen Troops of *Cuiraſſiers*.

So much they ſcorn'd the gen'ral Rules of War,
Such Strangers to, ſo unconcern'd in Fear,
They'd calmly ſtand the fierceſt Shock,
Delay the ſure returning Stroke;
Throw by the uſeleſs Engines of the War,
The Sword's their Bullet, and their Name the Fire:
The Piſtol and the Carabin diſdain'd,
And carry'd all before 'em Sword in Hand.
If theſe to equal Numbers e'er ſubmit,
If theſe the Field of Honour quit,

Where

Where is the Nation who muſt lead them on?
They muſt be *Engliſh-men*, or none!

See the ſtrange Fate of Humane Things,
How Nature ev'ry Day new Wonders brings!
See how theſe Capitals of War
Are in a Moment taught to fear!
How from the *Engliſh* Troops they learn to fly!
Afraid to fight, while not afraid to die.

Soldiers are always Slaves to Fame,
Where they could ſtand the Men *they'll fly the Name*;
And there are ſtrange diſheart'ning Charms
In the bare Reputation of Mens Arms.
See how the trembling *Houſhold Legions fly*!
The ſcatter'd Squadrons *how they lye*!
Soon as the *Engliſh* came upon the Spot,
Some Devil ſure went with their Shot.
No more the Royal Standards dare advance,
No more diſpute *the Gallantry of France.*
Confuſion ſeizes the unhappy Bands,
They loſe their Feet as well as loſe their Hands.
Betwixt the wild Extreams of Rage and Fear,
What ſtrange ungovern'd Wretches they appear!
They rais'd a high amazing Cry,
Afraid to fight, and yet *diſdain'd* to fly;
'Twas *ſo unknown a thing* to them *to yield*,
So aukwardly they quit the Field:
They loſt their Moment by the wild Delay,
Now they've no *time to fight*, nor *room to run away.*

Surrounded by the Conqu'ring *Engliſh* Bands,
They loſe their Hearts, and *that's to loſe their Hands.*

Grown

Grown mad and furious by Deſpair,
For Death and Deſperation they prepare:
In vain againſt their Fortune they exclaim,
In vain blaſpheme the *Engliſh* Name;
Cloſe at their Heels the Conqu'ring Troops purſue,
Prevailing Death appears in view.

The *Engliſh* Terrors quite confound their ſight,
And yet they *leſs* know how to fly *than fight*.
Fate ne'er abandons Man in his Diſtreſs;
The *Shapes of Death* have vaſt varieties:
And he that ſcorns to ſtoop to Victory,
May always find ſome way to die.

Th' *inviting Streams* the deſp'rate Troops allure,
There they have room to die ſecure;
There they can gratifie their Rage, and die,
In ſpight of the inſulting Enemy.
Danubius ſtops their raging Breath,
With all the kindeſt Courteſie of Death;
To her deſtructive Waves they fly,
Their bold purſuing Conq'rors they defie:
Forward the mighty Squadrons throng,
Curſing their Fortunes, and the War,
By the *Victorious Engliſh* puſh'd along,
But faſter preſt by Rage and wild Deſpair.

What ſtrange Extreams has Nature in her Womb!
From what wild Fountain do they come?
The Conquer'd Troops by various Methods ſhew
More Fury than the Victors that purſue;
But with this diff'rence in their Wrath,
This is the Rage of Conqueſt, *that of Death.*

From

From vaſtly wide Beginnings they appear
The *Fire* of Joy and *Fury* of Deſpair:
Life finds no room among theſe wild Extreams;
Contempt of Death both ſides enflames:
The Victors kill, the vanquiſh'd ſcorn to live;
They ſcorn to ask what thoſe refuſe to give.

Headlong they leap from the relenting Shore,
With the ſame Fury that they fought before;
The dreadful Waves more willingly embrace,
Leſs dreadful than an Engliſh *Army's Face.*
The willing Stream conceals their Shame,
And buries all their Glories with their Name.

So fell the *Gallick* Glory! *So may all*
The Enemies of England *fall;*
Trampl'd by *Engliſh* Valour down,
And help'd *to full Deſtruction* by their own.
On *Danow*'s Banks the glorious Victors ſtand;
'Twas on that fatal Strand
The mighty *Tallard* did his Sword reſign,
That Sword that fought ſo bravely on the Rhine.
He ſaw his Maſter's Pride and Glory loſt,
The Hopes of Univerſal Empire croſt.
He ſaw ſunk down the Life and Soul of War;
The ſight oppreſt his Thoughts with wild Deſpair:
In vain *his Maſter's Glories* he'd invoke;
Fate had the ſtrong Enchantment broke:
Not all the Fame of former Battels won,
At *Spirebach*, at *Landau*, or *Bon*,
Could comfort him in his approaching Fate,
He ſaw his Ruin ſo compleat.

Too well he found the differing Caſe appear,
And a new way of making War.
The *Germans* he had oftentimes o'erthrown,
Too well to them his dreadful Name was known:
But his inverted Fate inſtructs him now,
He muſt to Engliſh *Fortune bow.*
With ſtrong Reluctance he's oblig'd to yield
Himſelf his Fortunes, and his Troops the Field.

To *Marlbro*'s Name the Hero muſt ſubmit;
So Fate and Victory appointed it.
At his Triumphant Feet the Victims lye;
From his triumphing Face the Legions fly:
And they the *Engliſh* Mercy now implore,
That, to their Coſt, had try'd their Force before.
Now the ſurrounded Regiments comply;
They ſee 't's alike in vain to fight or fly:
The *Gallick* Enſigns they lay down,
Superiour *Engliſh* Glory own;
At *Marlbro*'s Hands their Lives receive,
And ask'd what they were always us'd to give.

Ye Heavens! What's God a-doing in the World!
How is the Face of Providence diſplay'd!
The Good and Evil ſo together curl'd,
Nature it ſelf's diſmay'd.
He has the *Horſe* and *Rider* overthrown,
And by their want of Pow'r *diſplay'd his own:*
'Tis *He* has *England* magnify'd,
As Inſtruments to cruſh the *Gallick* Pride.
He ſingl'd out the Nation for the Deed;
No Wonder all the Power of France *comply'd.*

Great

Great *Marlbro'*! Let our more impartial Verſe
Some of thy glorious Deeds rehearſe:
But bear the Poet when he makes it known
'Twas all thy Maker's doing, *not thy own.*
Nature her humble Thanks to Heav'n preſents;
But *Heav'n admits* our Praiſe to Inſtruments:
Nor ſhall we leſſen the Almighty's Name,
When we in Songs of Triumph *ſing thy Fame:*
And yet our Muſe, that ſcorns the flatt'ring Flight,
Shall raiſe thy Glory to the greateſt Height,
As made *the Agent* to the Infinite.

With *Pedant Praiſes* thou can'ſt ne'er be pleas'd,
Thy Judgment's not ſo much diſeas'd:
And when in Arms we give thee Victory,
'Tis Nonſenſe to aſſault thy Modeſty.
We praiſe thee as the Man that Heav'n thinks fit
Should make the Nations Happineſs compleat.
But 'tis to Heav'n it ſelf we pay
The high original Glory of the Day.
This needs muſt *thy Ambition* ſatisfie,
And pay for all the Toils of Victory.
To double height it muſt thy Glory raiſe,
When for thy Actions Heav'n obtains the Praiſe.

Of all the Panegyricks, Odes, and Layes,
Which flatt'ring Poets ſing to mortal Praiſe;
None can afford thee ſo much true Content,
As thoſe that for thy ſake to Heav'n are ſent.
How Heav'n and Thee together all Men bleſs!
Thee for the Action, That for the Succeſs.

Tho' Chance and *T'other Idol* may
Throw an unlook'd-for Victory away;

Yet Battel flies on Nature's Wings,
And Victory obeys the Courſe of Things.
Handfuls ſometimes ſhall numerous Hoſts ſubdue,
When ſuited Conduct backs *the Mighty few:*
And Art ſometimes gives eaſie Victory,
When *Craft* the place of *Courage* may ſupply.

But when two vaſt collected Armies meet,
In Conduct both, and both in Art, compleat;
Equal in Courage, Quality, and Fame,
Their Arms, their Numbers, and their Hearts the ſame;
When Victory ſhall view th' embattl'd Line,
And knows not to which ſide ſhe ſhall incline;
So well the Merit of the Troops appear,
So ſuited to *the Arguments of War*,
Tis Heav'n alone decides the Matter there.

Nature directs no more by ſtated Laws,
There ſeems no room for Conſequence or Cauſe;
Reaſon can make no Gueſs for either ſide;
Bellona can no more the mighty Cauſe decide:
Victoria toſſes up for *Croſs* or *Pile*,
As *Arbitrary Fate* is pleas'd to ſmile:
Heav'n takes the Caſe into its proper Hand,
And binds th' Event of things to his Command.

The gen'ral Circumſtances here agree,
But let us ſearch the Marks of Victory:
We had *preſaging Tokens* of Succeſs,
Tho' theirs the *greater* Force, and *ours the leſs.*
What tho' in Numbers they exceed,
And their extending Line pretends to ſpread;
Theſe ſcorn that *uſual Sign of Victory*;
With *Engliſh* Valour all the Intervals ſupply;

And thus this Riddle they explain,
That theſe *more Soldiers* have, and thoſe *more Men.*

Old Engliſh Courage ſcorns thoſe trifling things,
The *higher Ground*, the *well-flank'd Wings:*
He that will Conquer whatſoe'er it coſt,
Scorns *the Advantage of the Poſt.*
This Wing *the Woods* may flank, *the Caſtle* that;
They leave it to their Swords and Fate:
And ſtill the Advantages are equal found,
Theſe *higher Hearts*, and thoſe the *higher Ground.*

Speak, *Fame*, and tell us how we ſhall divide,
The Leading Hero's Worth on either ſide.
Never were Armies in the Field before,
With greater Leaders, or *with more.*
The Flow'r of *Europe* on this Stage appear,
And *all Bellona's Favourites* were there.
Equal in Valour, Conduct, and Succeſs;
All fluſh't *with Fame*, and former *Victories.*

There ſtood *Bavaria*, once a Name
Belov'd by *Europe*, and by Fame:
His Courage ſtill, tho' not his Cauſe, the ſame.
Vienna's Plains his youthful Valour try'd,
In *Turkiſh Blood* his early Banner dy'd:
There his young Sword, enrag'd with Victory,
Defends that Empire *he wou'd now deſtroy.*
There the young Hero learn'd to fight,
And rais'd his Fame to a ſtupendious height;
Thouſands of vanquiſh'd *Turks* before him fly,
And *thirteen Battels* yield him Victory.

At *Buda*, *Belgrade*, and at *Gran*,
He and *Fame's Darling*, Great *Lorrain*,
The Triumphs of their Valour ſhar'd,
And gain'd immortal Names for their Reward.

In *Flanders* next he drew his Conqu'ring Sword,
And *Namure*'s Walls new Triumphs there afford.
But Fate and *his miſtaken Cauſe*
Robb'd him *not* of his Valour, but *Applauſe*.
Reſolv'd the Hero ſtands, reſolv'd to try,
And court his former Miſtreſs, *Victory*.
His old unconquer'd Squadrons brought,
By Victory and his Example taught,
And juſt *as when he us'd to Conquer* fought.

Tallard, the *German*'s Terror, led the Right,
As much inur'd to Conquer *as to fight*;
Fluſh'd with Succeſs, he knew not how to fear,
Proud of a Battel and *in love with War*,
His own ſuperior Numbers knew,
And his ſuperior Fortune too,
Pleas'd with the juſt Advantages he ſaw,
Eager his Conqu'ring Sword to draw,
The ſtill too forward Enemy invites,
And, ſure of Victory, with Pleaſure fights.

Be ſilent, Fame, no more the Names repeat
Which help to make our Vict'ry more compleat.
D'Arco was there, there was the Great *Marſin*,
Of Hero's Blood, *to Vict'ry near of kin.*
Rocroy conveys his Anceſtors to Fame,
And Perſonal Merit ſhews him worthy of the Name.

Heroes

Heroes that never were ſubdu'd before,
Follow'd by *fifty ſeven Generals more.*
Men bred to War and Victory,
But ne'er had been ſhew'd how to fly;
Men that ev'n War it ſelf defy'd:
Never was Cauſe ſo bad *ſo well ſupply'd.*

Should we the Gallant Troops diſplay,
Our Lines muſt ſhine as bright as that more glorious day;
The dreadful Splendor of th' embattl'd Line,
With what ſtrange Martial Terrors did they ſhine!
What Troops of Dangers threat'ning ſtand,
From *ſuch* an Army under *ſuch* Command.
Never was Battel better fought,
Never was Vict'ry longer kept in doubt;
Never was Courage longer kept on fire;
Never was Conqueſt more entire:
Never was Vict'ry more compleat;
Never was braver Army *better beat.*

Now *Fame* be juſt, and let us ſee
Where are *the Sons of Victory.*
If ſuch as theſe are from the Battel fled,
What Lawrels wait the Victor's Head?
Vain is the Impotence of Words,
To tell the Labour of their Swords.
Vain is the Poet's Study to relate
The *Blood*, the *Valour*, and the *Turns of Fate*,
The mighty Struggle, the intrepid Rage,
Where Men *like Beaſts*, and Beaſts *like Men* engage;
The furious Wings of mighty Horſe,
Like Mountains, moving with an equal Force;

How they with Valour brighter than their Fire,
With equal *Fury* meet, with equal *Fate* retire;
Renew the Shock their Strokes renew,
Alternately retreat, and then purſue;
Till ſtrong Triumphant Death comes on,
And both are ruin'd, both cut down:
Both ſtoop to their immediate Fate,
And leave the Vict'ry in Debate.

See, on the Right of the Triumphant Line,
Where all the *Roman* Eagles ſhine,
With War and Terror in his youthful Face,
His Glory brighter than his Arms of Braſs,
Eugenius, from the Banks of *Po*, appears,
Crown'd with *more Victories than Years*,
'Tis he whoſe wond'rous Conduct has ſo long
Furniſh'd *European Bards* with Song.
And ev'ry Youth that wiſh'd for Victory,
Wiſh'd but to be *as Brave* and *Fortunate as he.*
The Troops of *Mahomet* his Valour knew,
There he Two Hundred Thouſand *Turks* o'erthrew;
Zenta, renown'd in Story, knows it well,
'Tis there the ſlaughter'd Thouſands fell.

But Fame, as not content with this,
And leſt their want of Skill ſhould leſſen his,
Prepar'd more formidable Foes,
His more ſuperior Conduct to diſcloſe:
Carpi, *Cremona*, and the Banks of *Po*,
Chiari, *Mantua*, and *Luzara* too,
The bloody Footſteps of his Valour ſhew.

And

Bred up to *Mars*, and born to Arts of War,
Nature the *Flaming Hero* did prepare;
And *Victory*, that lov'd to have him by,
With ſuited Lawrels *always did ſupply:*
Nor cou'd he ſuch another Captain find,
But mighty *Marlbro'* to whoſe Fame he join'd.

My Muſe, lay by the Arts of Verſe;
No Art his brighter Glory can rehearſe:
See how *Britannia* leads him to the Field!
Valour his Guide, and Providence his Shield!
See on his Right *Victoria* ſtands,
Receives his high Commands;
She ſerves *Cadet* and *Voluntier:*
Attended thus, What ſhou'd the Hero fear?

Calm and ſedate, the mighty Man
Spreads with his dreadful Troops the Plain.
The Martial Fury of his Face
Began to riſe, and ſhew it ſelf apace:
But all his Soul was calm, 'twas all ſedate;
Secure of Conqueſt, unconcern'd at Fate.
Tallard! Thy Reaſon might ſuggeſt thy Doom,
Had'ſt thou but ſeen Great *Marlbro'* come
Circl'd with *Engliſh* Heroes; ſeen him riſe
With *Engliſh* Valour in his Eyes:
Had'ſt thou his Troops of *Engliſh-men* ſurvey'd,
Thou'dſt not thy Reaſon ſo betray'd;
Thou might'ſt ha' ſeen *Invincible* writ there,
And *Prudence* wou'd ha' taught thee to retire.

CONCLUSION.

To the Duke of Marlborough.

SIR,

IN Ancient Time a far leſs Fame than yours
Tranſpos'd their Heroes *into Heav'nly Powers:*
The forward People, who no Rules contain,
Forgot their Gods, and Sacrific'd to Men.
But, as *more Honour*, *SIR*, becomes your Due,
So we, by better Rules, our Thanks purſue,
Our Praiſe to Heav'n *exalts our Praiſe of you.*

That you're a Son of *Great Britannia's Race*,
An *Engliſh* Heart beneath an *Engliſh Face*,
A Martial *Soul*, and a ſucceſsful *Hand*,
Back'd by the faithful Genius of your Land;
This is to place your Image *in the Skies:*
Their Gods knew no ſuch Titles, SIR, *as theſe.*

The Glory which your brighter Deeds contain,
Stamps Medals in the Hearts of *Engliſh-men:*
The *deep Impreſſion*'s made ſo very ſtrong,
Cut *by your Hand*, it will endure ſo long,
Ages to come your very Name will bleſs,
And your Poſterity the Fame poſſeſs.

The Battels which you fight abroad procure
New Peace at home, and *make that Peace ſecure.*

The

The *Enemies* you Conquer on the *Rhine*
Makes our *worſt Enemies at home* decline:
The Dangers on the *Danube* you purſue,
Leſſens our Dangers here, and makes them few.
And as from Foreign Victories you come,
You *fight* abroad, but you *ſubdue* at home.
Faction and *Parties* fly before your Name;
Faction and *Parties* die beneath your Fame.
Her Majeſty, and all her People, ſtand
Debtors to all the Conqueſts you obtain'd.
By ev'ry Victory of yours we ſee
Safety riſe up like Vapours from the Sea.

For this the Nation, *SIR*, ſo long has pray'd,
Such Blood expended, ſo much Treaſure pay'd,
So many Fleets and Armies *rais'd in vain*;
For this ſo many Thouſands have been ſlain.
Britannia's Sons the Bleſſing oft eſſay'd;
But, till You came, *'t has always been deny'd:*
In vain they did our Happineſs purſue;
The Promiſe ſtay'd, *SIR*, *for the Queen and You.*
Wiſe Providence its Bounty does reſtrain,
Till both the Bleſſings ready, and the Man:
The Agent and the Action he prepares,
He finds the Hero, and he makes the Wars.
Thus Heav'n and You together we admire;
Let they that prize you more advance you higher.

THE PACIFICATOR.

WHat *Engliſh* Man, without Concern, can ſee
The Approach of bleeding *Britain*'s Deſtiny?
That Glorious Land which juſtly did preſide,
For Wit and Wealth, o'er all the World beſide;
In vain Victorious *NASSAW* did advance
His Conquering Arms againſt the Power of *France*,
Since from thoſe Conqueſts he is hardly come,
But here's a Civil War broke out at Home:
Britannia's Warlike Sons diſturb the Iſle,
Delighting one another to Diſpoil,
Enur'd to Diſcord, Envy, and Debate,
Hereditary Frenzies of the State.
The Fruits of Ten Years War they now prevent,
By civil Feuds, and private Diſcontent.
The Peace we gain'd! does it ſo cheap appear,
To prize ſo low what we have bought ſo dear?
The Blood, the Treaſure, which has been deſtroy'd!
Methinks we ſhou'd with War and Wounds be cloy'd;
But 'twill not be, we cannot hope to find
That in the Birth which is not in the Kind:
For *Pride* and *Strife* are Natives of our Soil,
Freeholders born, and have poſſeſs'd the Iſle
Long before *Julius Cæſar* landed here,
Or *Picts* or *painted Brittons* did appear,

A ſtubborn People, barbarous and rude;
Who, like the *Kentiſh-men*, were ne'er ſubdu'd.
Fierce *Engliſh-men* in Blood and Wounds delight,
For want of Wars with one another fight:
Nothing's ſo dangerous to them as Peace,
To feed the Flame, and nouriſh the Diſeaſe;
No Laws can this contentious Humour curb,
Their Charter's ſuch they will themſelves diſturb.
O *Gr——ll*, *Harcourt*, *Saymour*, and *Ja. How*,
Wou'd you disband our Standing-Army now?
Behold a Civil War is juſt at hand,
I'th' very Bowels of our Native Land;
The ſtrong Contention's grown to ſuch a height,
The Pen's already drawn, and has begun the Fight.
The Pen's the certain Herald of a War,
And points it out like any Blazing-Star:
Men quarrel firſt, and skirmiſh with ill Words,
And when they're heated then they draw their Swords;
As little bawling Curs begin to bark,
And bring the Maſtive on you in the dark.

We had ſome Jealouſies of this laſt Year,
Both ſides rais'd Forces, both in Arms appear;
But ſome Sage Doctors did them both adviſe
To make it up without Hoſtilities:
But the deep Quarrel's now of ſuch a Nature,
As *Magna Charta* fights with *Alma Mater*;
The *Doctors fight*, and who ſhall heal the Matter?
The dreadful Armies are drawn out to fight,
Encamp'd at large in one anothers ſight;
Their Standards are the *Red Roſe* and the *White*.

Nothing

Nothing but dire Deſtruction does impend,
And who knows where the fatal Strife will end?
The Men of Senſe againſt the Men of Wit,
Eternal Fighting muſt determine it.

Great *Nokor* does the Men of Senſe Command, *Blackmore.*
Prince *Arthur* trails a Pike at his Right Hand;
Heroick *Nokor* made the firſt Attack,
And threw *Drammatick Wit* upon its Back;
Sixteen Battalions of *Old Brittons* ſtand,
Enrich'd with Conqueſt from the *Neuſtrian Strand*,
Ready to Charge when he the Signal makes;
And thus the bloody Combat undertakes.
His Senſe was good, but ſee what Fate decrees!
His haſty Talent threw him on his Knees,
A Storm of Words the Hero overtook,
Diſorder'd all his Lines, and all his Squadrons broke.
The adverſe Troops pour'd in their *Light Dragoons*,
Charg'd him with *Forty Thouſand arm'd Lampoons*;
The Shock ſurpriz'd him into a Retreat,
And *Wits Gazette* proclaim'd a huge Defeat;
Printed a Liſt of Wounded and of Slain,
And bragg'd he ne'er cou'd rally up again.

But *Nokor*, like a prudent General,
Reſum'd new Courage from a ſeeming Foil,
The ſame Campaign again in Arms appear'd,
And what the *Prince* had loſt the *King* repair'd;
Apollo Knighted him upon the Spot,
With other Royal Bounties I've forgot.
The Wits Commanders, tho' they did retreat,
Will not allow it to be a Defeat;

Their

Their Troops, they ſay, ſoon made a ſtand again,
Beſides they loſt but Thirteen Thouſand Men.

C——*r* came next in order to the Charge,
His Squadrons thin, altho' his Front was large,
A modeſt Soldier, reſolute and ſtout,
Arm'd with a Coat of Senſe from Head to Foot;
No more than need, for he was hard put to't.
He charg'd the ſtrongeſt Troops of all the Foes,
And gave them ſeveral ſignal Overthrows,
But overpower'd by Multitudes of Wits,
By Number, not by Force oppreſs'd, retreats;
So Senſe to Noiſe and Nonſenſe oft ſubmits.
C——*r*'s a calm and ſteady Combatant,
And puſh'd the forward Troops with brave Intent,
Modeſt, a Fault not known among his Tribe,
And honeſt too, too honeſt for a Bribe:
The Wits wou'd fain ha' bought his Fury off,
And proffer'd him *Applauſe*, and Gold enough,
But 'twou'd not do, he boldly charg'd again,
And by Ten Thouſand Wounds at laſt was ſlain.
Some ſay he was by his own Men betray'd,
And baſely left alive among the Dead,
But I cannot underſtand how that can be,
For how can Treachery and Senſe agree?
In *Honours Truckle-Bed* the Hero lies,
Till Senſe again, *the Lord knows when*, ſhall riſe.

M——*n*, a Renegade from Wit, came on,
And made a falſe Attack, and next to none;
The Hypocrite, in Senſe, could not conceal
What Pride, and want of Brains, oblig'd him to reveal.

In

In him the Critick's ruin'd by the Poet;
And *Virgil* gives his Teſtimony to it;
The Troops of Wit were ſo enrag'd to ſee
This Prieſt invade his own Fraternity,
They ſent a Party out, by Silence led,
And without Anſwer ſhot the *Turn-coat* dead.
The Prieſt, the Rake, the Wit, ſtrove all in vain,
For there, alas, he lyes among the Slain,
Memento Mori; ſee the Conſequence,
When Rakes and Wits ſet up for Men of Senſe.
But Senſe ſtill ſuffer'd, and the Shock was rude,
For what can Valour do to Multitude?
The General ſent for Help both far and near,
To *Cowley*, *Milton*, *Ratcliff*, *Rocheſter*,
Waller, *Roſcommon*, *Howard*, and to *Ben*,
The doubtful Fight the better to maintain;
Giants theſe were of Wit and Senſe together,
But they were dead and gone *the Lord knows whether*.
The ſwift Expreſs he then commands to fly,
To *D*——, *M*——, and *N*——,
To ſend their Aid, and ſave him from Defeat;
But their united Council was Retreat,
Reſerve your Fortunes for a better Day;
So Sailors, when the Ship's a ſinking, Pray.
Theſe are the Sages who preſide o'er Senſe,
And Laws to all the Common-wealth diſpenſe,
But Wealth and Eaſe anticipates our Fate,
And makes our Heroes all degenerate,
The Muſes high Preferments they poſſeſs,
And now their Pay's ſo great their Pains decreaſe;
So *R*—— fought, ſo *H*—— too fell on,
Till Lords of *O*—— made and *T*——.

And now the Wits their Victory proclaim,
Loaden with Spoils of Senſe, and ſwell'd with Fame;
Their Plunder firſt they carefully beſtow,
And then to ſpread their Conqueſt farther go,
Their Troops divide, their Terror to extend,
And God knows where their Ravages will end.

D——*s* commanded the forlorn of Wit,
A ſtiff politiſh Critick, very fit
The open Country to over-run,
And find out all Mens Errors but his own;
His *Stony-Stratford Miſtreſs* read his Fate,
A Slovens Fancy, and an empty Pate.
But now Commiſſion'd by the Jingling Train,
He has his Thouſands, and Ten Thouſands ſlain:
He, like the *Tartars*, who fore-run the *Turks*,
Eaſie to be diſtinguiſh'd by his Works,
With equal Havock, and deſtructive Hate,
Leaves all the Land he treads on deſolate;
He roots up Senſe, and ſows the Weeds of Wit,
And *Fops* and *Rakes*, Ten Thouſand ſtrong, ſubmit.

C——*e* and *D*——*n*, *H*——*s* and *M*——*x*,
D——*y*, and Everlaſting Fops, and Beaus,
Led up the Battel Fifty Thouſand ſtrong,
Arm'd with *Burleſque*, *Bombaſt*, and *bawdy-Song*;
Fluſh'd with Great *C*——'s Slaughter they led on,
Shouting *Victoria*, the Day's their own.
No Bounds to their licentious Arms they know,
But plunder all the Country as they go,
Kill, Raviſh, Burn, Deſtroy, do what they' pleaſe!
The *French* at *Swamerdam* were Fools to theſe.

The

The Cruelties they exercis'd were ſuch,
Amboyna's nothing, they've out-done the *Dutch*;
Never ſuch Devaſtation ſure was known,
A Man of Senſe cou'd not be ſeen in Town.
T——n, even Hackney *T——n*, wou'd not print,
A Book without Wits *Imprimatur* in't;
And as in Revolutions of the State
Men ſtrive the preſent things to imitate,
So when the Wits and Fops had got the beſt,
Men acquieſc'd, and took the Oaths and Teſt:
Few wou'd be Martyrs for their Underſtanding,
But all went over at the Prince's Landing;
So Story tells, in *Crook-back'd Richard*'s Time,
Folks wore falſe Humps to make them look like him.

News, haſty News, the Poſt is juſt come in,
Nokor has rally'd all his Troops again;
In a pitch'd Field he met the haughty Foe,
And gave them there a total Overthrow;
The Slaughter's great, the Soldiers ſtill purſue,
For they give Quarter but to very few;
Wit's routed, all the Beaus are quite undone,
Their General's ſlain, their Army's fled and gone.
See the uncertain Fate of Human Things!
Change lays its fickle Hands on States and Kings;
This bloody Battel has undone us all,
Wit from its glorious blazing Throne will fall,
For all the Flower of Gallantry and Wit
Was lifted here, and overthrown in it.

The florid *G——h* was General of Horſe,
And loſt his Life and Fame too, which was worſe;

The

The Credit of this new Commander brought;
With Hopes of Plunder, many a Coward out,
Who hitherto had very wiſely choſe
The Name of Wits, but had declin'd the Blows.
'Twas diſmal to behold the Field of War,
What Deſolation Wit has ſuffer'd there,
Whole Squadrons of *Epick Horſe* appears,
Trod down by his Heroick Cuiraſſiers,
G——h loſt his Darling Satyrick Dragoons,
And two Brigades of Light Horſe, call'd *Lampoons*;
Old Soldiers all, well beaten to the Wars,
Known by their *Roughneſs*, *Uglineſs*, and *Scars*;
Fellows, the like were never heard nor read of,
" *Wou'd bite ſometimes enough to bite ones Head off*;
Nor cou'd their Swiftneſs their Eſcape procure,
For *Nokor*'s Fury nothing cou'd endure:
Enrag'd with former Loſſes he fell on,
Reſolv'd to Conquer, or be quite undone;
Whole Wings of Foreign Troops he overthrew,
Whom *G——h* from *France* to Wits Aſſiſtance drew;
Something the Matter was thoſe Troops betray'd 'em;
He ill procur'd them, or he had not paid 'em;
'Twas a dull Fancy in him to think fit
To poliſh *Engliſh* Senſe with Foreign Wit.

Among the Foot the Battel was ſevere,
For Wits beſt Troops were wiſely planted there;
Led up by old experienc'd Commanders,
As *D——n*, *C——e*, *A——n* and *S——s*.
The Grenadiers were known by their blue Bonnets,
For they had been in *Scotland* making Sonnets;
Pun-Maſter-General *D——y* led them on,
And with his chattering Tunes the Fight began.

His Orders were to Charge, and then retire,
And give the Body liberty to fire;
Ten Regiments of Plays ſtood on the Right,
Led on by General *D*——*n* to the Fight;
The Tragedies had made ſome ſmall Pretence
To Mutiny, and ſo revolt to Senſe.
For *D*——*n* had ſome Senſe, till he thought fit
To dote, and lately *deviate into Wit*;
The Reaſon's plain, and he has found it true,
He follow'd Wit which did too faſt purſue.

The Left was form'd of ſeven large Brigades,
Of *Farces*, *Opera's*, and *Maſquerades*,
With ſeveral little Bands of *Dogrel* Wit,
To ſcowre the Ways, and line the Hedges fit.

Between theſe mighty Wings was rang'd in ſight
A ſolid Phalanx of compounded Wit,
Ten Thouſand *Lyrick Foot*, all gallant Beaus,
Arm'd with *ſoft Sighs*, with *Songs*, and *Billet-doux*.
There was Eight Thouſand *Elegiack* Foot,
By *briny Tears* and *ſullen Grief* made ſtout;
Five Paſtoral Bands, lately bred up in Arms,
By chanting *Gloriana*'s mighty Charms,
And thund'ring out King *William*'s loud Alarms.
Pindarick Legions, ſeven I think appear'd
Like *Brandenburghers*, with the enchanted Beard,
For Lions Skins, and Whiskers late ſo fear'd.
Theſe were led up by able old Commanders,
As *C*——*ſ*, *H*——*s*, Soldiers bred in *Flanders*,
With *D*——*s*, *D*——*y*, *T*——*n*, dull *M*——*x*,
B——*r*, *W*——*y*, *P*——*s*, *Fops* and *Beaus*,

Dull

Dull *T*——*e*, and Pious *B*——*y*, Old *T*——*e*;
G——*n*, *Tom B*——*n*, and many a Subaltern;
Some flying Troops were plac'd in Ambuſcade,
Mock-Wits, *Beau-Wits* and Wits in Maſquerade,
Some *Amazonian* Troops of Female Wit,
For Oſtentation, not for Combat fit;
The witty *D*——*t* appear'd there too,
Whoſe Wit's in Proſe, but all *incognito*.
There was one *Caledonian* Voluntier,
With ſome *Hibernian* Wits brought up the Rear;
The whole, as by the Muſters may be ſeen,
Was Ninety Seven Thouſand fighting Men.

All theſe drawn up, and ready to Engage,
Old General *D*——*n*, with a Pious Rage,
That the Great Work might with Succeſs go on,
Firſt ſacrific'd to the *Emperor o'th' Moon*;
The Poet and the Prieſt alike in Fame,
" *For Prieſts of all Religions are the ſame.*

When *Nokor*'s Conquering Troops began t' appear;
They found a very warm Reception here,
He had invok'd the *Gods of Wit* before,
And vow'd to make their Altars ſmoke once more,
With *bloody Hecatombs* of witty Gore.
Swifter than Lightning at their Hoſt he flew,
His Word was *D*——, *D*——, *M*——,
His Squadrons in Poetick Terror ſhone,
And whiſper'd Death to Wit as they came on:
The ſtrong Brigades of his Heroick Horſe,
Dreadful for Senſe, for pointed Satyr worſe,
Wing'd with Revenge, in fiery Raptures flew,
And dipt in poiſon'd Gall the Darts they threw:

Nothing cou'd *Nokor*'s furious Troops withſtand,
Nor cou'd he check them with his own Command.
The Troops of Wit diſorder'd, and o'er-run,
Are ſlain, diſpers'd, diſgrac'd, and overthrown;
The Shouts of Triumph reach the diſtant Sky,
And *Nokor* lyes Encamp'd in the Field of *Victory*.

Theſe are the doubtful dark Events of War,
But who *Britannia*'s Loſſes ſhall repair?
For as when States in Civil Wars engage,
Their private Feuds and Paſſions to aſſwage,
The Publick ſuffers, harmleſs Subjects bear
The Plagues and Famines which attend the War.
So if we this deſtructive War permit,
Britain will find the Conſequence of it,
A Dearth of Senſe, or elſe a Plague of Wit;
For Wit, by theſe Misfortunes deſperate,
Begins to arm at an unuſual Rate,
Levies new Forces, gives Commiſſions out,
For ſeveral Regiments of Horſe and Foot,
Recruits from every ſide come in amain,
From *Oxford*, *Cambridge*, *Will*'s, and *Warwicklane*,
The ſcatter'd Troops too, from the laſt Defeat,
Begin to halt, and check their ſwift Retreat:
In numerous Parties Wit appears again,
Talks of another Battel this *Campaign*,
Their ſtrong Detachments o'er *Parnaſſus* range,
And meditate on nothing but Revenge.

To whom ſhall we apply, what Powers invoke,
To deprecate the near impending Stroke?
Ye Gods of Wit and Arts their Minds inſpire
With Thoughts of Peace from your Pacifick Fire;

Engage ſome Neighbouring Powers to undertake
To mediate Peace, for *dear Britannia*'s ſake;
Pity the Mother riſſl'd of her Charms,
And make her Sons lay down inteſtine Arms.
Preliminary Treaties firſt begin,
And may ſhort Truce a laſting Peace let in,
Limits to Wits unbounded Ocean place,
To which it may, and may no farther paſs;
Fathom the unknown Depths of ſullen Senſe,
And purge it from its Pride and Inſolence,
Your ſecret Influences interpoſe,
And make them all diſpatch their *Plenipo's*;
Appoint *Parnaſſus* for a place to meet,
Where all the Potentates of Wit may treat;
Around the Hill let Troops of Muſes ſtand,
To keep the Peace, and guard the Sacred Land;
There let the high Pretenſions be diſcuſs'd,
And Heaven the fatal Differences adjuſt.
Let either ſide abate of their Demands,
And both ſubmit to Reaſon's high Commands,
For which way ere the Conqueſt ſhall encline,
The Loſs *Britannia* will at laſt be thine.
Wit, like a haſty Flood, may over-run us,
And too much *Senſe* has oftentimes undone us:
Wit is a Flux, a Looſeneſs of the Brain,
And *Senſe-abſtract* has too much Pride to reign:
Wit-unconcoct is the Extream of Sloth,
And too much *Senſe* is the Extream of both;
Abſtracted-Wit 'tis own'd is a Diſeaſe,
But *Senſe-abſtracted* has no Power to pleaſe:
For Senſe, like Water, is but Wit condenſe,
And Wit, like Air, is rarify'd from Senſe:

Meer Senſe is ſullen, ſtiff, and unpolite,
Meer Wit is Apoplectick, thin, and light:
Wit is a King without a Parliament,
And *Senſe* a Democratick Government:
Wit, like the *French*, wher'e'er it reigns deſtroys,
And *Senſe advanc'd* is apt to Tyrannize:
Wit without Senſe is like the *Laughing-Evil*,
And *Senſe* unmix'd with *Fancy* is the *D——l*.
Wit is a Standing-Army Government,
And *Senſe* a ſullen ſtubborn P——t:
Wit by its haſte anticipates its Fate,
And ſo does *Senſe* by being obſtinate:
Wit without Senſe in Verſe is all but *Farce*,
Senſe without Wit in Verſe is all *mine A——*.
Wit, like the *French*, performs before it thinks,
And thoughtful *Senſe* without Performance ſinks:
Senſe without *Wit* is Flegmatick and pale,
And is all Head, forſooth, without a Tail:
Wit without *Senſe* is Cholerick and Red,
Has Tail enough indeed, but has no Head.
Wit, like the jangling Chimes, rings all in one,
Till Senſe, the Artiſt, ſets them into Tune:
Wit, like the Belly, if it be not fed,
Will ſtarve the Members, and diſtract the Head.
Wit is the *Fruitful Womb* where Thoughts conceive,
Senſe is the *Vital Heat* which Life and Form muſt give;
Wit is the *Teeming Mother* brings them forth,
Senſe is the *Active Father* gives them Worth.
United: Wit and *Senſe*, makes Science thrive,
Divided: neither *Wit* nor *Senſe* can live;

For

For while the Parties eagerly contend,
The Mortal Strife muſt in their mutual Ruin end.
Liſten, ye Powers, to *loſt Britannia*'s Prayer,
And either ſide to yielding Terms prepare;
And if their Caſes long Debates admit,
As how much Condeſcention ſhall be fit,
How far *Wits* Juriſdiction ſhall extend,
And where the ſtated Bounds of *Senſe* ſhall end,
Let them to ſome known Head that Strife ſubmit,
Some Judge infallible, ſome *Pope in Wit*,
His Triple Seat place on *Parnaſſus* Hill,
And from his Sentence ſuffer no Appeal:
Let the Great Balance in his Cenſure be,
And of the Treaty make him *Guarantee*,
Let him be the Director of the State,
And what he ſays let both ſides take for Fate:
Apollo's Paſtoral Charge to him commit,
And make him *Grand Inquiſitor* of Wit,
Let him to each his proper Talent ſhow,
And tell them what they can or cannot do,
That each may chuſe the part he can do well,
And let the Strife be only to excel:
To their own Province let him all confine,
Doctors to heal, to Preaching the Divine;
D——*n* to Tragedy, let *C*——*h* tranſlate,
D——*y* make Ballads, Pſalms and Hymns for *T*——*e*.
Let *P*——*r* flatter Kings in Panegyrick,
R——*ff* Burleſque, and *W*——*y* be Lyrick:
Let *C*——*e* write the Comick, *F*——*e* Lampoon,
W——*ly* the Banter, *M*——*n* the Buffoon,
And the tranſgreſſing Muſe receive the Fate
Of Contumacy, Excommunicate.

Such as with railing Spirits are poſſeſs'd,
The Muſes Frenzy, let them be ſuppreſs'd,
Allow no Satyrs which receive their Date
From *Juno*'s Academy, *Billingſgate*;
No Banters, no Invective Lines admit,
Where want of Manners makes up want of Wit.
Such as are hardned in Poetick Crimes,
Let him give up to their own fooliſh Rhimes;
Let thoſe Eternal Poets be condemn'd,
To be Eternal Poets to the end:
Let *D——s* ſtill continue unpolite,
And no Man read what *Dull M——x* ſhall write,
Reduce him to his Letter-Caſe and Whore,
Let all Men ſhun him as they did before.
Let *M——n* talk for what he can't defend,
And banter *Virgil*, which he ne'er cou'd mend;
Let all the little Fry of *Wit-Prophaners*
Reſt as they are, with neither Senſe nor Manners,
Forſaken of *Apollo*'s Influence,
With want of *Language*, and with want of *Pence*:
What Fools indite let none but Blockheads read,
And may they write in vain who write for Bread:
No Banters on the Sacred Text admit,
Nor *bawdy Lines*, that *Blaſphemy of Wit*:
To Standard Rules of Government confine
The Rate of every Bard, and Worth of every Line,
And let the Rays of their Ambition burn
Thoſe *Phaeton-Wits* who this Subjection ſcorn:
If they aſpire to invade the Government,
Bring them before the *Muſes Parliament*,
No Univerſal Monarchy admit,
A *Common-wealth*'s the Government for Wit.

The

THE

Double-Welcome. A Poem to the Duke of *Marlborough.*

My Lord,

THE Muſe that by your Victory's inſpir'd
Firſt ſung thoſe Conqueſts all the World admir'd,
Now ſings the Triumphs of your Native Land,
Where you *our Hearts* as well *as Troops* Command:
Her Debt of Praiſe is yours, but 'tis her Due,
That welcom'd Vict'ry, now to welcome you.
And tho' her Verſe, *too mean* to ſing your Fame,
Injures the Hero by the Poet's Name;
Abject and low, and *ſcorch'd by Party-Fire*,
Whom neither *Name* invites nor *Hopes* inſpire:
Yet this ſhe claims, ſhe can your Fame rehearſe,
Unbiaſs'd in your Praiſe, *Impartial* in her Verſe.
This Character ſh' has kept, and this ſhe brings,
She always ſcorn'd to flatter, *tho' ſhe ſung to Kings.*
Satyr has been her Talent, Truth her Song,
Truth *who can bear it!* ſung too loud, too long.
Bright Truth! that Stranger to the Jingling Train,
Makes all their Praiſes Satyrs, all their Satyrs vain,
While Truth can neither this nor that explain.
Th' *Unſpotted Standard* has been all her Aim,
For this *ſhe has felt her Fate*, and ſunk her Fame:
For this *they've* damn'd the Poet and his Rhimes,
And ſlain th' unhappy Muſe *for want of Crimes.*
Adapted thus to Sacred *Truth* and *Fame*,
She never ſung but they were both her Theme.

Stranger

Stranger to Panegyrick and to Praiſe,
It muſt be *ſome Sublime* muſt her juſt Fancy raiſe.
To *Truth* and *Merit* ſhe was always true,
She never could the flattering Flight purſue,
And never prais'd but *William*, Sir, and *You*.
And ſhould ſhe, ſpight of Nature, ſtrain her Thought,
Should ſhe his Lawrels ſing that never fought,
Should ſhe make *Gallo* Chaſte and *Talus* Wiſe,
And praiſe Immortal Blockheads in Diſguize,
Or feign a Hero,
'Twou'd be ſo forc'd, ſo aukward, and ſo dull,
Gallo would ſeem *more Lewd*, *Talus* ſeem *more a Fool*:
Truth thro' the Lawn of Flattery would ſhine,
And in Mock-Praiſe the Satyr muſt be ſeen.
Should we Eternal Trophies ſeem to raiſe,
And flying *Chamo*'s doubtful Vict'ry praiſe.
Diſputed Honours partially decide,
And grant that Fame *Bellona* has deny'd;
To Vict'ry's Statue new Mock Honours pay,
And ſay they Conqu'red there that run away;
'Twould with ſuch incoherent Nonſenſe ſhine,
The bluſhing Hero muſt the aukward Praiſe decline:
The *ſtrong Collateral Banter* would appear,
Courage ſo ſung would read *like Hymns to Fear*.
The Painters thus by Contraries preſent
The Allegorick *Devil* like the *Saint*,
But by ſome faint Reflection ſhow their Care
The Cloven Meaning ſhould not fail t' appear.
The Poet, Sir, to plainneſs thus enur'd,
Thus from the Charge of Flatt'ry firſt ſecur'd,
An honeſt and unbyaſs'd Freedom brings,
And *all the Nation liſtens* while he ſings;

In

In his inviting Conſort freely joyn,
Juſt ſo they did when firſt he ſung *the Boyne*;
Juſt as when *Namur*'s Conquer'd Walls he ſung,
Britannia own'd his Harp Divinely ſtrung.
'Tis Subject makes a Poet, and the Verſe
Muſt be inſpir'd when *William* we rehearſe;
His Mighty Name Poetick Force procures,
And next to him the Inſpiration's *Yours*.
From Foreign Fields and *wild Danubian* Shore,
Where *Engliſh* Armies never trod before,
Fruitful of Dangers, long enur'd to War,
For *Great Guſtavus* us'd to Conquer there;
Herculean Labours paſt, and Hazards run,
Unheard of *Marches* made, unlook'd for *Vict'ries* won:
From Battels *fought in earneſt*, and the Field
Which none but *theſe* could win, where *thoſe* muſt yield,
From unexampl'd Conduct and Succeſs,
That ne'er had been ſo great had *This* been leſs:
From Deeds too Mighty to be ſpoke by Words,
Printed in Death, engrav'd *with Engliſh Swords*,
Confeſs'd by *humbl'd France*, and loudly told
By Valour *dearly bought*, by Valour *dearly ſold*:
From ſcatter'd Enemies and reſcued Crowns,
Which Envy nor *Diſputes* nor Pride *diſowns*;
You're welcome, *Sir*, to this unthankful Shore,
Where Men of Worth were *never own'd* before.
If in the future Glories you purſue
You find the hateful Scandal happen true,
The Names of *Schellenburgh* and *Hockſted* lye
Buried with *Namure* and the *Boyne* in wild Obſcurity,
Let not your Vertue in ſuſpenſe appear,
'T has always been the Fate of Merit here:

A ſteady Glory ever has entail'd
The Grin of Envy, Envy never fail'd
To act the high refind'd Extream of Hell,
How *William* found it, *bluſh my Muſe to tell.*
Shall any Foreign Bard deſire to know
Why *Britain* can ſo few like *William* ſhow?
Say angry Poet, tell 'em 'tis becauſe
Ingrateful Devils grudge them due Applauſe.
The Nation's Genius acted from below
Rewards no Service, will no Merit know.
Fame's empty Record none but *Marlbro'* ſhows,
Would *England's* Work on *England's* Terms eſpouſe;
But he, like *William*, *Heavens their Fame regard,*
Purſues true Vertue for its own Reward.
Welcome Immortal Hero's to that Shore,
Where Men of *equal Worth* were never ſeen before.
From *fam'd Breda* ſet out the Mighty Train,
William too oft *ſet out from thence* in vain.
Advance my Muſe, and view the embattl'd Line,
They paſs the *Maeſe*, the *Moſelle*, and the *Rhine.*
France in ſuſpenſe the mighty Storm foreſaw,
The Conq'ring Squadrons for the Battel draw,
And *Mars* ſtood blindly hov'ring o'er *Landau.*
Laugh at the guilty baffled God of War,
Ye Sons of Arms, the Scene's prepar'd afar;
Not *Lewis* now, not *Mars* himſelf could know
Where *Engliſh Jove* his Thunderbolt would throw:
No Traytors brib'd by *France* could lead the way,
Not Hell it ſelf the Project could betray,
Nor ſell the Nation, as in *William's* Time, for Pay.
The Troops amus'd with Halts and Feints of War
The juſt Surprize inſtructs them what to fear;

When

When you to *Danube*'s Banks in haſte advance,
A Length unlook'd for, unforeſeen by *France*.
Swift, as the *German* Eagles led, you fly
On Guſts of Hope, and Wings of Victory;
Your Paſſes o'er the *Swabian* Rocks appear
Like *Hannibal*'s, with Flame and Vinegar:
And when the diſtant Vales their Proſpect ſhow,
You threaten Conqueſt to the Plains below.
Before your powerful Troops *Bavaria*'s fly,
And *Schellenberg* gives way to Victory.
The fam'd Aſcent had thirteen times and more
Been Storm'd, and ne'er was won but once before.
Once did the great *Guſtave Bavaria* here purſue,
He Conquer'd here becauſe he fought like you.
From hence thro' ravag'd Towns and conquer'd Plains
The Monument of Victory remains,
Augsburg and *Munick* trembl'd at your Name,
Tho' not inform'd of your approaching Fame:
To *Bleinheim*, *happy Name!* the Scenes advance,
There gathers all the Thunderbolts of *France*.
A Leaſh of Armies on thy Plains appear,
Each fancy'd able to ſuppoi t a War,
And free a Nation from the Vanity of Fear.
We that at diſtance ſaw the approaching Day
Knew the Deſign, and ſaw the bloody Way.
Blame not, Great Prince, the Doubts we own were true;
Our anxious Thoughts for *England* and for You.
We knew your brave reſolv'd and ſteady Mind,
But who durſt hope for what remain'd behind;
Who durſt foretell the Glories of the Day,
That ſaw the dreadful Dangers of the Way:
Not Heaven it ſelf, had we the News receiv'd
From Heaven it ſelf, would here ha' been believ'd.

When first the Tidings thro' the Nation flew,
We pauz'd to ask if 'twas a Dream or true;
Amaz'd almost as much as they that fled,
While those with Fear, and these with Joy, dismay'd.
Speak all ye Sons of *Rhime*, the Day rehearse,
The Theme's too high for my too humble Verse:
Apollo must your Heads at once inspire,
For needful Praise with Emblematick Fire.
He that in suited Verse to *Marlbro'* writes,
Should feel that very Spirit by which he fights.
Yet still the meanest Poet of the Train
Keeps on, nor shall his Tribute come in vain:
Not all are *Virgils* to *Mecænas* come,
Yet all huzza'd *Augustus* back to *Rome*;
When from the lesser Honour of the Day
He brought the *Ægyptian* Lover's Crown away.
And thus while *Cæsar*'s Glory you pursue,
The Nation's Praises are your Native Due:
The Universal Suffrage spreads your Name,
And all Men bless the Poet in your Fame.
Poet, a large Parenthesis allow,
Say here he *Conquer'd*—— leave the mighty How:
The vast Particulars let those explain,
That sing in Numbers suited to the Man:
Let *Addison* our modern *Virgil* sing,
For he's a Poet fitted for a King;
No Hero will his mighty Flight disdain,
The first, as thou *the last* of the inspir'd Train;
Mecænas has his modern Fancy strung,
And fix'd his Pension first; or he had never sung;
Thou unregarded pay'st thy Debt to Fame,
Oppress'd by Fate, and too obscure to Name.

Envy

Envy and Party-Spleen h' has never known,
No humbling Goals has pull'd his Fancy down:
The Towring Youth with high Succeſs aſpires,
And ſings as one whoſe Song the World admires.
Yet ſay he Conquer'd, tho' the mighty How
For *Addiſon* thou may'ſt in large Parentheſis allow;
Trace him from *Bleinheim* and *Danubian* Plains,
The *Gallick* Captiv'd Heroes in his Chains:
Trace him to *Philipsburgh* and to *Landau*,
And tell the *French* 'tis true as they foreſaw;
He would the mighty Baſtions there pull down,
Tho' not before their Army's overthrown.
Attend the Hero to the ancient *Saar*,
And ſee him threaten *Native France* with War;
Surrender *Treves* that fatal Town to *France*,
Their Troops abandon it at his Advance?
Remind them of old *Holſtein* and *Crequi*,
There *France*, *as now at Bleinheim*, learn'd to fly.
Tell us no more of Conqueſts, *Fame's oppreſs'd*,
The Breathleſs Muſes claim ſome time to reſt;
Saarbruck and *Traerback* will but ſpoil our Verſe,
So harſh no Numbers can their Sounds rehearſe;
So *Nimeguen* diſtracted ſoft *Boileau*,
The Subject lofty, and the Poet low,
Made his juſt Numbers halt, his Verſes lame,
For want of Rhimes to the Exotick Name.
Thus from a vaſt Variety of Scene,
And ſix huge Conqueſts fix'd in one Campaign,
Bavaria Conquer'd, ſettl'd, and ſubdu'd,
The flying Prince Four Hundred Mile purſu'd;
From *Nineteen Towns ſurrendred*, and the Field
With ſlaughter'd Heaps and vanquiſh'd Legions fill'd

From Captive Princes in your Train brought home;
So *Cæsar* led the Kings of *Gaul* to *Rome*;
From Trophies nobly bought, and fetch'd from far;
From boldly finishing the Jest of War,
You're welcome; Sir, behold the approaching Throng
Of Three great Nations list'ning to my Song.

How has this wise pretending Age till now
Talk'd big of Fighting, never yet knew how;
Our Soldiers tir'd with strange fateaguing die,
And in the *Ditch* not *Bed* of Honour lye;
Starv'd with the Cold and Terror of the Night,
But never show'd the *how* or *where* to fight.
The weary Land the *Trade of War* resents,
For what the End designs the Means prevents.
The Miseries we to this day endure
They caus'd that always have *have been paid to cure*!
Plunder's their Battels, and the Pay's their End,
They shun their Enemy and rob their Friend:
Peace would such Soldiers Livelihood destroy,
And so indeed they'd for their Country die.
For *Fighting*'s just the way to be undone,
And Conquest would conclude a War too soon.
Good Husbandry, as *Wo---ly told us how*,
Had made the *Irish* War ha' held till now;
But *Fighting Ginkle* struck the Stroke too soon,
And so the Nation's sav'd, and all the R----s undone.

But you instructed for your Country's Good,
The Cheats of War have all at once subdu'd:
And they that thought the Field was but a Play,
Where all might cheat the Nation for their Pay;
With Lace and Feathers blustering a Campaign
To all the Nation but themselves in vain;
Grow rich upon the Plunder of our Lands,
And raise great Fortunes out of low Commands;
These found the Banter on themselves made good,
While you the proper End of War pursued.

Our

Our Campaign-Beaus no more ſhall mock the Field,
And none take Arms but thoſe that dare be kill'd;
The powder'd Wig, the Snuff-Box and Perfume,
Will court no more the Muſquet and the Drum,
And Beaus go Rakes to War, come Bullies Home.

The very Words a different Accent bear,
Fighting muſt not be underſtood by *War*;
Battle and Death's Synonimous in Name,
And Wounds and Blood will only purchaſe Fame;
Cowards muſt lay their bought Commiſſions down,
Their Camp's the Pit, and their Campaign the Town;
There they may bully, ſwagger and repeat
The mighty no Engagements they were at,
And Fight the *French* in Tea and Chocolate.

But he that follows *Marlbro'* to the Field,
Muſt all his Fame on dangerous Merit build,
Muſt look for Blows, and fairly ſtate his Caſe,
Shame at his Back, and Death before his Face;
A General that can ſhow him how to die,
And puſh him on to Conquer Victory.
Shame, *Fear's Twin-Siſter*, makes a Coward brave,
He Fights to loſe the Life he dares not ſave;
Fear makes him bold becauſe he dares not fly,
It wants more Heart to run away than die,
For who dare turn his Back when *Marlbro's* by.

The Engliſh Arms grown dull with Ruſt and Peace,
Tarniſh'd with Luxury and ſtain'd with Eaſe,
You have new pointed, Sir, with Hearts of Steel,
And *France* confeſſes what ſhe can't conceal:
Our Honour clouded with Contempt and Time,
Sullied with long Diſuſe, and ſunk in Crime;

Buried ſo deep *allow the Muſe to grieve,*
William himſelf could not her Name retrieve;
Tho' thro' Ten Thouſand different Dangers fought,
Tho' thro' Ten Thouſand Victories he fought:
The tranſ-migrated Phantoſme you obtain,
And in your Fame revive her once again:

Our Heroes Few, and long ago forgot,
The Breed extinct, behold the Barren Spot;
Stiril in Worth, and Poor in Sons of Fame,
Crime taints the beſt Record, and blaſts the worthleſs
(Name.

William's the Firſt, for Thirteen Ages paſt,
And Fate portends that *Marlbro'* will be Laſt:
How ſhall the Strength of Nature ſave the Breed,
Who ſhall to *William*'s Fame and Yours ſucceed!

And now from all the Dangers of the Field,
Which Gods and Men with equal Joys beheld;
Which all our widdowed Harps has newly ſtrung,
Which *Thouſand Heroes* fought, a *Thouſand Poets* ſung.
To *Britain*'s crowded Shoars your Triumphs come,
And all the wond'ring Nation *ſhouts you Home*:
A *Double Welcome* you at once poſſeſs,
For *Double Conqueſts* crown you with Succeſs:
With Double Joy we ſhout, and twice Applaud
Councils at Home, and *Conqueſt* from Abroad.

Intereſt in all our Praiſes will appear,
Your welcome, Sir, becauſe *you're wanted here*;
We want you here to calm our wild Debates,
And ballance *Parties* as you ballance *States*;

To

To check Insulting Factions, and supply
Immoderate Heat with forc'd *Humility*;
Con---dators to *Consolidate*,
And *Tack* our T---rs to their own dear Fate;
To calm the Churches Sea, and keep it still,
And fix the Nation's Peace *against her Will.*

Thus when from fighting Armies, Sir, you come,
You must engage *with Devils nearer Home.*

Armies of Hell-born Monsters must appease,
The *Titans Heaven attack'd* were Fools to these;
These Mountains threw, and *Hills* erect on *Hills*,
The Mountain *Bi---s* Consolidate to *Bi---s*;
The mighty Parallel agrees in Parts,
From Hell *they* fetch their Strength as these *their* Arts,
They Heaven's high Power with borrow'd Power invade,
These Heaven's Vicegerent Queen assault by her own
(Aid;
Like them they fall, Heaven has decreed it so,
And you must ANN's *Immortal Thunder know.*
See how the embattl'd *Troops of Strife* appear,
Words are their missive Weapons, Noise the War,
With *High-Church Zeal* and Party Spirits fir'd,
With Hell's immortal *Hate of Peace* inspir'd.

A Pulpit War! whence should Sedition come?
Our *Soldiers* fight Abroad, our *Priests* at Home;
Arm'd with vast Helms of *Contradicting Truth*,
With Plumes of *Incoherent Sense* set forth;
Self inconsistent Reason puffs the Mind,
Bluster comes on before, and *Distant Modesty* behind;
See how the Black Brigades in Arms advance,
You'll see no such, Sir, when you conquer *France*;

Their Meanings eaſy to be underſtood,
The Gown has often *dipt the Sleeves* in Blood:
Would you their Senſe of things, *Sir*, underſtand,
And know for what it is they embroil the Land;
Quite different Ends of War they all profeſs,
They fight for *Plunder*, Sir, and *You for Peace:*
Your nobler Hazards help the World t' enjoy,
You fight for Right, theſe *meerly to deſtroy.*
Pardon the Poet all your Wars are Jeſts,
You've fought with Men, you never fought *with Prieſts.*
Diſdain not, Sir, the Inſtructions of our Verſe,
Your Arts of War will not this Cloud diſperſe;
Prieſts, like the Female Sex, when they engage,
There's always ſomething bloody in their Rage.
Thus Nature always in Extremes delights,
The greateſt Falls are from the greateſt Heights.
Angels ſublime in Nature, and Divine,
Are therefore turn'd to Devils when they ſin;
And Humane Sons of God are worſe than they,
When once they can the Laws of Crime obey;
The high Seraphick Office qualifies,
And they're the wickeder, becauſe they're wiſe.
Expect no Quarter where the Tribe Commands,
They fight you with *their Heads*, and not *their Hands*
My Muſe prophane no more the ſacred Name,
Jeſus, are theſe thy Sons!
The Church the horrid Raviſhers diſowns,
And loud beneath the *Weight of Party's* Groans.

Theſe are the ſtrong *Bandity of the Gown*,
Who preach for *God's Sake*, plunder for *their own.*
Our State Divines that puſh the Party-Cauſe,
And *ſwear and pray* for Perſecution Laws,

Own

Own 'tis againſt their *Doctrine* and their *Senſe*;
But freely grant they'd be *at that Expence*,
Would ſell the Church, the Nation, and the Queen,
While all our mod'rate Clergy ſtrive with them in vain.

With mighty Arms thus they invade our Peace,
In vain the Queen entreats their calm Receſs;
Tells them if ſhe ſhould grant the wild Deſire,
And paſs the Publick Miſchief they require,
They'd graſp but Air, an empty fruitleſs Name,
And be the firſt would periſh in their own Flame.
In vain th' united Peers reject the Bill,
Men ſeldom quit the Hopes of doing ill,
They're doubly damn'd that can deſpair of Hell.

Th' unhappy Wretches bent to puſh their Fate,
And born to find their own Miſtakes too late,
Only adjourn the Miſchiefs they deſign'd,
Pleas'd with the Hopes of Greater yet behind.
So far from Peace, *Peace ne'er was their Deſign*,
They can for no Repulſe the Feud decline;
Their weighty Clamours all the Nation fill,
And *Damn the Lords* becauſe they *damn'd the Bill*;
Whole Troops of Satyrs in their Front advance,
Their Houſhold Bands more fierce than thoſe of *France*.
Our Poet trembles when their Hoſts appear,
But You, Sir, never have been us'd to fear.

There fam'd *S——rel* leads the *Vaſt Forlorn*,
By him the Party's *Bloody Standard*'s born;
Abandon'd both by Modeſty and Sence,
And Manners left him as the Conſequence;

Scolding's his Native Talent, and *to Rayl*
Serves him for Arguments when Reasons fail;
With College Licence and *Assize* Applause,
He damns the Queen, the Bishops, and the Laws;
Nor spares the Church her self, but gives the Lie
To all her Doctrine and Authority;
High *Church Buffoon*, the *Oxford*'s stated Jest,
A Noisy, Sawcy, Swearing, Drunken Priest.

L—y a Turn-coat with extended Throat
Has chang'd his Cassock for a Campaign Coat:
Stript off his Shepherd's Cloathing he appears
The very *Wolf he dress'd* in Asses Ears;
His Ecclesiastick Dignity lays down,
And hates the Pulpit, for *he hates the Crown*;
The Revolution Damns, affronts the Queen,
His Sword the Gown supplies, the Text his Pen.
He's now *a Priest incog*— with Sword and Wig,
And swears to let you know he hates a *Whig*;
His strong *Non-jurant* Squadrons brings along,
Below Lampoon too rakish for our Song;
He damns the Church for Schismaticks because
They alter'd their Allegiance *by the Laws*;
Declares the Church of *England*'s only there
Where strong Aversions to the Regency appear;
Unchurches all our Clergy at a Blow,
And Votes the Bishops useless——

This *mighty Captain Rake* deserves your Care,
His pointed Darts in High-Church Front appear,
Ready to charge the Loyal Troops you bring
With Mock-Religion, and *a Pageant King*.

M—rn,

M—rn, a ſtarving Mercenary Prieſt,
A Jobbing, Hackney, Vicious Pulpit Jeſt,
From *Oſtia* and from *Belgia* lately fled,
And took the Oaths for very want of Bread;
Immoral Life, and an *immodeſt* Tongue,
And dealt in *Rhime*, and *Wit*, and *Baudy Song*.
The needy Prelate, at whoſe bounteous Gate
He lay expecting and importunate,
Bought his wiſh'd Abſence with a Teaching Cure,
To make juſt Room for D—s about his Door;
'Till from the clam'rous Claimers forc'd to fly,
His Juſtice gave his Charity the L——;
May they from Creditors be never free,
That nouriſh'd Sacred Drones in Charity;
Whoſe mighty Alms by mighty Debts are known,
And lend to God what never was their own;
Give borrow'd Sums, and borrow'd Sermons preach,
And rob the Poor to help relieve the Rich.

Theſe are the Generals of the mighty Band,
The *Tallars* and *Marſins* of high Command;
Mean as they are they lead the wond'rous Hoſt
Of Prieſt-rid Worthies who ſome Brains have loſt,
With *Packingtonian Fury* hurried on,
Whoſe Zeal muſt for their Ignorance attone;
Who hunt deep Contraries with eager Pain,
Pull down the Church to build it up again;
For how can high *non jurant* L— rail,
When ſtrong *Conſolidating Projects* fail;
How can they all their wav'ring Logick fix,
And prove we ſhould Conform to Schiſmaticks.

For if the Church, as learned Men have ſaid,
Is parted from her only lawful Head,
And the weak few, their Duty who retain,
Are all the real Church that can remain;
The Devil muſt this double Knot untie,
And explicate the wilder Myſtery,
How the Diſſenters can be charg'd by both,
Two Contraries agree, and neither *of them* Truth;
Damn the whole Party's Nonconformity,
And yet would damn them too if they comply.
Coercive Powers provoke, and ſtrive by Force
To *Re-reform us all* from bad to worſe;
Force us with one Schiſmatick Church to joyn,
And at one Breath *uncburch us* all again.

Let *B—ly* bluſh, if not forſook by Grace,
And let his Sence aſſume his loſt Religious Place;
Let him confeſs the throwing out the B——,
Cannot two Claſhing Churches Wiſh fulfil:
That theſe muſt firſt abandon Common Sence,
Forſake their Cauſe, and quit their own Defence,
When they Occaſional Oppreſſions ſeek,
And cure the Schiſm by the Schiſmatick.

Aſſiſt, Great Sir, your Suppliant Country's Peace,
And ſcreen the Church from wild Abſurdities;
Aid her more moderate Clergy to defend,
Temper the Means, and *Peace* the mighty End;
The Univerſal Voice of Truth and Law
That made to drive when this ſhould fail to draw.
Joyn to engage you in the juſt Defence,
Of Temper, Moderation, Right and Sence,
And of the Nation's Peace by Conſequence.

On

On this the mighty Publick Weal depends,
Conqueſt the Nation from her Foes defends,
Compleat it, Sir, and ſave us from our Friends.

Thus, Sir, the Nation's Guardian you'll appear,
Abroad ſuppreſs, at Home prevent the War:
Anticipate our Factions in their Growth,
And ſmother Feud beneath the Arms of Truth:
And this your double Vict'ry will create,
You'll heal Religion and preſerve the State.

Whenever Heaven ſhall thus at once encline
One Agent two ſuch vaſt Events to join,
The Nations muſt concur the General Voice,
Will bleſs the Man to crown the ſacred Choice.

The Diſſenters Anſwer to the High-Church Challenge.

AS it is the Character of the Devil to bring a Railing Accuſation, ſo no Man of Senſe or Manners cares to imitate him; all Men of Learning, that ever I met with, will allow that People may Differ, Debate and Diſpute, without *Billingſgate* Language; that Invidious Names, and Indecent Reproaches, ſerve to gratifie the Spleen, and flow from a Redundancy of Gall in the Author, but add no manner of Force to his Argument; good Words are as ſtrenuous as bad; and the Satyr lyes in the Truth, not the ill Language of the Book.

From

From this Principle, the Author of a late Pamphlet, with a Title as long as a Book, and call'd, *The Wolf Stript*, muſt not expect a Return of Dirt for Dirt; and while he calls every Man by his Name, and yet is aſham'd of his own, calls moſt Men out of their Names, and fills his Book with the Exuberance of his Hypochondriack Vapours, he ought to be look'd upon as an Author not worth while to meddle with; if a Gentleman ſhould fight with a Chimney-ſweeper, he may beat the Man, but he will daub himſelf ſo much, will ſtink of the Soot, and foul his Cloaths, that the Victory is not worth the Diſorder 'twill put him into.

In like manner, he that will deal with this Author in his own Way, muſt foul his Mouth with ſo much Bear-Garden Language, ſuch rude unmannerly, and unſchollar-like Behaviour, that he muſt be tainted with the ungrateful Savour of his Enemy's Malignancy, and look like the Man he meddles with as not worth any Man's while.

Upon this Account I ſhall not meddle with his Voluminous Tract it ſelf; but as he has made a fair Challenge in the Eighth Page of his Book to all the Diſſenters, I am willing to enter a little in the Caſe; not ſo much expecting to ſilence a Tongue pointed with Raillery, but to let the World know that the Diſſenters are not unprovided with ſtrong Arguments to defend a juſt Cauſe.

The Challenge that this Gentleman has made to the World, and of which he ſeems ſo very confident, is as follows.

The Diſſenters *make a Heavy* Noiſe, *That the* Church *will not Purchaſe a* Reconciliation, *with the giving up only of a few* Indifferent *Things, which Offend their Tender* Conſciences.

And the Low-Church *lay the Blame upon the* High-Church, *(with very ſevere* Reflections *) That they are* Obſtructers *of this Bleſſed* Union.

Now

Now let none of these be Judges *in their own* Cause: *Therefore let the* Dissenters *give in to the Present* Convocation *a* List *of such* Indifferent *Things, which, if* Granted, *they will* Promise *to* Conform, *and Heal the* Schism. *The* Scruples *are* Theirs. *Therefore they must make the* Proposal. *None others can tell what will* Satisfie *them.*

If they will not do this, Let them stop their Clamours, *and Never more say, That nothing will be* Granted *them! And that the* Church *of* England *has no mind to Heal the* Schism!

But if they will do this, then it will appear, Whether the High *or the* Low-Church *will go Fartheſt to Purchase this Desir'd* Reconciliation; *and which of them do, in good Earneſt, Wish it, and not rather to keep open the* Breach, *to serve other* Designs!

Next, let those of the Convocation, *who were formerly Imploy'd in this Grand* Project *of* Reconciliation, (*of which they have made such Boasts*) *lay before the* House *the Grounds, and the Terms of it; that it may appear they were none but* Indifferent *Things, which were to be Given up to the* Dissenters. *Otherwise, let Them too* Cease *their* Railing *at the* High-Church, *as Men of Violent Spirits,* &c. *for* Obstructing *their* Designs! *Or, for* Suspecting *what they were!*

The High-Church *Desire, That they, and the* Low-Church, *and the* Dissenters *too may be* Try'd *by their* Actions, *and not by the* Clamours *on either Side. And that they may be Heard* Publickly, *in the Face of the World, by the* Method *Propos'd.*

And whoever Refuse *this, and cannot Propose a more* Rational *and* Convincing *Way, for the* Clearing *of* Themselves, *let* Them *be* Guilty.

Had this been a new Challenge, this Author might have had some Reason to have expected it should have been accepted, and replied to.

But since I find his Reading as short as his Censure is hasty, I think the propereſt Method is to revise what of this Kind has been already done, and to

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put him in Mind that all he has said only ends in this Absurdity of arguing, *viz.* The Dissenters have already been challeng'd to this, have accepted the Challenge, undertaken the Defence of their Doctrine, and of their Dissenting, have effectually vindicated themselves from the Charge of Schism, given Reasons for their Scruples, and made Proposals for Conformity; they have challeng'd the Church to Union and Peace, they have defended themselves from the Charge of Disloyalty and Rebellion, and offered the Church to to bring their Loyalty to the Test with them; and none of these things have ever been Answer'd, or some of them not so much as Reply'd to.

Now, as this Gentleman supplies Matter of Fact with Indecency and Railery, I shall not need to follow him there; he begins the very first Page of his Book with Three positive Falsities, neither of which he can in the least tollerable manner make out.

First, That they have a Society of Writers.

Secondly, That the Dissenters find themselves worsted in Argument.

In the same Page he tells us, *'Tis the Method of the Dissenters not to mind any Answer, but to repeat and repeat their own Objections* ad INFINITUM.

'Tis far from my Design to Reply to a Book as full of Absurdities and Contradictions as it is Verbose and Malignant, and therefore I shall content my self with these Three Instances.

1. As to the Dissenters having a Society of Writers, I am so well satisfied of its being a Forgery of his own, that I Challenge him to make appear that there is so much as a Correspondence among them of any Two together that have ever Wrote in the Behalf of the Dissenters; and as he is mighty forward to print Names, and to abuse them by Name too, he is welcome to set down their Names if he can: In which, if he pursue his usual Method of presuming things are so, and then affirming it as positively as if he cou'd prove it, he will certainly Ensnare and Expose himself

ſelf as much in the Particulars as he has done now in the General.

Had the Diſſenters ſo much Unanimity among themſelves, as he pretends they have, they would have too great a ſhare in the Publick Regard, to let ſuch a hard-mouth'd Author Treat them in ſo Scurrilous a Manner as he does; the Government would ſuppreſs the Spirit of Raillery in the Mouths of theſe Enflamers, that they ſhould not have ſuch a full Liberty of Traducing and Abuſing their Brethren, in order to keep open the Breach, which 'tis every True *Engliſh* Proteſtant's Deſire and Intereſt to ſee heal'd.

No, Sir, the Diſſenters have no ſuch Societies; the Spirit of Union, *the more Unhappy for them*, is not ſo much among them; they are all forward enough to have any Body ſerve them, but it muſt be at their own Hazard, and at their own Expence, which a late unhappy Author of theirs very lately had Experience of, enough to warn any Man from venturing to ſerve them again.

But therefore, Sir, is it plain that this Book is far from being Wrote as a Deſign of the Party, but with the Sence of Truth, which every Honeſt Man has a Right to Vindicate.

At the ſame time, Sir, I affirm your Party has, and ever had, a Society of Writers; and whenever you deſire it, I am ready to gratifie you with ſome of their Names; tho' I am not forward of printing Names, as a piece of Rudeneſs unbecoming an Author: But a certain Weekly Paper now in Courſe is Publickly own'd to be ſo wrote; and I know Perſonally that the wretched Performance has occaſion'd ſome Conſiderations among People of greater Capacities, to provide a Set of Men to do it better, and to gratifie them for the Service.

But, Sir, I ſhall not enter upon the tedious Work of Recrimination, as a thing in which there is ſo much room for launching out, that the compaſs of this ſmall Tract would be too ſtraight for it.

2, You

2. You tell us, *The Faction*, which is your Civil Term for the Diſſenters, *find themſelves worſted in Argument.*

It had been time enough to have boaſted thus when you had put your Armour off, and when the many Tracts wrote by the Diſſenters in their own juſt Vindication have been Anſwer'd.

But this Gentlemen has the Misfortune ſo to be blinded by his Paſſion, as to cry *Victoria* before the Battle is ended; and not to trouble you, Sir, with many Negatives, I wiſh you would let us ſee *one Time* whenever by any thing but Railery you *worſted* the Diſſenters.

We confeſs, Sir, that at ill Language you have the better of us; whether you have any Profeſſors of the Scolding Talent among your Students we know not, for you will not ſuffer us to be Taught in your Univerſities; but we aſſure you, that in thoſe Schools where we are fain to bring up our Youth, we Teach no ſuch Science.

But as if all you had laid down on that Head were true, and you were very certain that you had worſted the Diſſenters in Argument, you give them a home Charge.

3. That *'tis their Method not to mind Anſwers, but to Repeat and Repeat their own Objections* ad Infinitum.

Now, Sir, This may or may not be true, according as you can or cannot give a Genuine Anſwer to the following Account of Anſwers given, and Books written, by Diſſenters in their own Vindication, which you, nor any of your Church, have ever yet thought fit to venture an Anſwer to, and *when you can* you may defend your Church, from unfair Treatment of the Diſſenters in point of Argument on this Head.

And not to go too far beyond the Memory of thoſe we are talking to, I think there ſtands Two Books of the Learned Mr. *Clarkſon* yet unanſwered, the one Entituled, *No Scripture Evidence for Dioceſian Biſhops;*

and

and the other, *A Diſcourſe of Liturgies.* 'Tis true, there is a long and learned Diſcourſe of Dr. *Comber*'s then *Precentor* of *York*, wherein with ſome of our Author's Spirit, Treating the Memory of Mr. *Clarkſon* neither like a Gentleman nor a Scholar, tho' all Men know he was as much of both as ever the Nation bred; and tho' a Diſſenter, had the Honour to be Tutor to the Learned and moſt Excellent Dr. *Tillotſon*, late Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*.

After this Author has pleaſed himſelf with ſufficiently reproaching his Deceaſed Antagoniſt, he goes on to rummage Antiquity, to prove that Liturgies were in uſe in the Primitive Church. This was no part of the Diſpute; and had not the Doctor over-look'd it in his haſt, Mr. *Clarkſon* had Anticipated his whole Diſcourſe in *p.* . 'Whether Liturgies, or Forms of Wor'ſhip and Adminiſtration, were in uſe in the Primi'tive Church or not, is no part of the preſent Diſ'pute.

'But whether theſe Liturgies were Preſcrib'd and 'Impos'd, as Terms of Communion, this is the Queſtion.

Now, to this Queſtion the Dr. is not pleas'd to ſay one Word, as I can obſerve, in his whole Book, but goes on to prove that to be true which Mr. *Clarkſon* granted, and lets that alone which he deny'd.

Nay, ſo Ridiculous was this Anſwerer in the Management of himſelf, both in the Search of Antiquity, and in rendring thoſe Authors he Quotes, that a Learned Miniſter of the Church of *England*, meerly with a reſpect to Juſtice and Learning, Reply'd to him, and made it appear that the Doctor did not ſo much as underſtand the Language of the Quotations. This was Mr. *Samuel Bold*, Rector of *Steeples* in *Dorſetſhire*.

This, I ſuppoſe, is ſome People's Way of Anſwering the Diſſenters; and if this may paſs for Anſwering, they are Anſwer'd indeed: But I muſt take the Freedom to ſay, It has yet remain'd unprov'd, that ever a

ſtrict

ſtrict Literal Compliance to any Preſcrib'd Form of Worſhip and Adminiſtration of Sacraments, was Impos'd as the Term or Condition of Communion in any Branch of the Chriſtian Church, for above 400 Years after our Saviour's time; nay, 'twould be hard to prove it ever done in any Church in the World but ours to this Day; and they are ſtill welcome to make it out if they can; and till they do, the World may judge whether the Diſſenters are *worſted in Argument*, or no.

That there were Biſhops in the Primitive Church has alſo been defended with a great deal of Skill; but as to their Dioceſan Royalty and Juriſdiction, they have always, in Prudence, thought fit to let the Diſpute of it alone; and I would adviſe them to do ſo ſtill, for they muſt find ſome other Book to defend it from than the Scripture, and ſome other Ages of the World to ſearch for the Practice in, than that of the Primitive Church.

But I muſt confeſs the Diſſenters were worſted another Way, in the Caſe of Dr. *Calamy* and Mr. *Delaun*; of which remarkable Story this is the ſhort Abſtract.

Dr. *Calamy* preaching a Sermon at *Aldermanbury* Church, Entituled, *A Diſcourſe about Scrupulous Conſciences*, makes the Diſſenters this fair Challenge, as by his printed Sermon, *Page* .... appears in theſe Words: *Could we but prevail with the People diligently to examine the Merits of the Cauſe, our Church would every Day gain Ground amongſt all wiſe Men; for we care not how much Knowledge and Underſtanding our People have, ſo they be but Humble and Modeſt with it: Nor do we deſire Men to become our Proſelites any farther than we give them Scripture for it.* And in another Place he goes on; *All we deſire of the Diſſenters is, that they would equally hear both Sides; that they would weigh and conſider the Arguments that may be propounded to them; and being indifferent to either Part of the Queſtion, would think it no Shame to change their Mind when they ſee good Reaſon for it.*

Mr.

Mr. *Delaun*, a Man whose Learning and Temper were Conspicuous to all the Learned World, and particularly in the Book he wrote, accepts this Challenge, and writes down his Reasons for Nonconformity; and as the Doctor had printed his Sermon, and thereby appeal'd to the World, all Peoples Mouths were fill'd with the Fairness of the Proposal, and every Body cry'd out, the Dissenters were worsted, Mr. *Delaun* therefore thought himself oblig'd to print his Reply.

But as the Victory consisted, as it does still, in Boasts and Rhodomontades, so they were as loth to be overcome, as sensible that they should be so, and took immediate Care to suppress the Book, by seizing the Copy at the Printer's; and this was follow'd, by seizing the Author for writing a Seditious Libel, put him in Prison, fin'd him *Ultra Tenementem*, and were hardly prevail'd upon to vouchsafe him the Favour to excuse him the Pillory, which they at last told him in Court was only remitted in respect to his Learning.

Here was a true Church-Conquest, and this Gentleman was persecuted with so much true Church Zeal, that he lay in *Newgate* for his Fine, till he, and his Wife and Children, died there, to the Eternal Scandal both of the Church-man and the Dissenters; the one, that he should first challenge a Dispute, and then so basely Treat the Man that accepted it; and the other, that they should not contribute 75 *l.* to save a Life sacrific'd for their Defence; and such a Life, as, for real Merit, deserv'd infinitely more Regard in a Nation of Humanity and Religion, as we fancy our selves to be.

The Book, for which this Gentleman was thus handl'd, remains to this Day unanswer'd by these People, that boast so much of *worsting the Dissenters*, and they would do well to look back upon that Book, and make some rational Reply to it, before they tell us we can shew no Reasons for our Dissenting.

In like manner they proceed still with the Dissenters upon other Points of Arguing, as particularly by *Re-*

pealing and Repeating In Infinitum the Charge of Rebellion and Faction, whereas they have been over and over Challeng'd to make out their own Loyalty of Principles or Practice, to exceed the Loyalty of the Diſſenters.

And *De Foe's Teſt of the Church of* England's *Loyalty* has receiv'd yet no other Anſwer than his *Shorteſt Way*, by a Fine *Ultra Tenementem*, and the reproachful Anſwer of *the Pillory*. If this be your Way of anſwering Arguments, Gentlemen, 'tis no wonder you can worſt the Diſſenters.

To proceed in their uſual Method, a worthy Member of the Houſe of Commons has publiſh'd a Book to vindicate the Occaſional Bill; and, like thoſe who take Things upon Truſt, has affirm'd, that all wiſe Nations in the World have thought it neceſſary to entruſt the Adminiſtration of Publick Affairs in the Hands of ſuch Perſons only, as are of one and the ſame Perſuaſion in Matters of Religion.

A very handſome Way of calling all the Chriſtian World Fools: For I defie him to ſhew me one of thoſe wiſe Nations, and to prove it by one Inſtance, unleſs where there has not been any Toleration of other Perſuaſions, the *Turks* only Excepted.

Thus, Gentlemen, we are worſted by Forgeries and Falſities, not by Arguments; we are challeng'd to Diſpute, and then ruin'd for Diſputing; ask'd Queſtions, and then fetch'd up for Anſwering them. But ſince this Gentleman has found an Adverſary capable to deal with him, *Power and P——ts excepted*, I leave him to ſay the Diſſenters are worſted, when he proves it by a ſufficient Reply.

We are now challeng'd to prove that we diſſent from the Church in Points ſo far from being eſſential, as that the Church cannot be juſtified in Refuſing to abate them; and we are deſir'd to give in the Objections to the Convocation.

What Authority their Author has from the Convocation to make this Offer, I know not, and do not ſee how

how I shall know it; or whether the Convocation will receive such a List of the indifferent things, or no; but since this bold Challenger would be answered, and will not be satisfied with a General Reply, but this must be spoken to by it self, I crave leave to accept his Challenge, as far as the following Particulars reach.

First, I do affirm this has been done already by the whole Body of the Dissenting Ministers in such a Manner, and with such modest Reasons, as several of the Episcopal Clergy were so satisfied with, and did so represent to King *Charles* the Second, that their Concessions were a sufficient Ground of a Union: What, and who, hindred a Union when the Dissenters made such Concessions, I leave to this Gentleman to tell us, if he cares to expose his Friends so much.

Secondly, I do affirm, that if the Church of *England* would think fit so far to stoop to their Dissenting Brethren, as to abate *such things only*, and *all such*, as are acknowledg'd by themselves to be Indifferent; if it would not reduce us *all* to such a perfect Union as to Comprehend all Parties, it would yet Embrace so many in the Arms of the Church: 'Twould cause so many to return to the Church among the Dissenters, as would render the Remainder less considerable.

I am to suppose the Challenger in this Matter does not expect I should give in such a List of Alterations as would Reconcile the Quakers, or perhaps not all other Societies; or to tell him what Sorts would Conform, and what would not: But I answer him in Reason, if I say for my self, that upon such Concessions I would Conform with all my Heart, and Thousands more, I believe, would do the like.

Since then he has made such an Offer, let us Examine what it is we desire of the Church, what are the Indifferent Things we differ about, and *I join Issue with him*, if the Convocation thinks fit to make these Abatements and Amendments, and we refuse to Conform, then I am content we shall pass for a People who are willing to keep open the Breach to serve other Designs,

Before I descend to the Particulars, 'tis necessary to make some Enquiry into what I call Indifferent.

1. I call those Things Indifferent which are not Essential Points of Doctrine, without the Belief or Practice whereof a Man cannot obtain Salvation.

2. All things introduc'd into the Church of *England*, either in Worship or in Discipline, by Humane Institution, which are not to be found either by Command, or by President in the Holy Scriptures, *which are the Rule of our Faith.*

On this Head of Indifferent Things therefore I join Issue with our Author; and if he thinks fit to present our Humble Address to the Convocation, that they will be pleas'd to make such Abatement in the Indifferent Things following, I am persuaded such Multitudes of Dissenters will come into the Church as may very well deserve the Name of a Union, tho' not of an Universal Conformity, and the Number of Remaining Dissenters would be much the smaller.

First of all as to Liturgies, we desire, since it is all Originally Humane, and made by Men Fallible, and of like Passions with our selves, they may suffer such Amendment as are Reasonable and Justifiable from Scripture, and the Practice of the Primitive Church.

Secondly, We desire that after such Amendment, the Minister may not in all Cases be Ti'd up and Prescrib'd by the Letter of the Book, but may have Liberty to Express himself at large in Prayer, as the present Exigence of the Case may require, and his own Abilities may supply.

Thirdly, We desire the Ordination of Ministers by Presbyters may be allow'd, being Justifiable by Scripture; and that our Ministers may be admitted into Holy Orders without the Re-ordination, and Imposing of Unreasonable Oaths.

Fourthly, We desire the Kneeling at the Sacrament, Bowing at the Name of Jesus, the Cross in Baptism, the Use of the Surplice, and all those Things own'd by the Greatest Masters of the Dispute, to be Indifferent,

may

may either be wholly left out, or so left at the Discretion of the People, as that they may not be impos'd upon them without their Consent.

Fifthly, We desire the Episcopal Hierarchy to be Reduc'd to such a Pitch of Authority, as may be justified by the Scripture, and to no other; and we are ready to enter into an Examination with them, what that Particular of Power amounts to, and how far it extends.

I do not say these are all the Heads which I suppose the Dissenters require, but I say these are some of them, and the most Considerable; and if the Church would give such Concessions as were Reasonable on these Heads, the Controversie would soon be decided, Whether the Dissenters Separated from the Established Church on frivolous Grounds, or no.

First, As to Alterations in the Liturgy, 'tis the Avow'd Opinion of the Church of *England*, that no Church in the World is infallible; and above all, our Church does not pretend to the Title. If then we are not Infallible, but subject to Err and Mistake, why should she refuse to enter into the Cause, whether it is convenient to make any farther, or more perfect Reformation, or no; but tho' the Consideration were not on a farther Reformation, yet if it were only giving up some smaller Matter for the sake of Christian Peace, it were not Commendable only, but a due requisite Temper in a Christian Church.

As to them that blame the Dissenters for Separating, let us enquire of them, *if they are uncapable of a greater Light*, and consequently of knowing better what they ought to do, than they did before? If then they will suppress this Light, and refuse to Amend Things, tho' the Light of their own Conscience directs them to it, where lyes the Charge of Schism? Surely not at their Door, who would only pursue a perfect Reformation, and think it their Duty to serve God in the Way most agreeable to his Revealed Will in the Scriptures; but at theirs, who would oblige them

to Worship him according to the Inventions of Men, by Forms and Methods, for which they have neither Warrant, Command, or Example, either in the Scripture, or the Primitive Practice of the Church; I Appeal to all the World, that as well now as before it is not our Faults that they bring the Liturgy upon the Stage of Dispute, but the bold Challengers of Men that can never make good their Arguments: And they ought first to have Answered what has been said already, before they had Challeng'd us to show New Reasons.

Wherefore in the Sense, first, of the Irresistable Force of what has been said already, and secondly, of my Incapacity of saying more to the Purpose, at least in so short a time, I make the Proposers this fair Offer, and they are at Liberty to carry it to the Convocation, for 'tis their Business, not ours.

1. When they will please to Answer Mr. *De Laun*'s *Plea for the Non-conformists*, and the Substantial, yet Unanswerable, Reasons there given for our Dissenting.

2. When they will please to Reply to the Concessions of the Dissenters in the Conference at the *Savoy*, and prove they were not sufficient Grounds of an Union.

3. When they will Confute the Scriptural Authority of Bishop *Usher*'s *Model of Church Government*, which was much the same with the Scheme the Dissenters presented to King *Charles* the Second, and give the Reasons why the Bishops refused it, *Baxt. Life*, cap. 8.

4. If they please to Reply (*a little more to the Purpose* than Mr. *Osley* and Mr. *Hoadly has done*) to the Grounds and Reasons of Non-conformity, in the 10th Chapter of *Baxter*'s *Life*, *Abridg'd* by Mr. *Calamy*'s and to some yet Unanswered Things in Mr. *Calamy*'s *Reply* to Mr. *Hoadly*.

5. If they please to give a Rational Answer to the first, Second and Third Vols. of the *Conformist's Plea for the Non-conformists*, wrote by a Member of their own Church, and to *Gillespy*'s *View of English Popish Ceremonies*.

Whenever

Whenever these things are Soberly and Judiciously Answered, and as Dr. *Calamy* proposed good Scripture and Reason brought for it, assure your self, Sir, when these Things are Answered, there shall be no manner of need to bring an Occasional Bill to prevent the Alternate Conformity of Dissenters; 'tis most certain, that the far greater Number of them will come in, and become your Christian United Brethren; and till you do these Things, Gentlemen, we Appeal to all the World, who are the Causers of the Schism you speak of, those that all along offered to come in upon Reasonable Conditions, or those that have persecuted us for not complying with Humane Institutions, which are no where to be found in Scripture, *which is the only Rule of Faith.*

And thus now the World may see with what Truth these Gentlemen blacken the Dissenters *with their Repeating Objections, but taking no notice of Answers*, which I here fairly return upon them, and assure them, that whenever they will Answer the Objections in Mr. *De Laun*'s Book against the Liturgy and Canon of the Church of *England*, and prove the same to be necessary from Scripture and Reason, I will certainly Conform, for I believe, and own it my Duty to Conform to them if I can, and I can never resist Conforming to any thing which is prov'd to be my Duty from Reason and Scripture.

I think 'tis needless to say much of my own, after such Men as these have appear'd, and gone off the Stage with no Reply; neither can I satisfy my self to attempt any thing by way of Addition to Men of such exalted Learning, till I can see something New offered upon these Heads, and unless these Gentlemen have something to say more than has been said before them by Men superior in Learning to themselves: What they now advance savours of an Arrogance peculiar to themselves, and which I like so ill, that I care not to imitate.

I shall therefore think it more than sufficient, thus to tell them what has been said already; and if they have any thing to say by way of Reply, that demands an Answer, they may not want what is needful to justify the Practice and Principles of the Dissenters, to be such as neither the Charge of Faction or Rebellion can be laid at their Doors, and it seems by this Challenge he would let the World believe that the Church of *England* would not stand with the Dissenters for small Matters; and I cannot but wonder with what Face he can publish to the World these following Words, which I am perswaded he has no Authority for from his Superiors.

We should have little Quarrel with the Dissenters about all the Objections they make as to Habits, Ceremonies, Liturgy, and even the Grand Point of Ordination by Presbyters in Cases of Necessity; if it were not for that Fulsome Word Schism, if they did not gather Separate Congregations, and set them up in Opposition to the Church, and so form a Schism, they would be no Dissenters, notwithstanding their different Sentiments as to the Points before mention'd. All these are his own Words, P. 3.

Thou Hypocrite, out of thine own Mouth shalt thou be condemn'd; If you had not Quarrell'd with us about Habits, Ceremonies, Liturgy, and Ordination, there had been no Schism; no separate Congregations gathered, no breaking off from the Church, no such thing as Dissenters, at least but few among us; and to impose this upon the World after such plain Evidence as has been given to the contrary, deserves a courser Title than I care to foul my Paper with, and evidently shows the Method of the Party who run down the Dissenters by Falsities and Forgeries.

And that I may do what these People seldom concern themselves about; I lay it down as a Truth, that when King *Charles* the Second was Restored to the Crown, the present Dissenters being then desired to Conform to the Church of *England*, and their Ministers having very good Inducement so to do, *viz.* the Possession

Poſſeſſion of their Livings and Benifices, they were Commanded by the King to give in their Propoſals, upon which they would Conform.

And 'tis needful to give a ſhort Abſtract of the Proceedings in that Caſe, in order to let the World ſee what occaſion'd the Schiſm theſe People cry ſo much out of, and to place the Guilt of it where it really lies; for as the Morality, ſo the Immorality, of every Action conſiſts in the Principle from whence it proceeds, and the End to which it is deſign'd.

At the Reſtoration of King *Charles* II. to put the Diſſenters in Hopes that a Reconciliation was intended, Ten or Twelve of the Principal of them were made his Majeſty's Chaplains; and theſe deſigning to improve that Opportunity, waited upon him, introduc'd by the Earl of *Mancheſter*, and humbly recommended to his Majeſty the Happineſs, and the Opportunity of a Union among his Proteſtant Subjects in Matters of Religion, and begging of him that *ONLY NECESSARY THINGS might be the Terms of Union.*

The King declar'd himſelf very favourable on this Head, profeſs'd that the Propoſal was exceeding agreeable to him; and promis'd them to do his utmoſt to bring it to paſs. Telling them withal, *That this Agreement cou'd not be expected but by abating ſomething on both Sides, and meeting one another in the Mid-way; and that if they were willing to do their Parts, if it was not effected, it ſhould be their own Faults, and not his.*

Here it may very well be obſerv'd that the Schiſm lyes directly at the Door of the Church, *if the King's Words are true.* For the Diſſenters did make Offers of meeting half Way, and more than half Way, as ſhall preſently be made out; and if our Brethren of the Church can make out one Step offer'd by them in the moſt indifferent Circumſtance, than ours is the Schiſm, and not theirs. If not, *Væ vobis Hypocritæ.* Job 15. 6. *Thine own Mouth condemneth thee, and not I; yea, thine own Lips teſtifie againſt thee.*

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The King after this directed, *That they should bring in Proposals of the utmost they could yield to*; and they in return besought his Majesty, That *at the same time that they offer'd their Concession to His Majesty, the Brethren on the other side might also bring in theirs, containing the utmost they would abate and yield to in order to Concord*; and the King promis'd them it should be so. *Cal. ab.* Baxter's *Life*, p. 144.

According to this Direction of the King they met and agreed upon a Paper, with a most Humble Address to His Majesty; they make Four Preliminary Requests to the King, and then offer'd their Proposals, an Abstract of which you have in Mr. *Calamy's Abridgment* aforesaid, *p.* 145. and for the Faithfulness of the Quotation the Reader is referr'd to the Original, which is to be seen in Print.

First, They request, *That serious Godliness might be countenanced; a Learned and Pious Minister in each Parish encouraged; that a Personal, Publick, owning the Baptismal Covenant might precede an Admission to the Lord's Table; and that the Lord's Day might be strictly sanctified.* They offer to allow of the true, ancient, Primitive Precedency in the Church, with a due Mixture of Presbyters, in order to the avoiding the Corruptions, Partiality, Tyranny, and other Evils, which are incident to the Administration of a single Person; the Things which they principally blamed in the *English Frame*, were the *great Extent of the Bishops Dioceses: Their deputing Commissaries, Chancellors, and Officials, to act in their Stead. Their assuming their sole Power of Ordination and Jurisdiction, and acting so arbitrarily in Visitation Articles*; bringing in new Ceremonies, and suspending Ministers at Pleasure: And for reforming these Evils, they proposed, that *Bishop* Usher's *Reduction of Episcopacy unto the Form of Synodical Government received in the ancient Church* should be the Ground-work of an Accommodation; and that Suffragans should be chosen by the respective Synods: The Associations be of a moderate Extent; the Ministers to be under no Oaths, or Promises of Obedience

bedience to the Bishops, as being responsible for any Transgression of the Law; and that the Bishops govern not by Will and Pleasure, but according to Rules, Cannons and Constitutions, that should be ratified and establish'd by Act of Parliament. As to the *Liturgy*, they owned the Lawfulness of a prescribed Form of Publick Worship, but desir'd that some Learned, and Pious, and Moderate Divines of both sorts might be employed, either to compile a new *Liturgy*, or to reform the old, adding some other varying Forms in Scripture Phrase, to be used at the Minister's choice. As to the *Ceremonies* they humbly represented, that the Worship of God was perfect without them; that God hath declared himself in Matters of Worship a jealous God; that the Reformed Churches abroad, most of them rejected the Ceremonies that were reclaimed here; that here in *England* they had ever since the Reformation been Matters of Contention and Dispute; that they had occasioned the silencing of many Pious and Useful Ministers, and given Rise to many Separations from the Church: That they were at best but indifferent, and in their own Nature mutable; and therefore they begg'd that kneeling at the Sacrament might not be imposed, and that the Surplice and the Cross in Baptism, and the bowing at the Name of *Jesus*, rather than *Christ*, or *Emanuel*, might be abolished, and that Care might be taken to prevent future Innovations, contrary to Law; that so the Publick Worship might be free not only from Blame but Suspicion.

Does this look like a Proposal from Men that did not dissent, but upon Factious and Politick Principles? 'Tis hard there shou'd be any Occasion to revive the Discourse of these Things, at a Time when we wish for that *Peace and Union* which Her Majesty has so earnestly invited us to. But these Men of Storms and Heat, who are wilfully ignorant themselves, are willing other Men should be blindly so; and therefore 'tis necessary a little to refresh their Memory, and to

shew

ſhew to the World that this Schiſm and Separation of the Diſſenters was wholly occaſion'd by the Church refuſing to give up indifferent Things, and impoſing thoſe indifferent Things as Terms of Communion upon the Conſciences of all the People.

The King upon the Miniſters delivering in the Propoſals and Addreſs *Treated them very reſpectfully*, ſays the ſame Author, *renew'd his Profeſſions of his earneſt Deſires of an Accommodation of the Differences; told them he was well pleas'd that they agreed to a Liturgy, and yielded to the Eſſence of Epiſcopacy.*

Here is an Acknowledgment from the Head of the Church, that the Diſſenters were for an Accomodation, agreed to a Liturgy, and to the Eſſence of Epiſcopacy, and yet our Modern Men of Peace will throw all the Breach upon the Diſſenters.

Now, Gentlemen, let us examine your Chriſtian-High-Church Temper theſe yielding, complying, Diſſenters met with, that we may ſee whether they were out, or were driven out from the Church.

The Diſſenters that were to be, *for Yet they were not ſo*, expected according to their Requeſt, and His Majeſty's Promiſe, to be met with by the Divines on the other Side, and to ſee their Propoſals, but none appear'd; and after long expecting their Condeſcenſions and Compliances, at laſt they receiv'd a Satyrical Anſwer by way of Reflection to their Propoſals, but not one Word of Condeſcenſion and Compliance.

'As to *Church Government*, they declare for the former Hierarchy without any Alteration; and invidiouſly inſinuate, that their Reflections on the Conſequences of a ſingle Perſon's Adminiſtration in the Church, was as applicable to the Civil State. The *Extent of Dioceſſes* they declare ſuitable enough to the Biſhop's Office; and the *Adminiſtration of Eccleſiaſtical Juriſdiction by Chancellors*, &c. Regular in the Main. Biſhop *Uſher's Reduction* they reject as inconſiſtent with Two other of his Diſcourſes, as being at beſt but a heap of Private Conceptions. The *Liturgy* they

'applaud

'applaud as unexceptionable, and think it can't be 'ſaid to be too Rigorouſly impoſed, when Miniſters 'are not denied the Exerciſe of their Gifts in Praying 'before and after Sermon; which Sort of Praying, 'they declare however, is but the continuance of a 'Cuſtom of no great Authority, and grown into Com-'mon uſe by Sufferance only, without any other 'Foundation in the Laws and Canons. The Reviſing 'the *Liturgy* nevertheleſs they yield to, if his Majeſty 'thinks fit. As for the *Ceremonies*, they could not 'part with one; not being able to think that the Sa-'tisfaction of ſome Private Perſons was to be laid in 'Ballance againſt the Publick Peace, and Uniformity 'of the Church. Nay, were any Abatements made, 'they are ſatisfied unquiet Spirits would be thereby 'encouraged to make further Demands.

Ecce ſignum, here's the Foundation of the Diſſenters Schiſm in Three Heads.

Epiſcopal Hierarchy without Alteration.

Liturgy Unexceptionable, and impoſſible to be too Rigorouſly Impos'd.

Ceremonies, not one to be parted with.

Pray, Gentlemen, how long have ye alter'd your Minds, that you can now ſay *you won't quarrel with us for Habits, Ceremonies, or Ordination*; and when we offer'd to agree with you in every thing elſe, you would have *your Ordination without Alteration*, you would not part with *one of the Ceremonies*; and thought *your Liturgy Unexceptionable, and that it cou'd not be too Rigorouſly Impoſed*? How long is it ſince theſe Gentlemen have been of a better Opinion? And when all is done, how ſhall we be ſure their Propoſal is Genuine, while we have experienc'd ſo much Falſity and ill-grounded Paſſion, as before?

Here now is the Picture of a High-Church Challenge, to which we may very well Anſwer, we are the ſame that we were when we made the Propoſals to King *Charles* the Second, and we have a great deal of Reaſon to believe you are the ſame too. *Ill Nature ſeldom*

dom turns Changling. 'Tis true, you did promise us fine things, you promised to come to a Temper with the Dissenters, and declar'd 'twas your Principle to give an Ease to Consciences truly Scrupulous; and upon this Foot you obtain'd upon us to join with you in the Revolution: Now you talk of Honesty, pray, Gentlemen, do us the Favour to let us know in what you ever perform'd that Promise, and when we are to expect it?

Now you shall be put to Trial of your Honesty and Justice, what Commission you had from the Convocation to tell us you would not Differ about *Habits, Ceremonies, Liturgy and Ordination,* I know not, and believe you will be puzzled to produce it: But I venture to say to you from abundance of the Dissenters, *that then you shall differ with us for nothing*; Remit us these, and we will Conform to you, and be all One Church and One People.

'Tis about these Things Chiefly you Differ with us; you have no Pretences but these upon us: The Articles of Rebellion, Forty One; the *Rye-House* Plot, *Castares's* Evidences, and more: We can allow you all these, and many more than is true, and yet prove that your Principles are as Disloyal, and your Practices have been as full of Rebellion, as ours; you have made as many Insurrections against the Establish-ed Governors of the Nation as we; you have made as many Factions against the Princes and the Laws, took up Arms as often, kill'd as many Kings, or endeavour'd it, as we; and how often have you been Challeng'd to come to a Test of your Loyalty with us? But you are Proof against Argument; and without taking notice of these things, or of any thing else that stands against you, you *Repeat and Repeat* your Raillings, and suffer your Tongues to Launch out in a senseless and insignificant manner *In Infinitum.*

And to help load the Dissenters with Infamy, you Charge them with all that has been done in *Scotland,* where the Arbitrary Tyranny of State Ministers often-

times

times made the People Desperate: No wonder if from such Principles you can Charge them with Burning the City of *London*. One would think these Gentlemens Passions should not make them forget their Reason so much, as to expose their Proceedings to their own Friends.

Did not the Committee of Parliament fix the Firing of the City upon the *Roman Catholicks*, by the irresistable Testimony of the Persons concern'd; and why must the Dissenters do it? Had you brought them by Persecution to such desperate Fortunes, to such Despair, as to set Fire to their own Houses? Were there not almost as many of them Burnt out as of the Church?

The ridiculous Fury of these Men is an Answer to themselves; and upon the whole, I offer to make out, That the Dissenters have, on all Occasions, behav'd themselves with as much Zeal for the Government, as much Sincerity to the Sovereign, and as much Loyalty, as the Church has done, let them begin the Debate when they please.

On the other Hand, I'll prove, That the High Church Party has tyranniz'd over them by all the Illegal, Unchristian Methods possible, endeavouring to drive them to the Extreamities of Despair and Rebellion.

I'll prove by the Preachings, Printings, and declared Judgment, of several of the most zealous High Party, that however the Practice was disown'd by the Party, upon the unseasonable exposing it, by the Book, call'd, *The Shortest Way*; yet that it has all along been their Desire, and very often in their Design; and I appeal for the Truth of it, among many Instances, to a Letter of a known Church-man, whose Original I have by me, being wrote to a Person who sent him the Book for a Present.

SIR,

SIR,

I *Received yours, and enclosed the Book call'd,* The Shortest Way with the Dissenters, *for which I thank you; and, next to the Holy Bible, and Sacred Comments, I place it as the most Valuable Thing I can have. I look upon it as the only Method, and I pray God to put it into the Heart of our most Gracious Queen to put what is there propos'd in Execution.*

Here is the Character of a High-Church-man drawn to the Life; but when in a Post or Two this Gentlemen understood it was wrote by a Dissenter, in his next he sends up an Invidious Character of a Whig, and what, in his Opinion, such a one deserv'd.

And now, Gentlemen, would Reason and Arguments serve for a Reply to you, I should go on with your voluminous Rapsody of Scandal; but really it is so full of Rudeness, and Want of Manners, as well as Want of Truth, that I chuse to let it go, and return to to your Challenge about our Conformity; and this you direct us to lay before the Convocation, which I cannot but make some just Exceptions to.

1. I see no Reason to believe the Convocation has given you any Authority to make the Proposal; I cannot but believe that the Convocation knows too well what, and how often, the Dissenters have offer'd the very Thing these Gentlemen propose; the Convocation cannot be ignorant that all Propósals of Amendment and Abatement are Ungrateful and Disagreeable to the Temper of these High-Churchmen; and the Convocation could not be guilty of so much Imprudence to offer that to us now, which we have so often offer'd them to no Purpose.

2. I see no Reason to believe the Convocation will perform the Conditions these Gentlemen propose, *viz.* to abate the Habits, Ceremonies, Liturgies, and Ordination; and therefore, Gentlemen you are desired

ſired to take back your own Words with this fair Propoſal.

Whenever the Church of *England* ceaſes to quarrel with us about Habits, Ceremonies, Liturgies, and Ordination, we are content that thoſe Diſſenters which ſhall after that refuſe to Conform, may be taxed with being unwilling to have the Breach healed, with being obſtinate Diſſenters, or what you pleaſe.

'Tis an unaccountable Aſſurance in any Author to advance ſuch a Notion to the World; in which, had they Power but of Reflection on themſelves, they muſt of Neceſſity ſee they were in the Wrong.

Pray, Gentlemen, what do you think we differ with you for? We hope you are Proteſtants; we have own'd you a true Church, and that we differ from you in nothing Doctrinal, or abſolutely Neceſſary for Salvation? Will ye keep your Words with us? Then here is your Challenge anſwer'd.

Get the Convocation to paſs it into an Act, that the Church will not quarrel with us about *Habits, Ceremonies, Liturgies and Ordination*, the Schiſm be upon us if we do not Conform.

If you can't do this, then make us no more Challenges, never write to us to tell you upon what Terms we will Conform; we are ready to Conform upon your own Terms; we take you at your own Words; do but perform what you have voluntarily propos'd, we are your own.

Not but that we have great Reaſon to ſay, we know very well that this Offer is neither in your Power, nor in your Nature; not in your Power, as private Men; not in the Nature of your High Church, as a Party.

Nor is it any Breach of Charity to ſay ſo, becauſe we have had ſo much Experience of your Temper on all Occaſions in this Matter; and in particular, in the Conferences at the *Savoy*, where the Diſſenters made all the Conceſſions of Charity and Obedience that they were able to do with any Safety to their Conſciences;

they went through the Common-Prayer-Book, and propos'd only such Amendment as they found absolutely necessary to make it tollerable to them, and their Hearers; they offer'd to dispute upon the Amendments they had made, and to justifie all their Objections by the Scriptures.

In a Word, they offer'd to Conform so far as they were able to answer it to God, their Consciences, and the World; and he that requires Men to offer more, or else rejects them, and shuts them out of their Communion, wou'd do well to tell us who are the Authors of the Schism.

But after all, these Gentlemen, by what I can perceive, are as ignorant in the Thing they call Schism, as they seem to be in other Things; and we have the Testimony of the House of Lords, in which there concurr'd most of the Bishops of the Church of *England*, that *the Dissenters are not Schismaticks.* See the Reasons of the Lords against the Bill to prevent *Occasional Conformity.*

And had these Gentlemen bethought themselves when they charge us with this Schism, for separating from the Church, they would have reflected a little on Mr. *Hales*, of *Eaton*, a Sober and Judicious Divine of the Church of *England*, who, in his Treatise of Schism lets them know, that separating in Communion from any particular Church is not a Schism, if the Persons are not separated from the whole Body of Christans; but he that holds the Head, holds fast the Faith, and does not divide in Faith and Doctrine, cannot be said to be guilty of Schism for his refusing to join in Communion with this, or that particular Church. The Church of Christ is that whole Body of Christians, however dispers'd all over the World, who are united to him by Faith, and are the Members composing and join'd to his Mystical Body, professing the same Doctrine and Faith, tho' divided into never so many several Communities, Societies, and other Parts.

If

If this be to be Schismaticks, 'tis plain the Dissenters are no Schismaticks; and thus we have the Testimony of the Church Ministers, we have the Vote of the Church of *England* Bishops, and a Majority of the House of Peers, that the Dissenters are no Schismaticks.

What shall we say now? If the Dissenters are allow'd by the Church not to be Schismaticks; and if the House of Lords concur in the Vote; and if you will not quarrel with us for Habit, Ceremonies, Liturgy or Ordination; *Pray let these Authors tell us what is the Difference among us?* The People may soon be united, for here is little left to dispute of.

What then is it we are treated for in such a Scandalous Manner? For what is it we are call'd by Sir *H. M.* a People unsafe to be trusted with any part of the Administration? In what are we dangerous to the Government? In what is it unsafe to trust us? Why, *Ye are Enemies to Monarchy*, and always plotting against the Government, says these Learn'd and Passionate Authors.

Say you so, Sirs? We will come to an Account of Plots against Monarchy and Government when you will; and whenever we do, you will be found guilty of more than we.

But you have given us a long List of Dissenters Plots, as you call them, and of People executed for them. First of all, I believe 'twould be hard to prove the Dissenters were in a Plot every time some of them were hang'd for it: And we have seen some Church of *England* Parliaments *Unhang them again*, as far as they could, to do Justice to their Posterity: But I shall not ravel into the List of Dissenters Plots at this time; only I cannot avoid telling this Author that he has not given a fair Account of them; the Dissenters, Sir, have been guilty of more Plots against the Government than you charge them with, and more have been executed for it than you tell us of; for I assure you the Author of this wears a Mourning Ring on his Finger, given at the Funeral of Mr. *Christopher Love*, a Presbyterian Minister, Beheaded *Anno* 1653, for the horrid Phanatick

tick Plot, contriv'd for the bringing in, *as they then call'd him, Charles Staurt*, and the reſtoring of Monarchy.

And now we come to examine a little this Author's prepoſterous Motion, that we ſhould give in our Grievances to the Convocation. Why truly, Gentlemen, we have Grievances which the Convocation might redreſs, but we don't expect they will; and ſome of them are as follows,

1. 'Tis our Grievance to be falſly accus'd, as Miſmanagers of the late Reign, when we had little or nothing to do in it; as unſafe to the Government, when we have all along endeavoured to uphold it; as Enemies to Peace, when we challenge all our Enemies to teſtifie who has the greateſt Zeal for the publick Concord, the Diſſenters, or the Church.

2. 'Tis our Grievance to be challeng'd to ſhow on what Terms we can Conform, and large Conceſſions offer'd us in the Name of the Convocation by Men who are ſo far from having any Authority from the Convocation, that the Gentlemen of that Aſſembly do not think it worth while to own what they ſay, or perform what they promiſe, in their Names, as it certainly is in this Caſe.

3. It is a Grievance to us, and to the whole Nation, that we ſhould at firſt, to gratifie a Party, and to fortifie the State Policy of Tricking and Deſigning Men, be driven out, and caſt off, from the Church-Communion, and the Society of Fellow-Chriſtians, for Trifles, and Things Indifferent.

Perhaps, I am not of ſo free an Opinion as to the Indifferency of all the Things in which we Differ as the Church themſelves; but they are allow'd by the Church themſelves to be Indifferent, and they are particularly Indifferent in the Senſe of Indifferency explain'd as before; and therefore, *ad hominem*, they are really Indifferent: Even the whole of Church Diſcipline is ſo far Indifferent, that whether this or that Model be ſettled either Party are allow'd to be capable of Salvation without prejudice to their Belief in that Head; or to ſpeak plain,

plain, a Man may go to Heaven in the Practice of either of them, but yet as Conſcience directs, ought to have Liberty to Chuſe for himſelf.

But to be caſt out of Chriſtian Communion for Trifles, *for ſuch are all the Indifferent Things compar'd to the more Eſſential Points of Religion*, this is a Grievance; and this is indeed the Original Grievance, and the firſt Cauſe of all their Separation, which our Author calls Schiſm, to impoſe what they own the Scripture does not impoſe.

'Tis my Opinion, generally ſpeaking, that no Church can juſtifie keeping out any Perſon from their Communion, for any thing that will not in its own Nature and Circumſtances keep him out of Heaven: To keep us out of the Communion of the Church for things which you own we may be ſaved without, will find but ſlender Authority in the Scripture to Juſtifie.

But after all, ſuppoſe our Grievances were laid before the Convocation, will this Author aſſure us of Relief this Way? Will he undertake to tell us any thing the Convocation has done that Way for any Body? Nay, will he be pleas'd to tell us, whether that Body, who have now Set above Fifteen Years Annually, have done one Act or Thing for the Benefit of the Church they Repreſent? Will he pleaſe to give the World a Hiſtory of their Actions, and engage to make out they have done any thing but Wrangle among themſelves for ſo long time? Theſe Men of Uniformity, have they had any Uniform Proceedings? *Have they, in ſhort*, done any thing worthy of themſelves, or the Church they Repreſent? If they have, we would be glad to hear it; if they have not, to what Purpoſe ſhould we apply to them for the Healing our Breaches.

Beſides this, let us ask him another Queſtion, Do the Convocation agree among themſelves? Have not ſome Gentlemen fill'd the World with Volumes and learned Tracts on little Matters, relating to Adjournings and Re-

ceſſes of that Aſſembly; and that one Difficulty ſeems not yet Maſter'd, and how can we expect that Spirit of Candor, that Temper and Peaceable Mind, which is abſolutely neceſſary to bring to paſs ſo great a Bleſſing as this of a Proteſtant Union? How can we look for it from an Aſſembly that cannot Decide their own Controverſies, nor Heal their own Breaches.

Upon the whole, it ſeems to me this Man of Gall has over-ſhot himſelf, has gone beyond his Commiſſion, and has made a Propoſal he had no Authority for, and promis'd for People that will not perform for him.

Wherefore, upon the whole Matter, as we have ſmall Reaſon to hope for a Reconcilation of Principles, I think the preſent Buſineſs of the Nation is to arrive at a Reconciliation of Parties, a Conjunction of Intereſts, a General Union of Affection, where there cannot be a Union of Opinions; that the Strife of Parties and Factions may ceaſe, and that Clamour and Contention may be at an end.

Could this be brought to paſs, it would really be the greateſt Step towards Conjunction in Religious Matters.

Firſt, This would make our Charity extenſive, and we ſhould not make it our conſtant buſineſs to Accuſe, but Excuſe, One Another; Reproachful Terms and Marks of Diſtinction would die of courſe; Proteſtant would be the Common Name of all Opinions.

God be prais'd, we are all of One Religion in *England*, tho' we Differ about Methods: We pretend to be all Travelling to Heaven, tho' we fall out by the Way; and we fall out about the Way too: But if every Man diſturb'd himſelf leſs about the Courſe his Neighbour Steers, and concern'd himſelf more about his own, there would more find the right Way thither, *as far as Humane Conduct is concern'd in the Voyage to Heaven.*

As to the Diſſenters in *England*, they are Miſrepreſented to the Nation, that they are for Tumults and Rebellions, Inſurrections, and pulling down Monarchy,

archy, and Governments; enough has been ſaid here, and elſewhere, to Invite the Accuſers to a fair Debate; but the preſent Caſe chiefly reſpects their Intereſt. They are not a Small, nor a Poor Sort in the Nation: The old Proverb of, Intereſt won't lye, is on their ſide; *Men of Eſtates are never for pulling down Houſes, Burning Towns, and Ruining Nations*; 'tis Natural for Trading Men to be Wiſe for themſelves; 'tis Men of Deſperate Fortunes are for Embroiling Kingdoms, and ſetting States and Governments into a Flame.

The Diſſenters in *England*, generally ſpeaking, are the Men of Trade and Induſtry; and what Eſtates they have, lye principally in Stock of Goods, Houſes, and Credit. No Publick Diſaſter can befal the Nation, but what affects their Eſtates more than other Men's; Banks Stocks, Trade, Foreign and Domeſtick: Theſe are the firſt Things that ſuffer on any Publick Diſorder; and none of thoſe People who are thus Embark'd in Trade, can be properly thought to deſire Diſaſters, and Revolutions, becauſe they are generally the firſt that feel it.

There may, indeed, be ſome Men among them that want Principles, and may Act ill, but theſe are few, and not Remarkable; the generality of the Diſſenters muſt be blind to their own Intereſts, as well as Enemies to the Government, and their Neighbours, when they promote Factions and Diviſions in the State.

It may not be amiſs to obſerve in this Caſe what I Appeal to any Man's Judgment in, beſides my own, in the particular Article of Stocks in the City, when the People are uneaſy at any Publick Matters, and the Proſpect of Affairs looks with an ill Aſpect, *the Stocks fall*; again, on the contrary, when they are eaſie, the Stocks riſe, and the Stock-Jobbers frequently Manage ſuch Occaſions; and on this Head 'tis obſerv'd, That in the Caſe of a certain Bill depending in the Houſe, when the People thought it would be paſs'd, Stocks fell; again, when the talk of it began

to be laid aside, *as it really was for some time*, all Stocks rose in Price; and when it came to a Period, they still advanc'd again.

Not that I argue from hence that the Dissenters are the Chief Parties Interested in the Stocks, for 'tis plain they are not; but from hence may be seen by any Man, who does not put out his own Eyes, the great Benefit of Peace and Union, the Effect it has on Trade, Credit, and the Value of Estates.

Besides, the Author of this Book discovers a Spirit of too much Rancor and Malice, to make it fit to talk with him. I am told he is not an *English*-man; and, indeed, he seems not to be an *English* man, by his furious way of Treating the *English* Nation, at a time when they are all inclin'd to Peace with one another; the least thing can be said of him in this Case is, that he discovers Impotent Rage at a People, who, God be prais'd, are out of his Reach; and the Remnant of his Railing Talent may lye either against the Lords, who have rejected the *Occasional Bill*, on whom, without doubt, he will plentifully bestow the usual Titles of a Faction, a Party, Low-Church Men, and the like.

Or else he may give himself a Loose at the Queen, who, several of his Habit, *for we understand he is a Brother of the Gown*, have left off to pray for, except at Church, where they cannot help it; and as Mr.——— of *High Wickham* has entirely left Her Majesty out of his Grace after Meat, ever since Her Speech to the Houses of Parliament for Peace and Union; so these Gentlemen may be expected with him, to give Her Majesty a Cast of their Foul Language as soon as they dare do it.

But one Word with this Gentleman, and then I conclude, and that is about Plotting, for the Dissenters have been his Plotters and his Rebels all along, and have on all Occasions been very roughly handled by him, as to Associations, Treasons, Rebellions, and the like.

Now

Now I would fain desire this Gentleman, to tell us a little News about a Plot in *Scocland*; Her Majesty has given Her Parliament an Account that She has Unquestion'd Information of a Plot in *Scotland*; for our parts we expected it from the Malignancy of the Party there; but now a Declaration of its Unquestion'd reality from the Throne, has put the Matter of Fact out of Question.

Now, as this Gentleman keeps a very good Correspondence there, which appears by his own Writing, I could most earnestly recommend to him to inform the World, how many Dissenters, or Presbyterians, there are concerned in it.

Without doubt he can make it appear there are *no High-Churchmen in it*; for they, Good Men, are of such untainted Principles, as to Loyalty; they are so true to the Doctrine of Passive Obedience, and Non-Resistance, that 'tis impossible they can ever be concern'd in any such thing; no, no, it must all go upon the poor Papists; those Roman Catholicks are sad Fellows; they are always plotting, and these Whigs and Dissenters they must have a Hand in it; just as this Author says they had in the Fire of *London*; the Dissenters were, indeed, very eager to set the Nation in a Flame, when they set Fire to their own Houses to begin it.

But alas for us! What shall we say now, if it may be prov'd that here are a great many High-flying Churchmen in this Plot? Then *the Wolf will be Strip'd indeed.* What if here should be *Depos'd Bishops, Non-Jurant Parsons*, and *High-Church Episcoparian Scotsmen* in this Plot, against the Queen and Her Government? What shall we say then? Why, I'll tell you what they will say; they'll say that Presbyterian Tyranny has drove them to such Extremities, that Flesh and Blood could bear no longer. To which I shall answer, Not at all granting the Truth of Fact, that just as much had the Rebels at—— and *Bothwell-Bridge*, to say, That Episcopal, Prelatick, Tyranny drove them to such Extremities, that Flesh and Blood could bear no longer.

From

From whence I draw this ſhort Inference, That whether they are Churchmen or Diſſenters, one Religion or another, when Men think themſelves oppreſs'd, let their Principles and Pretence be what they will, they will always forget thoſe Pretences, Nature will prevail; they will attempt their Freedom, and ſeek by Force to reſiſt Force.

Church of *Engalnd*, Church of *Rome*, Church of *Scotland*, Church of *France*, any Church in the World,

Whene'er they are Oppreſs'd, they will Rebel.

But one thing, we muſt tell theſe Gentlemen, they differ from their Brother Rebels in; that they have plotted and rebell'd with half the Oppreſſions and Tyranny as others have done before them.

And if ever theſe Gentlemen pleaſe to compare the *Sad and Doleful Sufferings* of the Epiſcopal Diſſenters in *Scotland*, of *which they have made ſo much Noiſe*, with the Miſeries, Murthers, Plunders, and Barbarous Uſage of the Diſſenters in *Scotland* for 30 Years before, it will be eaſily ſeen which had the moſt Cauſe to cry out of, *Fleſh and Blood being able to bear no longer*; and whenever they pleaſe to enter into the Detail of theſe Things, we are ready to join Iſſue with them on this Head.

The Author, or Authors of this Wolfiſh Book would have done well to have taken Advice from a Gentleman of their own Party, and who writes on the ſame Subject, who has ſaid much more to the Purpoſe, and in Language much more ſuitable to common Civility, and good Manners; I mean the Author of a Book, Entituled, *Union to the Church of* England *Freely Offer'd, and Earneſtly Recommended, to the Diſſenters from it, of all Perſwaſions; but particularly to the Occaſional Conformiſts.*

Now, tho' I am of the Opinion that the Arguments that Gentlemen makes uſe of may be anſwer'd, yet

I must acknowledge to his Honour, that while on the one Hand he discovers himself to be of High-Church Principles, yet he shews himself a Man of Temper, a Scholar, and a Gentleman; and if ever he is replied to, ought to be treated accordingly; the Candor with which he treats the Party he writes against, at least deserves this Acknowledgment, that he is the first of that Side that has used them civily, and is thereby just so much the harder to be confuted, for railing is much larger answer'd than Argument.

I leave Dr. *Davenant* and to answer those Parts of the Scurrilous Invectives relating to them, which 'tis not so much a Question whether they can, as whether 'tis worth while for them, or any Body else, to reply to so much Railery.

Nor, indeed, had this been wrote, but to repeat to the World how willing the Dissenters are at all times to enter into the Merits of the Cause, to let the World see the Reasons of their Dissent, and how willing they are upon such Concessions, as Reason and Conscience calls for, to come to a general Union with their Protestant Brethren, notwithstanding all the Misrepresentation of High-Church Malice to the contrary.

A

Challenge of PEACE.

Addreſs'd to the

Whole Nation.

WITH

An Enquiry into WAYS *and* MEANS *for bringing it to paſs.*

To the QUEEN.

MADAM,

AS *the whole Nation are happy in the Things You Do, ſo they are particularly Attentive to what You Say. The Speeches your Majeſty is pleas'd to make in Parliament, are look'd upon as Words ſpoken to all the Kingdom, and their Influences are accordingly Univerſal.*

Of all the Expreſſions that ever paſs'd from Your Royal Lips, I humbly preſume, none ever ſounded in the Ears of Your Proteſtant Subjects with ſo General Applauſe, as Your Royal Invitation to Peace and Union among themſelves.

Your Majeſty has, by this one Step, let all the World know, that You not only Seek, but perfectly underſtand, *the General Good of your People, and the Only way to make them Invincible.*

It

It remains to your Subjects, to Accept your Royal Proposal, and look upon it as the most binding Obligation, since when Princes stoop to Invite their People to what was before their Duty, it carries with it the double Force of a Command.

Your Subjects, Madam, who wish for Peace, are Encourag'd to seek and pursue it, while they are now satisfied, that so long as they follow the Natural Dictates of their own Reason, they also Concur with the Judgment, and obey the obliging Commands of their Sovereign.

Those unhappy People, who either from the Severity of their Principles, or really for want of Principles, *are* **otherwise Enclin'd**, *that are for Suppressing their Protestant Brethren for Opinions in Religion, or for Oppressing their Neighbours for Interest and Parties, may now be satisfied, that while they pursue that Unchristian and Impolitick Method, they not only weaken, but disoblige your Majesty, and Your real Interest.*

And by this your Majesty will plainly see who are Your best Subjects, those who willingly embrace the Peace, and General Charity of Christians and English-*Men, according to your Majesties obliging Exhortation, or they, who, by keeping up the Differences of your Subjects, and by continual Reproachings and Reflections, endeavour to Represent Your peaceable People as Enemies to your Person and Government, tho' they are, and ever have been, as Dutiful and Loyal as themselves.*

Such may see their Practices discourag'd, by your Majesties healing Example, and would do well to consider, that their peculiar Duty to your Majesty lies not in Recriminating upon the Infirmities of others, but in Correcting their Own.

Your Majesty has this compleat Satisfaction concerning all your Subjects, that the principal part of their Contention is, which Party are most Loyal to your Government, and among those who Dissent from the Church, None of them *Dissent from your Interest; and those Gentlemen who would fain perswade the World, that Those who Dissent from the Ecclesiastick Establishment, are also Enemies to the Civil,*

have

have been driven to a Neceſſity of a ſuppos'd Extending the Civil Power beyond the Limits of the Laws, to bring thoſe People they would Expoſe, to ſo much as a Temper of Objecting againſt it. —— *This is a Method ſo groſly Injurious to your Majeſty, as well as to your Subjects, that it has been long earneſtly wiſh'd You would, on ſome Occaſion or other, let them know how ill pleaſing it was, and how ill it Correſponded, both with your Majeſty's Principle as well as Practice, in all the parts of Your Government.*

'Tis an unhappy Violence theſe Men offer to Your Majeſties Character, that they would be content to have your Majeſty become a Tyrant, ſo they might but be capable to prove the Diſſenters Diſloyal to your Government.

But as we bleſs God that your Majeſty has reſolved to regulate your Government, by the great Foundation of all Government, the Laws; *ſo we cannot think we offend your Majeſty in ſaying, that in a full Obedience to your Government, and the Laws, none of your Subjects have exceeded in Loyalty more than thoſe that have, at the ſame time, Diſſented in ſome Point of Religion from the Eſtabliſh'd Church.*

And among thoſe who thus Diſſent, they whoſe Principles are Honeſt, have always regarded the Church of England, *with a Temper both of Charity and Reſpect; and 'tis to them a matter of no difficulty to entertain a Propoſal of Union in Affection and Intereſt, and to give all the Difference and Diſtinction in Government, to the Eſtabliſh'd Church.*

From whence, and your Majeſty's moſt Generous Invitation to Peace, which, on all occaſions, they moſt readily Embrace, they humbly hope the Heats and Animoſities of thoſe Gentlemen, who Charge them with Diſloyalty of Principles, will, in Obedience to your Moſt Gracious Speech to your Parliament, be Buried and forgotten, *that they may Enjoy, together with all your Loyal Subjects, the publick Favour and Protection of their Sovereign, till they give your Majeſty ſome juſt Cauſe,* which God forbid, *to withdraw it from them.*

And if this cannot be obtain'd, your Majeſty, and all the World will be Witneſſes to their ſincere Deſires, and forward

Endeavours

Endeavours after the General Union of your Subjects, *and will be effectually satisfied at whose Doors the black Charge will lye, and to whom we Owe all the unhappy Divisions of the Nation.*

Your Protestant Subjects, Madam, who, as Your Majesty once observ'd, have the misfortune to Dissent from the Establish'd Church, *have yet a greater misfortue than that, Namely, to be Misrepresented to Your Majesty as Enemies to Your Person and Government; but among all their Unhappiness, they Esteem this as a Blessing from Heaven, that they have now an Opportunity offer'd them to Convince Your Majesty of the honesty of their Principles, by being the forwardest to close with Your Invitation of Peace and Union, as the Thing in all the World which most suites both their Practice and Inclination.*

Humbly assuring Your Majesty, that as with the greatest Thankfulness they receive the Expressions of Your Earnest Desires for the Peace and Union of all Your Subjects, so, with a steady Application, they resolve to be the first who shall publickly Practice it, and endeavour to Express their Zeal for the Publick Good, and Your Majesty's Glory, by heartily complying with what they were always Inclin'd to by their Principles and Inclinations, but much more by the Obedience their Duty Calls for to Your Majesty's Commands of Peace and Union.

The Humblest of your Subjects, Madam, would have Subscrib'd his Name to a Petition of Pardon, for the Presumption of this Dedication; but that when he compares his Despicable Character with the Glorius Subject he has attempted to Advance; he cannot prevail upon himself to let the Cause suffer by the Meaness and Unworthiness of the Advocate, and only Craves leave to assure Your Majesty, that however he may have been Represented, he is a passionate Admirer of Peace, an Earnest Petitioner for the Prosperity of your Majesty, and this Kingdom, and the entire Union of all Your Subjects.

Amen.

A

Challenge of PEACE.

ADDRESS'D,

To the whole NATION.

WHEN her Majesty in her Speech to the Parliament press'd the House to Union and Peace, I believe 'twas Included, in her Royal Intentions, that we should all Understand her speaking to the whole Nation, and that her Majesty would have all her Subjects study Concord and Unanimity among themselves in their Neighbourhood and Converse, as well as in the Councils and Debates of their Representatives in Parliament.

I cannot suppose her Majesty should mean *a Union of Opinions in Religion*, for tho' I ought to believe her Majesty Wishes all her Protestant Subjects were of one mind with her self, and followed her Majesty in the same path to Heaven, yet, I cannot believe her Majesty sees it so probable as to expect it. But I suppose her Majesty to mean that they should all Unite in Affection, where they differ in Opinion; Unite in Interest, and Concur in their Obedience to the Establish'd Government; Unite in a Unanimous Agreement of Manage-

Management, and Unite as to Parties and Factions; Unite as *English-men*, as Christians, and as Protestants. This every good Christian would be glad to see, and this every Man ought to suppose himself Invited to in her Majesty's Speech.

If I am mistaken, as I believe I am not, let any Man give me a Construction of her Speech more Genuine if they can.

These Sheets are design'd as a Comment upon this Glorious Text, and farther, to explain the Subject, and, if possible, both describe the Sense, and remove the Obstructions.

'Tis a most fatal unhappy Cirucmstance that every Body is for Peace, and yet no Body will bring it to pass; all Men agree that Peace is a Blessing from on High; that the want of it among our selves Undoes us, Ruins our Preparations at Home, and our Expeditions Abroad, fills us with Fatal Parties, Factions and Animosities; makes our Councils confused; Our War tedious; Our Designs abortive, and our Felicity precarious; want of Peace and Unity among our selves makes our Arms less fear'd, our Friendship less courted, and, in short, is the only thing in the World can ever Ruine us.

I am perswaded there's not a Man in the Nation but concurs in these Generals; but when you come to speak of the particular Steps to be taken to obtain this Blessed Article of the Nation's Happiness, all Men are for having their Neighbours stoop to their Opinions, but wont yield a jot of their own; they are for making Abatements for other Men, but admit of none for themselves.

To come directly to the Point concerning this Union of Parties, I think 'tis necessary a little to Examine the Negatives, which are not the ways to obtain this Blessing. As

First, *Sa——ell*'s Bloody Flag of Defiance is not the Way to Peace and Union, *the shortest Way to Destroy, is not the shortest Way to Unite*; Persecution, Laws

to Compel, Reſtrain, or force the Conſciences of one another, is not the Way to this Union, which her Majeſty has ſo earneſtly Recommended.

Secondly, To Repeal or Contract the late Act of Tolleration, is not the Way for this ſo much wiſh'd for Happineſs; to have Laws reviv'd that ſhould ſet one Party a Plundering, Excommunicating and Unchurching another, that ſhould renew the Oppreſſions and Devaſtations of late Reigns, this will not, by any means, Contribute to this Peace, which all good Men deſire.

New Aſſociations and Propoſals to diveſt Men of their Free-hold Right for Differences in Opinion, and take away the Right of Diſſenters Voting in Elections of Members; this is not the way to Peace and Union.

Railing Pamphlets, buffooning our Brethren as a Party to be ſuppreſs'd, and dreſſing them up in the Bare's Skin for all the Dogs in the Street to bait them, is not the way to Peace and Union.

Railing Sermons, exciting People to Hatred and Contempt of their Brethren, becauſe they Differ in Opinions, is not the way to Peace and Union.

Shutting all People out of Employment, and the Service of their Prince and Country, unleſs they can Comply with indifferent Ceremonies of Religion, is far from the way to Peace and Union.

Reproaching the Succeſſion, ſettled by Parliament, and Reviving the Abdicated Title of the late King *James*, and his ſuppos'd Family, cannot tend to this Peace and Union.

Laws againſt *Occaſional Conformity*, and Compelling People who bear Offices to a Total Conformity, and yet Force them to take and ſerve in thoſe publick Employments, cannot contribute to Peace and Union.

Theſe are ſome of the *Negativæ*, ſome of the immediate Contraries, the Oppoſites to this bleſſed Peace and Union, which her Majeſty has Recommended to the whole Nation; while theſe things are practis'd or allow'd,

allow'd, I doubt her Majesty will be defeated of the Expectation She has from the Exhortation She has been pleas'd to make. The Breaches are too wide, the Wound too deep, and ranckl'd almost to a Gangreen, and if it goes long without a Cure, will certainly come to Amputation of Members, or to a Mortification of Parts. The Breaches of Parties, if not ended in a healing Agreement, will certainly end in the Suppression, if not the Destruction, of one Party, if not of all.

The Ways and Means for this Nation's Destruction are very plain and obvious; they are all within our selves; they are begun, and carried on, by our Selves; We dig the Grave of the Common-Wealth with our own Hands; the fire of Discord will burn up the very Bowels of the Nation, and Consume us insensibly, and all owing to the civil Fury of contending Parties. No Nation can destroy *England* but it self, and if the Feuds, and Heat of Parties, continue, no Nation can prevent our Destruction.

Her Majesty, sensible of the evil Consequence, has given a large and very seasonable Caution, and solemnly Invites all the Nation to lay aside the Contention of Parties, to embrace Peace, Love, Unity, and Conjunction of Interests, that uniting Hearts and Hands in the common Defence, the whole Government may be strengthened, her Majesty the more chearfully Assisted, and the Publick Burthen sustain'd.

To these blessed Ends all good Protestants ought to Contribute, as far as in them lyes; but as all Parties must yield part of their present stifness to the great Conjunction her Majesty desires, I thought it might not be improper to let all Sides see some necessary Steps, which they not only should, but must, and ought, to take, in order to make this Heavenly Work possible.

I humbly conceive all the preſent Diſcord of this Nation may be comprehended in theſe Two,

Differences in Religion.
Differences in Intereſt.

One concerns the *Conſcience*, and the other the *Eſtate*, but both are ſo twiſted together, that it ſeems as if there were no Broil but about Religion, and that *the Church was the only Bone of Contention.*

But as they have generally leaſt of Religion who Contend moſt about it, ſo in the publick Strife of Parties, there ſeems to be a Colour of Religion plac'd upon the General Contention, but really, at the bottom, the whole Quarrel is guided by the Intereſts of Parties, Places, Preferments, to get Some in, and Some out; this ſeems the main Thing in hand.

Parties Contend to get into the Executive Power, that they may put all their Friends into the great Places, and Offices of the Crown.

Some would have ſuch a King, or ſuch a Family to Succeed to the Crown, and why? Not ſo much becauſe this King, or Prince, or Family, is of this, of that Religion, but becauſe they are of ſuch, or ſuch a Party, and then ſuch and ſuch Friends get into Employment.

I don't ſay 'tis impoſſible to reconcile Parties, wave Differences, and bring all to a Temper of Peace, but there is ſo much to be done, ſo much Self-Denial of Practice requir'd, that I dare not ſay, *I hope to ſee it brought to paſs*; and yet I ſhall not deſcend to Particulars, in order only to ſhow the Difficulty, and ſo Diſcourage the Work; but to let you ſee, that tho' it may be Difficult, 'tis not Impoſſible.

The firſt Article of *Ways* and *Means* to this Peace muſt be found in the general Temper of the Nation. There muſt be a Propenſity, a general Inclination to Yield and Bend to one another. 'Tis Nonſence to talk of Particulars, if the general Bent of Men's Thoughts

Thoughts are not first brought to Love, Seek, and Desire Peace; and were this once produc'd, Could any probable Steps be taken in this part, Could there be but an appearance of a Peaceable Temper in the Nation, the rest of the Work would be found easier than we imagine; all Differences would vanish, did but the Inclination to *Difference* vanish; did the wrangling Temper cease, were but the Spirit of Contention taken away, the Causes of Contention would not be so eagerly embrac'd: This is the Tinder of the Nation, which is so ready to catch hold of the Fire of Dissention; this unhappiness of Temper has been an Old and Epidemick Disease, and has got such ground among us, 'twill be very hard to have any thing but some publick Calamity to cure it; Affliction reconciles Friends, Common Dangers unite Nations, and Settle disjointed Parties; All are oblig'd to join in Common Defence.

But 'tis very hard, as well as unkind to our Selves, that we can never be in a Condition to be Reconcil'd to one another, till we are just at the Door of being ruin'd; That nothing but Enemies can perswade us to be Friends, and the more violent our Assaults are from Abroad, the more forward our Peace is at Home; from whence that Verse seems to be verified of the *English*,

and by far,
Harder to Rule in Times of Peace than War:

Now seems a prevailing Juncture to reduce us to a Temper of Peace; forreign Wars, tho' we feel them not in our own Bowels, yet one would think they have presented a Field spacious enough to vent all our Gall and ill Temper in, tho' the War has not been so Considerable, as to put us out of our Selves for fear, yet it has not been so inconsiderable, as not to afford us sufficient Reason for Unity, Union of Councils, Union of Purses, Hands and Hearts, are all little enough.

But 'tis in vain to talk of Union, till the Temper of Disunited Parties is brought over to desire it; we may

Unite in Words, but we ſhall never do it in Affection, till all People are willing; Pretences of Union tend but to the widening the Breach, and is like Hypocriſy in Religion, Repreſented in Scripture, by *Drawing near to God with the Mouth, when the Heart is far from him.* He that preſſeth his Argument for this Temper ſhould direct his Speech to all Parties, and to all ſuch I freely ſay, they who have not this Temper of Peace, who do not encline to Union of Intereſt, and Union of Affection, are blind to the publick Benefit of their Native Country, Enemies to the preſent Government, Diſreſpectful and Diſloyal to her Majeſty, and Undermineres of their own Poſterity.

It may be expected very rationally, that I ſhou'd enter into the particulars of Parties, and Examine who have moſt need to be Exhorted to Union and Peace; and tho' I would not be Partial to Parties, yet I cannot help advancing this general Head, that the main Article of Diſſention, Strife and Contention, lies now on thoſe Gentlemen who call themſelves *High-Church-Men.* Who can the Invitation to Peace mean, but thoſe People who *want the Hint.* 'Tis plain neither the Moderate Church-men, nor the Diſſenters, can be meant. For they are deſirous of Peace; it is their Intereſt, their Principle, and their Inclination; the Temper ſeems to be plainly ſeen there.

The High-Church-men ſay, they are for Peace; but they are for Peace without Union; they are for the Peace of Subjection; they would have all be Peace, that is, their feet on the Necks of their Enemies: But 'tis Peace and Union the Queen has Spoke for, and 'tis *to theſe Gentlemen* the Speech is directed, for they chiefly ſtand in need of the Exhortation.

Theſe are the Men who carry the heat of their Arguments out to the Extream of Reproach, and the Indecency of Contempt; theſe are the Men that Print, Preach, and Crie up all Modern Diſcontents that ſtrive to blacken their Brethren with Marks of Diſtinction; theſe are they that have Stigmatiz'd all the Men of Moderation,

Moderation, with the Brand of Low-Church-men and all other Writings Repreſent them as Traytors to their Friends, to the Church, and to their own Principles, worſe than Diſſenters, Fanaticks or Schiſmaticks; and yet all I can find theſe Gentlemen Charg'd with, is, that they are not for *tearing People to pieces for Religion, and ruining their Diſſenting Brethren the Shorteſt Way.*

Theſe are the Gentlemen who have lifted up the *Bloody Flag* againſt their Proteſtant Neighbours, and declared, that all the True Church-men are bound to Liſt in the New *Cruſado* of the Church.

Theſe are the Gentlemen who are for Confounding, and not Converting, their Friends the Diſſenters, and inſtead of deſiring them to Conform, are for preventing that Occaſional Communion they can comply with, in order to keep them out of Places; ſo that they had rather keep up the Schiſm in the Church, than obtain a Union at the Price of their temporal Advancement, diſcovering a true Chriſtian Spirit, in being *neither willing to let us Diſſent, nor Conform.*

Theſe are the Gentlemen that have the moſt need to learn the Doctrine of Peace and Union, ſince, if they pleaſed, we might be ſoon remov'd from the moſt Contentious divided Nation in the World, to an univerſal Family of Love and Chriſtian Charity, endeavouring to win and engage one another by Mildneſs and Temper, and ſtrugling to fortifie our Opinions by the Chriſtian Emulation of Love and good Works.

The Charge ſeems great, but might eaſily be made out, that this Party only are the Aggreſſors in Contention.

The *Low-Church-Men*, as they call them, are Men of Moderation and Peace, and hated by theſe becauſe they are ſo; they are neither for oppreſſing the Property, nor Impoſing upon the Conſcience; a large Charity for their fellow Chriſtians, averſion to Perſecution, tenderneſs of roperty and the Laws, *are their peculiar Character.*

To these there is no occasion of speaking a Word, for they are, with her Majesty, Heart and Hand for Peace and Union.

To these we owe the Act of the Tolleration, and the quieting the uneasie Consciences of the People.

To these we owe the Restoring of Parliaments to their due Power, and that Power to its frequent exercise.

To these we owe the Disarming the Ecclesiastical Harpies, and paring the Talons and Claws of the Church Vultures, who were always tearing to pieces, and preying upon their Neighbours.

To these we owe the Currency and Supremacy of the Laws, and the Just Concession of Right made to the People.

To these we owe the late Revolution, Deposing the Dispensing Arbitrary Will of approaching Tyranny.

To these we owe the securing our Posterity in the possession of their indubitable Rights, under a Protestant Succession, and removing the Nation's Fears from a precarious unsettled futurity. What have not these Men of Peace done for us?

These are the Center to which all Parties, if they will have Peace, must encline.

To these the Dissenters freely and chearfully remit the Trust of Government, and the Conduct of Constituted Right.

These are the Men whom the Dissenters are universally willing should Reign over them, and from among whom, if it was in their Choice, they would demand a King.

With these Liberty, Property, Conscience, Law, Justice, and all the parts of the Constitution are secure; their end is Peace, and their mean Justice and the Laws.

The Dissenters and these have but One Interest, and there never was a Man of these in Post of Trust or Honour in the Nation, who kept close to this Honest Principle, but the Dissenters lov'd him, stood by him, Voted for him, and in all Cases needful Vindicated and Encourag'd him.

Nor

Nor do the Diſſenters ſtand in ſo much need of this peaceable hint relating to the Publick; for they have never been found embroyling the State, or breaking the publick Meaſures; they have been miſrepreſented as Engroſſing and Poſſeſſing the places of Truſt and Profit in the laſt Reign, but the Caſe remains unprov'd; and in all the black Roll of Miſmanagement repreſented to her Majeſty, in the Addreſs of the Houſe of Commons, I fairly Challenge any Man to ſhew me the Name of One Diſſenter; they have ſuffer'd in the Calamities Occaſion'd by thoſe miſs-Conducts, they have born the ſhare of Taxes miſapply'd, and Deficiencies of Funds; but they can never prove upon them, that any Diſſenters were either Perſonally or Occaſionally Inſtrumental in thoſe Defects, your *Ran——s*, your Sr. *John M——*, Sr. *R—— G——*, *W——* and *J——*, were none of them Diſſenters, the Frauds and Treacheries of the late Reign cannot be laid at their Door.

All their Grievances are, that they ſuffer by other Men's Knavery, that they are threatned with the Repeal of the Tolleration, blacken'd with Slanders, and bullied with bloody Flags, Defiances, and *Billinſgate* Language, from the Preſs and from the Pulpit; their Meeting-Houſes repreſented as Houſes of Sedition, and the World asks this inſolent Queſtion in Print: *Whether is worſe, or more pernicious to the Government, a Meeting-Houſe, or a Play-Houſe?* They are daily ſuffering the Indignities of hair-brain'd Prieſts, buffooning Poets, and Clubs of inſolent Pamphleters; and 'twould be endleſs to quote the Bear-Garden Language thrown upon them in a rapſody of Prints, which they ſuffer with Regret, but have always born with patience.

Theſe Things being remov'd, the Diſſenters are naturally at eaſe; the Liberty of their Perſons, ſafety of their Properties and Birth-right, and the Tolleration of their Conſciences, are the full of all their demand; and theſe being ſecur'd, we may ſafely defy all the Power of Malice to charge upon them the breach of

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the Publick-quiet, or any Encroachment upon the Government, their Neighbours, or the Laws.

The Assaults of their intemperate Adversaries may have fill'd them with just Apprehensions, that the subversion of their Liberty is design'd, and they will perhaps be ready to say they have good Reason for it; but as her Majesty has always comforted them with the full Assurance of her Royal Word in that Case, they have always behav'd with Duty and Deference to her Majesty, and every part of her Government; and let those who have so openly attempted to prove the Dissenters fatal to the English Constitution, and consequently have propos'd to have them depriv'd of their Birth-right as Free-holders, let them give an Instance of One Act of Disloyalty which they have been Guilty of to her Majesty, to merit so much her Royal Displeasure.

The Dissenters therefore do not come in as the immediate Subjects of this Exhortation to Peace, their Circumstances, their Interests, their Number, their Estates oblige them to Peace, and they cannot be Fomenters of our Breaches and Divisions, without being Fools and Mad-men, blind to their own happiness, and *Thieves to their Posterity*.

If this blessed Motion of Peace affects the Dissenters at all, it must be as it respects the *Conduct of themselves to themselves*; the infinite Feuds, Divisions and Animosities harbour'd among their separate Parties, and daily express'd against one another, is too much a Scandal upon them as Christians, and too much reproaches their Morals as Men: And here 'tis to be acknowledg'd they deserve reproof, and cannot defend themselves, wherefore they are most justly call'd upon by her Majesty's Speech, and by the whole Nation, to hearken to Peace.

Their Character as Christians, their Pretences of more than Common Reformation, their Interest as a Party, their Profession, their God, and their Queen, all call upon them to Peace and Union; Union of Affection,

tion, if not Union of Profession; Union of Practice, if not Union of Principle.

Having thus run through the Parties who are concern'd in this matter, it leads me to repeat to my Reader, that were the temper of Peace, were the propensity to a general Union, fix'd in the Breasts of these Parties, there might be some hopes that a farther progress might be made; but there must first be an inclination to Peace, before there can be any real Foundation to hope for it: I know nothing in the World could have been a greater step to form this inclination in the Minds of all Parties, than the vehemence with which her Majesty has been pleas'd to recommend it in her Speech; 'Tis a Call from Heaven by the Mouth of the Queen, and doubtless her Majesty was inspir'd from thence, to move that particular Article of her Speech with so much uncommon earnestness, that those whoever entertain'd any thoughts of her Majesty's being byast by a Party, might see their mistake; that the Party themselves, who began too much to depend upon her Patronage in their ill Designs, might be discourag'd, and that all her People might see her Majesty was entirely engag'd in the general Interest of her People's good, without respect to Parties, to Faction, or the private Projects of designing People about her.

For my part, I confess my self surpris'd with Joy, to find her Majesty's Eyes open to the general Happiness of her People, and should take it for a Judgment upon the Nation, if the Peoples Eyes should remain shut to their own felicity, and that Feuds and Parties should have run us to that extreme, that even a healing Monarch cannot Unite us.

It has not been a common thing for the Nation, to be Summon'd to Unity and Peace from the Throne; evil Princes have been shye and jealous of the Union of their Subjects, and maintaining and keeping up the Jealousies and Animosities of Parties, has been thought a needful policy to protect the Crown. But this Practice has been a just Satyr upon those Princes

that

that allow'd it, as a certain Demonſtration they had ſomething *to impoſe*, which nothing but the private Feuds of Parties could bring them to conſent to.

The Union of Subjects is the Dread of Tyrants; for no People in the World would bear the Inſults and Cruelties of Encroaching Arbitrary Princes, were not the People themſelves divided in Intereſts, Parties, Factions and Deſigns. It is a Token for good to the People of *England*, that the Queen, however by a ſort of Men ſhe has been miſrepreſented and abus'd, has yet this Teſtimony to give the World of her Juſtice, and the Integrity of her Deſigns, that ſhe covets that Peace among all her People, which ſome of her Arbitrary Anceſtors have been afraid to bring upon the Stage.

Inſtead of being afraid of the Union of her Subjects, ſhe is of nothing more deſirous than to bring out that bleſſed Article, to ſee all her Subjects practiſing Charity and Kindneſs one to another. The Reaſon is plain, her Majeſty having regulated her Conduct by the Laws, and confin'd her Deſires to the Happineſs of her People, ſhe can give no Teſtimony of it like this, that ſhe covets to ſee them United in the Bonds of Love, and walking Hand in Hand in her Service.

None but Tyrants covet to be fear'd, Juſt Princes value themſelves upon the Love of their People.

The Hearts of Subjects are the Strength of Kings.

Now 'tis impracticable to have all the People joyn in Duty and Affection to their Prince, while they are embroyl'd with heat and paſſions one with another; *univerſal Love, makes univerſal Loyalty*: No Subjects are ſo true to their Prince, nor ſo hearty to his Cauſe, as thoſe who are United among themſelves, and Unanimous in their way of Living.

While

While therefore her Majesty invites all her Subjects to Union and Peace, 'tis a certain Indication of her resolv'd Design to Govern this Nation by the Laws, and preserve the Rights and Liberties of her Subjects: She would else be very unwilling the People should have any endearing Conversation among themselves, least one time or other they should open their Eyes to see the way to Liberty, and cast off the Yoak of their intended Slavery. But if her Majesty calls us to Peace, she calls us to Freedom, and lets us know She is far from encouraging the mischievous Designs of those who strive to bring in Distruction at the door of Contention, and who are willing to keep up the strife of the People, that they might not agree in their own deliverance.

I confess my self surpriz'd at this discovery of the Royal Intentions to Peace and Union, and that I expected not her Majesty had yet seen far enough into the malicious Designs of that Party, who design'd to engage her on one part of her People against the other, and have had many a melancholy Prospect of the Consequences of a Nation divided against her self: Nor do I know any way in the World to have given that hot Temper so Universal an overthrow, as her Majesty has now taken, *viz.* To let them know that what ever they may expect from her, how much soever they may fancy they please Her in running down One Party to raise and establish another, *her Majesty is not of their Mind.* The Queen knows a better way to hold the Ballance of Parties, than to erect any One upon the destruction of another; whatever the Opinions in Religion are, they are all her Majesties Subjects, they have all a Title to her Protection, while they behave themselves Dutifully to her Person and Government; reconciling their Principles is none of her Majesty's Province as Queen, and if it were, seems but too impracticable; but to reconcile their Persons, make them useful to her self, conversible to one another, quiet and obedient to the Laws and her Go-

vernment

vernment, this her Majesty professes to Desire, is Her Resolution, and all her People's advantage.

In Concurrence with this Design, 'tis our Business to strive who is the forwardest for Peace, that her Majesty may be convinc'd who are the Incendiaries of the Nation; *Mark such as sow Divisions*: let us Mark our selves for Visible Healers of Divisions, and the Contrary will mark the Wideners of Our Breaches.

As I have Undertaken to advance in the behalf of the Dissenters, that they are the forwardest to Embrace this Universal Peace, so I hope I shall not be asham'd to affirm, That both their Interest and their Principles Concur to press them to it, and I yet hope their Practice will not let me, nor any One who Undertakes the Vindication of their Cause, be asham'd of being their Advocate.

They cannot be Enemies to this Reconciliation of Parties, unless at the same time they have lost their Senses, and are qualifying themselves for *Bedlam*; and I am of the Opinion, that had a General Assembly of all the Dissenters in this Nation been met together, to Consider what they would Desire her Majesty to do for them, I mean for them particularly as Dissenters, they could have thought of nothing more material to them, and the whole Nation, than a Cessation of this Party-Strife, and a Civil Union with all the rest of her Majesty's Subjects.

What else had they to ask? Their Properties are secur'd by the Law, their Religion by the Tolleration, and both reassur'd by the Queen's repeated Promises to Continue them. They could have nothing more to ask, but that her Majesty would do what in her Wisdom she should find conducing to a general Peace, and Union of Affection, between them and those People, from whom they were oblig'd to Dissent in point of Religion.

This her Majesty has done without their Application, and I think the Dissenters cannot answer it to the Sense of their Own Interest, if they do not make publick

blick acknowledgment to God and Her Majesty for so remarkable a Mercy.

Had we beaten the *French* Fleet at Sea, or had any more than Ordinary Advantage over the Nation's Enemies been Obtained; We should, and reason good, have made a Day of publick Rejoycing and Thanksgiving to God for so great a Blessing, and by Addresses of Congratulation Complimented her Majesty upon that head.

This is a Victory over the worst Enemy the Nation has, an Enemy the most Fatal and most Formidable of any in the World; Contention is the Devil's Generalissimo, that has always led on the Infernal Troops to Invade the Peace of this Unhappy Nation; Her Majesty has giving an Overthrow to the Grand Army of Hell, and Dispers'd the Numerous Squadrons that were Embatteling themselves against the general Quiet, and who verily thought they had the Queen on their side.

It remains for all Her Subjects to pursue the flying Troops of this Defeated Army, and to destroy and remove all the little Foundations of Party Feuds, Fears, Jealousies, Reproaches and Raillery, that blow up the Grand Flame of Discord in the Nation.

Would all Parties fall in heartily with Her Majesty's Command, a General Kiss of Friendship and Reconciliation would pass thro' these three Kingdoms, the Wolf and the Lamb would lye down together, Peace would smother all the remains of Enmity, and the Seeds of Dissention would Dye in the Earth, and spring up no more.

And that I may not seem to press my Readers to think of what I cannot direct them how to do. I think it not improper to say, this work is not Difficult, 'tis easier to agree than to fall out, if Men were all enclin'd to Peace,

I shall not pretend in the short Compass of these Sheets, to draw a full Scheem of a Project of Peace among the General Parties, nor unless I were Directed,

Would

would I engage in any thing so Nice, having no need to fell the farther Resentment of those who may no more be pleas'd with the Project, than they are with the Person. But I will Venture to touch the Preliminaries, and tell the People of *England* how they may begin; I'le put them in the Road, in which, if they please but to go on *straight forward*, as they say, they cannot fail to arrive at the Port of Peace.

Not at all to concern matters of Religion, and Opinions about worshiping God with our Civil Affairs, and common Charity, leaving all People freely, as now the Laws do, to the dictates of the Spirit, and the conduct of their Consciences.

Religion is a matter of Peace, *the ways of God are ways of Pleasantness, and all his Paths are Peace*, which tho' it means speculative Peace, yet I may apply it here; there is nothing in Religion which has a tendency to sowre our Tempers, ruffle our Conversation, or disorder our Lives. As to Converting one another, the Scripture is full of Rules to direct us to act in that by the Power of Perswasion; even Reproof is to be done with the Spirit of Meekness, says the Apostle and Rebuking one another in Love, and provoking one another to Love, and to good Works; and if the Scripture were silent in the case, the Reason and Nature of the thing seemes to imply, that all coercive Methods are vain as well as unlawful, as to Conscience.

Experience might convince those Sons of Violence, who are for Persecution of their Neighbours, that it has been a fruitless War; and if we were to examine how many Converts to the Church have been made by such Measures, I doubt they can give but a slender account of the Fruit of that Method whereof the whole Church is now asham'd. I say asham'd, for that in the Preamble to a late Bill for the preventing Occasional Confo mity, 'tis there own'd, *That Persecution for Conscience is Contrary to the Principles of the Christian Religion, and to the Doctrine of the Church of* England.

I avoid all the just Examples I could give, of the Irregularities and Oppressions the Dissenters have suffer'd under on this head; that I may begin with my self, and bury the remembrances of Violences and ill Usage, in this new Resolution of Peace which we are all invited to by her Majesty, and which I hope all the Dissenters in the Nation will be the most forward to accept.

But as to future Conduct let matters of Religion be things of serious Choice, but not of Violence and Debate; we may Differ, but not Quarrel; we may Dissent, without Censure and Uncharitableness; they may Conform, without Envy and Reproach; Honest Men should agree with honest Men, of whatsoever Opinion they may be, and not with Knaves whatsoever Party they take. *A little Charity sown on good Land would produce a hugh Crop of Peace* And even Grace it self, planted in a soil barren of Charity, sours and grows morose.

What has Religion to do with Politicks? Honest Men of all Perswasions are honest Men, and Knaves are the worse, the more pretence they make to Religion; we should not have a tenth part of the Differences in State-Affairs, did not Church-matters and State-matters mingle so much together.

The Law has plac'd the Administration in the hands of the Church, and tho' there has been a thousand reviling Pamphlets that have accus'd the Dissenters of repining at it, yet not one Dissenter can be charg'd with a Design to alter it; let but Peace and moderate Principles possess the Men of Government, the Dissenters were always content, and ever will be pleas'd to have the Power rest in the hands of the Church; and where this Peace and Moderation is not, I believe all men will grant me that the principal Qualifications for Government are wanting.

'Tis nothing but the want of this Peace and Moderation, which has made the matters of Religion and Government Clash, and the whole Nation fall out a-

bout them; and if any Man shall attempt to prove that this contentious Spirit has been on the side of the Dissenters, I think I may not be tax'd with Arrogance, if I say I can easily confute him.

But however it has been, *for Peace never Recriminates*, I shall adventure in the Name of the Dissenters, presuming upon their universal Consent, and with the Consent of some of the most Judicious among them, to make their Adversaries this fair Challenge.

Let the sincerity of the peaceable Spirit be try'd by the Consequence: The Queen has made a general Invitation to Peace and Union, and we accept it; let her Majesty now see who are her most Loyal Subjects, who are greatest Friends to the general Interest, and the truest Lovers of their Country, by distinguishing among them who have most regard to her earnest Recommendation, and who are really and unfeignedly of peaceable Tempers and Principles, and who are not; who are most for Peace and Union, who readiest to obey their Soveraign's Command, who honestest to their own Pretences, the High Church-Men, or the Dissenters.

If this Challenge would be accepted, if Persons deputed by both Parties were to meet, how easie would it be to settle Conditions of mutual Society, agreement of Parties, and general Charity in the whole Nation, which whoever would break, should be hist out of all Conversation, contemn'd by all sides, and no body care to speak to him.

All this might be done, and Religion never be concern'd in the matter, the Concerns of Conscience would be a Class by it self, and never make a rupture in our Civil Society; Men would be Gentlemen as well as Christians, and the Union of Conversation and Interest would make a little Heaven in the Nation.

We should no more be cutting of Throats about Religion, and sending one another to the Devil for not going to Heaven our own way.

This would be the Shortest-Way with the Dissenters, and *S——rell*'s bloody Flag would be a Fool to it. This

This would make us be Dissenters and no Dissenters, and there would be a Conformity in Civil Ceremonies, tho' there was none in Religious.

This would bring the Christian and the *English Man* to understand one another, who have been a long while at variance.

This would make the Devil out of Love with the Climate, and People would get to Heaven with the less interruption.

In a word, 'twould be a Strength to our Millitary Power, a Glory to our Civil, and a Lustre to our Religious. 'Twould make the Nation Invicible, the Laws Impregnable, Trade Encrease, Religion Flourish, the Queen Victorious, and the People Happy.

PEACE without UNION.

By way of Reply, to Sir *H-----M-----*'s PEACE *at* HOME.

The PREFACE.

'*TIS not little Satisfaction that on a review of these Sheets, and comparing them with what has been since objected; I can see nothing needful to be alter'd, nor much to be added.*

What some Gentlemen have thought fit to say on this Head, has amounted to so little, that when the ill Language

they give, the Paſſion, the Reproach and Scurility is abſtracted from the Argument, the naked Skeleton will appear too ſhapleſs a Spectre to fright any Man's Reaſon from the Truth.

As to ill Language, 'tis none of my Talent, and if it were, the Argument is too good to be Debauch'd with the Practice.

The Gentleman I have to do with in theſe Sheets Merits to be well Treated, and Underſtands himſelf too well to Treat any Man unlike himſelf. They, who uſe Raillery in his Defence make a Satyr upon him, and his Argument; as if the latter wanted the Eloquence of Billins-gate, *and the former wanted the Aſſiſtance of a Second in his Cauſe.*

To ſay, 'tis Quality places him above the Objector, is to ſay for him, that he is too much a Schollar, and too much a a Gentleman to ſay for himſelf: He knows, that in writing he Appeals to general Truth, and no Man is above the Dignity of Reaſoning; he is more a Gentleman, than to value an Argument the leſs for the Author, ſince ſtrenuous Truth loſes nothing of its value, for the quality of whatever mean Inſtrument ſhe pleaſes ſhall uſher her into the World.

Truth is the Miſtreſs every wiſe Man Courts, and who has obtain'd the moſt of her Favours in this Argument, I freely appeal to Sir H. M. *to decide, knowing that the ſame Candor which oblig'd him to an Alteration in his Dedication, will always oblige him to give a due Deference to unanſwerable Truth.*

Something has been endeavour'd at, to bring the Diſpute of Occaſional Conformity, as ſuch, *into this Caſe, I have more than once declar'd my Thoughts on that Head, and I ſee nothing in this Book that Contradicts it, and their Collecting what I have ſaid on that Point, does no way Mortifie me; for in this Cauſe 'tis plain, that diſpute is not concern'd, for it does not follow, that becauſe I have exploded the practice of ſuch, who Conform meerly as a Qualification, therefore I muſt not Argue againſt a Bill for excluding ſuch as have Occaſionally conform'd on other Terms, from the Advantage and Birth-right of* Engliſhmen.

Thoſe Gentlemen who affirm for Sir Humphry, *that in* Holland *all the Diſſenters are firſt Tollerated, and then abſolutely*

ſolutely excluded from all Civil Employments and Offices of Truſts, forgot themſelves too much, and wou'd do well to tell us whether three fifth Parts of the Officers in their Cuſtoms and Revenue are not at this time Remonſtrants; that is, Diſſenters from their National Church, beſides all their Military and Naval Employments, Captains of Men of War, Governors of Frontier Garriſons, and the like, equally and promiſcuouſly committed to Papiſt and Proteſtant Remonſtrant and Contra-remonſtrant without Diſtinction.

If I had no other Inſtance but this, my Argument was Eſtabliſh'd too ſafe to be overthrown, and therefore I make no other Defence for it, it has been Buffeted by the Furies *of the Party, has ſtood a Deluge of ill Language, and a tempeſt of Words, it appears again in the World back'd with its own Truth and Plainneſs, and he that can fairly Confute it is* welcome.

De FOE.

PEACE without UNION. By way of Reply, to Sir H——M——h's PEACE at HOME.

I Cannot without ſome Aſtoniſhment obſerve, that a Gentleman of ſuch Extraordinary Reading, Maſter of ſo much more than Ordinary Knowledge, ſo much an Orator, and ſo much a Stateſman, as this Author, ſhould begin a Diſcourſe of ſo much Conſequence as this, with a poſitive Aſſertion, for which there can be no manner of Foundation in Hiſtory.

At leaſt the general Practice of all Nations, both Antient and Modern, ever ſince there has been Diverſity of Religions in the World, ſtands directly contrary to what this Gentleman has advanc'd; and I wiſh he had been pleas'd to quote thoſe few Inſtances, which he can find in Story, to make out what he lays down.

All wiſe Nations in the World, ſays this Gentleman, *have been convinc'd by Reaſon and Experience, and do agree at this Day, and have for many Ages paſt, that*

there is an absolute Necessity of an Establish'd Religion, and a National Church.

This may have some Truth in it, tho' not without just Exceptions, which I avoid; because, I would not Dispute with him for small Matters; *but then he goes on.*

And that for the Peace and Welfare of every Government, it is also Necessary to preserve the Administration of publick Affairs in the Hands of Persons of one, and the same Perswasion in Matters of Religion, that there may be Unity and Uniformity in the Church and State.

No Wonder, if from Premises so ill Grounded, wrong Conclusions are drawn. If all the Gentlemen in *England* believ'd this to be true, they had the greatest Reason in the World to Vote for a Bill, not only to prevent Occasional Conformity of the Dissenters, but absolutely to fore-close from any share in the publick Administration, any one that had but the least Taint or Infection of Dissenting Principles, that are, or had been Dissenters, or were Favourers of them.

What could the Dissenters pretend to object against such Proceedings, if it were to be proved they were absolutely Necessary for the publick Peace, and for the general good of the Constitution; and that it was the Practice of all Nations in like Cases.

No true *English* Representative could satisfie themselves, or Answer it to their Country, not to secure them in such Cases. It would be unreasonable to expect, that we should be made less safe than other People, but if two Opinions in Matters of Religion be incompatible with the publick Administration; if 'tis necessary that they, who have the same Interest in the State, and the same Zeal for the Service of their Prince, and the same Love to their Country, must have the same Opinion in Points of Religion, or that the least Difference in Religious Matters, tho' in but indifferent Points of Ceremony and Discipline, should so Marr, and Spoil all the other Beauties of their Conduct, that they should not be fit to be Trusted or Employed; if these Things are true, either from the Nature of the thing, or from the

the general Practice of all Ages, then a Bill of Exclusion of Dissenters with all our Hearts.

But if upon Examination, it shall appear, that this Maxim, which stands as the Argument and Frontispiece of the whole Work, be ill Grounded.

If it shall appear that in several Nations, and those some of the wisest in the World, the Administration of their publick Affairs, has been frequently committed to the general Care of all sorts of Subjects, and able Ministers of those Nations, have been employ'd without respect to their Opinions in Religion, and that some Princes have equally Trusted and Employ'd People of differing Opinions in Religion, in the most Secret and Critical Parts of Government.

If these Things appear, the Foundation of this fine Spun Trick of State must fall to the Ground, and an Answer to this one Paragraph may very well pass for a full Reply to the Book, since if the Doctrine be overthrown, the Uses and Application fall of Course; as naturally as a House will follow, when the Foundation is undermin'd.

Let us look a little into History to find out the Truth of Fact, and tho' it would be too Remote to Examine the *Roman* Histories; yet 'tis not amiss to observe, that we find the Christians often times trusted in the Armies, and in the State, especially in the Interval of Persecution, and afterwards in the Western Empire; we find even *Julian*, the Apostate, had several of his chief Captains in the Army that were Christians, and we find several Martyrs who were Officers of the State, and in the Army; we find a whole Legion of Christians trusted with the Arms of the Commonwealth, to whom they not only were faithful and Valiant Soldiers, but to the Glory of the Christian Religion, chose rather to Sacrifice their Lives for their Religion, than to defend themselves against the Government which employed them; And as this Loyalty of Principle has not a little been boasted of by the Advocates of a late abdicated Doctrine, call'd, tho' wrongfully, *Passive Obedience*,

it seems strange to me it should so soon be forgotten.

But to go from these Ages of the World, which afford so great a Variety of Example, that 'tis too much to Transcribe, and for which I refer to the Histories of those Days, which are very plain in the case

Let us come to Examine the more Modern Example of the Christian Princes and Nations, and as to their Wisdom, I'll leave that to the Censure of Sir *H*——*M*——.

Charles V. Emperor of *Germany*, may be allow'd to be the first great Enemy of the Protestant Religion in *Europe*, he Persecuted the Dissenters in *Bohemia* and *Saxony* with the utmost Severity; and yet both in *Bohemia*, *Hungaria* and *Transilvania*, at all times of Peace, the Protestants were admitted to an equal Share in the Administration of Civil Affairs to the Government of Cities, and Command of Armies.

And as in this short Tract, I cannot pretend to cite Persons and Particulars, I choose to refer my Reader to the several Histories of the Peace, made between the said *Charles V.* and his Subjects of *Bohemia*, and between *Ferdinand K.* of *Hungary*, afterwards Emperor, and his *Hungarian* Subjects, in both which Capitulations he shall find; as I doubt not our learn'd Author well knows, that the Protestant Subjects of both those Kingdoms obtain'd as a reasonable Concession, the Governments of Provinces, their Places in the Councils of State, Assemblies of Burghers, and the like.

To come a little nearer home, the Treaty of *Westphalia* and *Munster*, which are the Settlements on which the whole Liberty of *Germany* depends, the Foundation of the Order and Oeconomy of the *Roman* Empire, and the Confirmation of the *Golden Bull*, by this Treaty, the Protestant Princes and States are not only restored to the Government of themselves, but to their due Interest in the Mutual Government of the general Body, they have their Seats and Suffrages in the Colleges of Princes, and in the College of Electors; neither Peace nor War can be made without them, they make up the Imperial Diet, joyn in Councils, and joyn their

Forces.

Forces. The Grand Councils of the Empire are full of Protestant Statesman, and all the *Imperial* Armies full of Protestant Officers, nay, sometimes wholly Commanded by Protestant Generals. For I think 'tis generally observ'd in those Days, as well as now, that they were always willing we should fight for them, but not willing we should get by them

In several of the petty Governments and Principalities, where their Governours are Elective, the Constitution is so careful to preserve this Union of Parties, that the Government is alternate, one Prince must be a Roman Catholick, and the other a Protestant, as in the Bishopricks of *Hildiesheim*, *Osnabruck*, and others; and if the Government it self is so, I believe we need not search the History of those places, to Examine whether their Ministers, Councellors and Statesmen are promiscuous or alternate, as the Government.

The late Duke of *Neubourg*, being a *Roman Catholick*, came by Inheritance to the Government of the *Palatinate*, a Country wholly Protestant; the old Prince being a Man of Temper and Policy, in his Speech to his Council, declar'd himself to this purpose: That he would make no Innovation in the Religion of the Country, nor make any Difference or Distinction of any of his Subjects upon the account of their Religion; whoever were Faithful and Loyal to his Government, should be equally Entituled to his Services and Favour, and this Promise he punctually observ'd to the satisfaction of all his Subjects, and the happiness of his whole Country; and had his Son, the present Elector *Palatine*, thought fit to have maintain'd the same Ballance and Equality among his Subjects, the Protestant Princes had not made such loud Complaints of the Infractions of the Treaty of *Munster* and *Ryswick*, nor have been backward in the present Affairs of the Empire, for want of due satisfaction on those Heads.

In *France* we find *Charles* IX. employing promiscuously the *Hugonot* Princes of the House of *Bourbon*, the

the King of *Navarr*, the Prince of *Conde*, *Jasper Coligny* made High Admiral, the Prince of *Conti* Governour of *Campaign*, *Mr. Le Desguires* Governour of *Dauphine*, and abundance of *Hugonots* admitted into Places in the Court, in the Parliament, and in the Finances.

Henry III. committed himself to the Protection of the King of *Navarr*, and the *Hugonots*, from the fatal Conspiracies of the Catholick League join'd the *Roman* Catholick Army to the Protestant, and as he found them both Zealous and Faithful to him, admitted them to all his Councils.

And when afterward that Prince was barbarously Assassinated by a *Jacobine* Fryer, the *Roman* Catholick Princes and Army Joyn'd sincerely with the Protestant, and serv'd the *Great Henry* IV. tho' a Protestant, against the Army of the League, tho' of their own Religion.

Afterwards *Henry* IV. turn'd *Roman* Catholick, when he maintain'd the same Communication of Favours to all Parties, and from the Peace at *Vervins*, which put a final end to that War, and finish'd the Catholick League to the Year 1682. When the present *French* King abolish'd the Edict of *Nants*, the Protestants were universally admitted into Governments, Places, Preferments and Employments, even from the Presence and Bed-chambers of the Prince, thro' all the nicest and most dangerous parts of the State, as the Parliament, Finances, Court, Armies and Fleets. Among these Men we find the Marshal *De Biron*, the Duke of *Saxe Weymar*, Monsieur *Di Guebriant*, *Le Mareschal de Marillac*, Monsieur *Fouquet*, the great *Turenne*, Monsieur *du Quesne*, and Count *de Scomberg*, with innumerable others, who were not only Employ'd, but were really the Pillars of the House of *Bourbonne*, and the Raisers of the *French* Power, to a great part of its present Greatness. Nor indeed can I suffer this part of the Matter without a Remark, that this seems to be the only Instance of a Nation that has suppress one Party, for Establishing another, on the bare pretences of Religion.

During

During all the time these Protestant Princes and Gentlemen were in Employment under the Kings of *France*, the *Romish* Religion was the Establish'd Church, and the Government was all in their Hands; neither were the *Hugonots* under any legal Establishment, other than the Edict of *Nants*, all their Power was broke at the Siege, and taking of *Rochell*, and they were wholly in the Hands of their Enemies, and yet the King of *France* all along thought fit to employ them both in the Civil and Military Matters, till the present King began to turn them out of all Publick Employments, in order to extirpate them wholly from the Nation, as he has now effectually brought to pass.

If a like Extirpation of the Dissenters in *England* is the real Design, the removing them from all the Privileges and Advantages of their Native Country, is the very best step they can take to it: Nor is this the least Reason to make us believe that is in the design, for to what purpose else should this Gentleman bring so Scandalous an Example on the Stage, I can find but one of these two Reasons possible to be given for it. 1. Either that as the *French* King began the Extirpating of the Protestants by first dismissing them of all publick Employments, so should it be here. Or, 2. That in all his Reading he could not find one Example in History that would suit the present Case, and I think I may fairly challenge him to shew me any Nation in the World, that ever so far suppress'd a part of their own Subjects, as to deprive them of the Favour of their Prince, and the Trust of Government, but with a design either to Persecute, or totally expel them.

If this learned Gentleman can think to convince us, that thus to humble the Dissenters by a Law, and to offer them the Restraint he Proposes, is the way to Peace at Home, he cannot at the same time but suppose that the Dissenters are very blind, ignorant People.

Nor can he suppose that this will tend to the Peace which Her Majesty has proposed to us, *Peace join'd with Union*, the *French* King has brought about the Destruction

ſtruction of the Proteſtants in *France* with a full Peace, but not with Union. 'Tis *Union* is the matter, which, as it is the Eſſence of Peace, ſo 'tis the only thing can make this Nation happy, and I would be glad to ſee how the leaſt Proſpect of an Union of Parties can be ſeen in the Scheme he has drawn.

Let us next examine the Government of our Neighbours the *Dutch*, where, if I miſtake not, the *Calviniſts* are the Eſtabliſh'd Church, yet have they no Teſt or Diſabling Laws; but as the Government is Proteſtant, the Roman Catholicks have their Freedom; not by a limited, reſtrain'd, precarious Tolleration, but by Native Light, and a Claim of Title, the States approve, and Confirm the Provincial, and the Miſſions of the Pope, and the Roman Catholicks enjoy the Liberties and Privileges of other Subjects, and ſerve in their Armies and Fleets with promiſcuous and unexceptioned Liberty.

I know no other Nation where the Roman Catholicks are Maſters, and that ever had any other Religion among them, but what ſtill accepts the Services of their Subjects of whatſoever Religions. In *Spain*, *Italy* and *Portugal*, the Inquiſition has effectually Damn'd all Religions but their Own, and in this Caſe they are ſtill but Examples of what ſome People are willing ſhould come to paſs here. But if we go back, even among the *Spaniards* themſelves, in the Days of *Phillip* the Second of *Spain*, the Nobility and Gentry of the 17 Provinces, had many of them Embrac'd the Proteſtant Religion, and yet were continued in great Employments in the State, as the Prince of *Orange*, Count *Horn*, Count *Egmont*, and multitudes of others: And 'tis obſervable, that the Breach afterwards did not begin upon Account of diſmiſſing them their Employments, but upon a Deſign of rooting out the very Name of Proteſtant from the Country, by bringing in the Inquiſition upon thoſe Provinces, which, together with the Tyranny of the Duke of *Alva*, was the Occaſion of the final Defection of the Provinces, and the Erecting

the

the preſent powerful State of the United Provinces.

Theſe are the bleſſed Examples of latter Ages, when People have been Depriv'd of the Birth-right and Privileges of Subjects on meer Account of Opinions in Religion. One was a ſtep to the utter Extirpation of the Party ſo depriv'd, and the other drove them to all Extremities, and being joyn'd to other intolerable Oppreſſions, caus'd a General Diſorder, made a vaſt Chaſm in the Government, and made a Civil War of 42 Years, which ended in the Univerſal Revolt and Alienation of the Seven Provinces.

Let us now look back a little to our own Country, and deſire our Brethren of the Church of *England* to remember the Time when they where Diſſenters themſelves, when they were obnoxious to, and ſeparated from the Eſtabliſh'd Church, they were not treated in this manner, no, not by the *Papiſts* themſelves; in the Days of King *Henry* the VIIIth. the Lord *Cromwel*, Queen *Anne*, and abundance of the Nobility and Gentry were Proteſtants and *Lollards*, and yet continued in publick Truſt, and in the Services of their King and Country.

And had not in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Reign, the many reſtleſs Deſigns of *Spain* appear'd ſo buſy, and the *Engliſh* Catholicks been ſo weak to Embroil themſelves with the State, and againſt her Perſon, they had continued in Employments and Places to the laſt; 'twas reaſon of State, and not of Religion, which oblig'd her to treat them ſo roughly.

Thus I think I have taken a ſhort View of Hiſtory, with Relation to this Gentleman's advanc'd Maxim, That all wiſe Nations have *thought it neceſſary, to preſerve the Adminiſtration of Publick Affairs, in the hands of Perſons of one, and the ſame Perſwaſions in Matters of Religion*: Which I think is fairly Confuted; if he thinks not, on a more narrow Search, I ſhall be content to give him many more Particulars of theſe Things, the Places where, Time when done, and the Authors where the Accounts are to be found.

Strada,

Strada, complaining of the Unreasonableness of the Discontents of the *Netherlanders*, tells us, they had nothing to complain of, for that tho' they were Hereticks, they were admitted to the Favour of their Soveraign, equally with the Catholicks, and were Employ'd by him in the greatest Posts of Trust and Honour.

From what part of the World now will this Learned Author pick out his Wise Nations, who *thought it necessary to preserve the Administration of Publick Affairs, in the Hands of Persons of One and the same Perswasion in Matters of Religion*? I should think the World had been much more oblig'd to him, if in this Case he had been pleas'd to tell us who these wise Nations are, and I am perswaded 'twill appear when they are found they were not the wiser for doing so, and that it never appear'd to be their Interest to attempt it.

I am led now to his Second Assertion, viz. *Where-ever a National Church hath been Established by Acts of Uniformity, as in this Kingdom, the wise Legislators have generally Establish'd some Test*, &c.

It is very hard a Gentleman of this Author's Quality and Learning, should have the Misfortune to lay down but two Fundamentals as the Plat-form of his whole Discourse, and at the same time Dedicate them to his Soveraign, and be mistaken in both.

Sure this Gentleman could not Imagine that things so remote from the Knowledge of any Historian, could do any thing else than cause them that had read Books to look back into History, to find the time when these Tests and other Securities were Establish'd.

If 'twas Expected that these things should be taken upon Trust, *as Merchants pay Bills for the Honour of the Drawer*, I am sorry that Gentleman could forget that these Ages of Faith are at an End, and People are not so willing to believe one another as they used to be; and since there are so many among us, who are willing to impose upon the Credulity of others, People are grown more Incredulous, and no Man of

Honesty

Honesty now thinks it below him to lay down Proofs of what he says, nor takes it Unkindly that he is not believ'd upon his *Parole*, since where Demonstrations are to be had, 'tis as easy to give them, as to let them alone; and where they are not, no Wise Man will be positive.

Indeed there is one way for this Gentleman to bring himself off in this Case, and that is finely couch'd in the manner of his wording the 2d general Head of this Argument; whether 'tis Contriv'd on purpose or no, I will not pretend to Determine: *Where-ever a National Church*, says he, *hath been Establish'd by Acts of Uniformity, as in this Kingdom, the wise Legislators have generally Establish'd some Test*, &c. This may be true, and yet no Test but ours be Establish'd in the World, because no National Church in the World hath been Establish'd by Acts of Uniformity, as in this Kingdom. If this be the meaning of our Author, he has room to come off indeed, and I am very willing he should come off thus, for I am fully perswaded he can shew us no National Church in the World Establish'd by Acts of Uniformity, as in *England*, nor no Test, or exclusive Conditions, where a Religion is tollerated in a Nation, but the Professors of it excluded from all Trust or Employment in the Country.

In *Spain* and *Italy*, there is an Establish'd Uniform Church, but there is no Tolleration at all; a Man not only must be a *Papist*, but exactly, nicely, and constantly adhere to every Tittle, as the Priests direct; the whole Religion of the Country is the Test, and then 'tis not a Test of Qualification, but of Life, Estate, and abiding in the Place: Witness the carrying the Count *d' Contarini*, and his Lady, and several of his Domesticks, lately to the Prison of the Inquisition in *Rome*, for only favouring some Opinions which the Priests did not think Catholick: There is no Tolleration in the Case.

In *France*, total Conformity to the National Establish'd Church is absolutely requir'd, on pain of Banishment,

niſhment, Confiſcation, and Death. If this be vouch'd as a proper Teſt, *I Commend the Practice to our Author from the Goodneſs of the Example*; and 'tis my Opinion he may, with as much eaſe defend the ſending all the Diſſenters out of the Nation, and Condemn their Miniſters to the Gallows and Gallies, that is, *to go to work with them the ſhorteſt way*, as he may Defend the Caſe he has undertaken, at leaſt I am ſatisfied he may find more Precedents in Hiſtory *among the Wiſe Nations he ſpeaks of.*

After this unhappy Ground Plot laid, what wretched Fabrick are we to Expect! Conſequences are always juſt to their Cauſes, wrong Concluſions muſt follow where wrong Premiſes are laid down.

From having firſt Deriv'd the Cauſe of this Bill, from the Practice of ſome wiſe *Nations in Nubibus*, not pleaſing to tell us who they are, this Gentleman deſcends to Defend the Letter of the late Law, and advances to the World that it is no Breach of the Toleration Act.

Inſtead of a Reply, I ſhall here take the Freedom to tell him a ſhort Story. *Two Gentlemen of Quality in the* French *Court, falling out, prepar'd to Decide their Controverſy by the Sword. But Notice having been given of their Intentions, the King of* France, *who has been particularly ſevere upon his Subjects upon the Point of Duelling, ſends to one of theſe Gentleman his repeated Prohibition to fight, aſſuring him, that if he Dar'd to Tranſgreſs his Command, he would ſhew him no Mercy; but being again Inform'd, that on ſome freſh Inſults from his Adverſary, he had reſolv'd to meet him; the King ordered this Gentleman to be taken up, and to give Security that he would not Engage.*

The other Gentleman had ſo little Government of himſelf, as ſtill to Inſult him, upon which he gave him this Anſwer, Sir, If you pleaſe to obtain a Licenſe for me to diſpoſe of my Eſtate to my Family, I'le fight you, tho' I am ſure to be hang'd.

The Application of the Story in ſhort, is thus, 'tis Eaſy to advance an Argument under the Favour of Power, which he that anſwers muſt do it at the hazard

hazard of the too Mighty Displeasure of the State; but I'le make my Author this fair Offer.

As to what is doing in the House, I neither know, nor meddle; but if he will please to obtain for me by Authority the Liberty of Speech, in this Particular, I am content to accept it, upon this Condition, That if I do not prove the late Bill to be directly contrary both to the Act of Toleration, and of it self Destructive of Liberty of Conscience, and opposite to the Express Words of the Preamble, which says, that Persecution for Conscience is contrary to the Profession of the Christian Religion, and the Doctrine of the Church of *England*, That then I may be stigmatiz'd for a Coxcomb, and banish'd the World as an Incendiary and Common Disturber.

Can any Man pretend to say, that the Dissenters may enjoy their Liberty of Conscience, if they will be contented with it? I humbly presume to affirm, there is not one Dissenter who is not contented with Liberty of Conscience, if there be, the whole Body of the Dissenters will readily Disown him. And if the Government would put the Dissenters to the Tryal any way, but what may infringe their Liberties as *English-men*, and their Consciences as Christians, I doubt not but they would presently Determine it to the Satisfaction of the World, and their own just Vindication.

I am sorry to be restrain'd here from the just Recriminations which this Usage of the Dissenters puts into my Mouth, by which I believe I could easily lay open the Secret Drift and Design of some Gentlemen in pleading for such a Bill——But I cannot refrain making some Observations of the Manner of their Management.

And to begin with the Gentleman before me, who has put forth all his Power of Eloquence, in which he is known to abound, to guild over the Poyson of his Principle with the shining Article of Peace.

So, Sir, the *French* King enjoys Peace, all his *Hugonot* Subjects being baniſh'd or oppreſs'd, their Miniſters working at the Oar, under the Roman Guardians, ſpurr'd on by the Zealots of the Church.

Is it Peace that you ſeek, Sir, by Depriving your Brethren of their Birth-right? And that not becauſe they cannot Conform to you, but becauſe they can. It may be Peace, Sir, *French* Peace, *but where's the Union*? Where's the Conjunction of Hearts and Hands that are ſo requiſite, and which Her Majeſty preſſes ſo Earneſtly in a time of the Nation's Difficulty; and the terrible Succeſſes of a growing Enemy? Can you ſuppoſe the Diſſenters to be Men of ſo much ſelf-Denial, that they can firſt be thus us'd, and then Unite with you Heart and Hand in the Great Work of the publick Defence? If you can, you muſt allow them to be better Chriſtians, than you ſeem to believe of them, and will find it very difficult to make out another Poſition of yours, *that the Government cannot be ſafe while they are concern'd in it.*

And why not ſafe? Dare you bring your Loyalty to the Teſt with Theirs? Have they rebell'd againſt Governments, or ruin'd their Governours, any oftner than the Men of the Church? You have been fairly Challeng'd to the Enquiry, and to come to a Ballance about Loyalty, and your own Knowledge tells you, that the Loyalty of both Church-men and Diſſenters ſtands upon an Equal Foot.

You have as often been told, that the Miſmanagements of the Late Reign, of which ſuch loud Complaints are made, and about which ſuch Pains have been taken, let it lye where it will, cannot lye at the Door of the Diſſenters; you can name but two known Diſſenters that were in any conſiderable Poſt of Truſt in all that Government, and after all the retroſpect of Miſmanagement, and all the Care which has been taken to Caſt the Reproaches of ill Conduct and Unfaithfulneſs upon them, they both dyed in the Service of their Country, and left behind them a ſpotleſs Character,

Character, an unblemish'd Honesty, and even their Enemies will allow that two better Officers in their Stations the Government never had, and I am far from being asham'd of their Names, match them if you can, They were *Thomas Papillon*, and *Mordecai Abbot*, one in the Victualling Office, the other in the Exchequer.

I do not find among all the black Roll of the Nation's Thieves, One Dissenting Thief, I make no question but if they were to be found out we should long since ha' heard of them.

We have lent Our Money to the Government, lost Our Money by the Government, but we have got nothing from the Government, but in Common with the rest.

Not, Gentlemen, but that we may have Knaves among us as well as you; but I believe we may make the Church of *England* this fair Offer, that if they please to make good Our Losses by their Church Knaves, we are very free to come to an Account, and refund all that can be Charg'd upon Our Dissenting Knaves. But till they accept this, let me say the Frauds and Mismanagement of Affairs lyes among ye, Gentlemen, we have had but a very small share in them.

In short, no Betrayers of the Nation's Secrets, no Correspondents with the Nation's Enemies, no False Endorsers of Exchequer Bills, no Counterfeiters of the Royal—— No Commissioners without Accounts, No Pay-Masters without Vouchers, or Treasurers without Cash, are to be found among us: What then have we done, that you, Sir, should misrepresent us to the Nation as Enemies to the publick Safety, and urge the necessity of this Bill for the publick preservation?

If this is to be brought upon us as a Punishment, where is our Crime? If our Crime is as you alledge, we Claim to be heard.

What the House of Commons please to do I have nothing to say to, and am not now Treating with you as a Member of that House. But since you have rank'd your self with the Authors, and come among

thoſe who appeal to the People, it is, Sir, *in your Scribling Capacity that I am Concern'd with you*, and no other.

I wonder that a Man of your Judgment ſhould put a Title of *Peace at Home*, upon a Book ſo contrary to the Title it bears.

You tell us the Diſſenters, are ſtruggling for Dominion and Power. I tell you, no, Sir, They are ſtruggling againſt Dominion and Power. As to their Deſiring a Power to deſtroy the Eſtabliſh'd Church, I think 'tis ungratefully offered, ſince they ſo lately gave a demonſtration to all the World, that they choſe the hazard of being Deſtroy'd with the Eſtabliſh'd Church, rather than to let the Eſtabliſh'd Church be Deſtroy'd, tho' it might have been done without their having any hand in it.

And if you are Ignorant of the Time, I may put you in mind that in K. *James*'s Reign, when Our Liberty was given us *Gratis*, and offer'd to be Continued upon Extraordinary Terms too, nay, and 'tis Eaſy to prove it, was the Intereſt of the Court at that time to continue it. Theſe ſcandalous Fellows, Sir, that are not now fit to betruſted with ſetting a Drunkard in the Stocks, were ſollicited on all hands to Join with you in bringing to paſs the Revolution; what fine things, what Union, what Temper was then promis'd us? And what more might we have obtain'd, if we had Capitulated for it? But we took you at your words, condition'd for nothing but a Toleration, choſe to live and dye with you, joyn'd heart and hand to reeſtabliſh this Church of yours, which was then at the brink of Deſtruction—— and yet we are the Men who wou'd Deſtroy this Eſtabliſh'd Church.

What innumerable Reproaches have we daily from a Party of Men, who if we had ſaid the word, had been no Party. But from a Man of your Judgment, Sir, of your Learning, and your wonderful Piety, this is a moſt ſtrange thing, and I exceedingly admire how you came to forget your ſelf.

But, Sir, ſince you are pleas'd to Embark your Pen in this Cauſe, and Undertake to prove the Diſſenters a People

People who ought to be restrained, of whom it would be absolutely necessary to make Laws to keep them out of the Government, and all Branches of the Administration. I think you so far Oblig'd in Honour to accept a fair Invitation, *in which you shall not want some more able Head than mine, either by Pen and Ink, or by Conference*, to make out these few Heads.

1. That a Bill against Occasional Conformity is not a Repeal in Part of the Act of Toleration.
2. That there is a Necessity of such a Bill for the safety and preservation of the Church.
3. That the Church is in any danger of being destroy'd by the Dissenters.
4. That any thing like this has been the practice of Nations abroad, Except where the Design has been the extirpation of the Party
5. How this can be a Means to that Union which her Majesty invites the Nation to.
6. Who are the Queen's best Subjects, and who most pursue her real Interest, they who push these Extremities at so unreasonable a time as this; Or, they who labour for Peace and Union, in Obedience to the Command of their Soveraign.

I come now to the Question he asks upon the whole Matter, after having been pleas'd to Satyrize upon the Mistakes, as he pleases to call them, which those Persons fell into, who Argued against the Bill, which I suppose, I may say without Injury to him, is to be understood of the Lords appointed to manage the Conference on this head, where 'twas alledg'd, that *the Dissenters were not Schismaticks; That Occasional Conformity was not a New, but an Old Invention; That a Difference ought to be put between Going to a Popish and a Protestant Meeting, and the Greatness of the Penalty exceeding the Price of going to Mass, and the like.* These are not the Questions, says this Gentlemen, but this is the proper Question before us, in short, *Whether it be Consistent with the Safety of the Establish'd Government, either in Church or State, with the Wisdom of the* English *Nation,*

on, with the Practice of any wise Government in the World, or with the sure Intent and Meaning of the Test Act, to admit into publick Offices and Employments any Persons who are not sincere Members of the National Church.

These Questions are as fit as they are easy to Answer, and therefore I shall Contract my Reply, always promising this Gentleman a fuller Explicatory, if not Satisfactory Solution of these Difficulties on Demand.

I must give a General Answer to the first Head of Questions in the Affirmative: I do think it Consistent with all these Points, that the Employments and Publick Offices of the Government may be Committed to Men of Honesty, Integrity and Capacity, whatsoever their Opinions concerning matters of Religion may be.

Truly, Gentlemen, if these Publick Employments were to be in the Hands of none but Men of Principles, Men of Conscience and Religion, I should be in great Pain for some *Gentlemen in Office*, who are meer Occasional Conformists: Indeed, who never took a Sacrament any where till it became Necessary as a Qualification, and who have so much Honesty as to own they know little of the Matter, and don't trouble their Heads about it, who are of any Church; and, as for Religion in general, have no manner of occasion for it.

These Gentlemen are safe, and no Clause in the Bill can touch them; Atheism was never charg'd as an Enemy to the Church and State, 'tis not the Men of no Religion, but the Men of too much Religion we are afraid of.

But to the Question, It may be safe to commit the Trust of Publick Employments to Men of different Opinions in Religion.

1. Because Men of different Opinions may be Honest, and it cannot be unsafe to Trust an Honest Man, whatever his Opinion be in Matters of Religion; now if this Gentleman will tell us, that a Dissenter cannot be an Honest Man, then let us tell Noses, and

see

ſee who have the moſt Knaves, the Church or the Diſſenters.

2. Becauſe it has been done without Danger, both here and abroad; and is done to this day among all the wiſe Nations he ſpeaks of. Except as before excepted.

But I own here does lye one Negative againſt me, and that is about its being Inconſiſtent with the Deſign of the Teſt and Corporation Acts; and there I acknowledge him to be in the right; but then I muſt add, that thoſe Acts themſelves lye Crowded with ſuch juſt Objections of Parties, private Intereſts, and Principles deſtructive to the true Intereſt of the Proteſtant Religion, and the Nation in General, as I am perſwaded this Gentleman, with all his skill, is not able to defend.

If this Bill does more fully Anſwer the end of the Teſt, and Corporation Bill, if any thing in thoſe Acts are to be prov'd Unchriſtian and Unreaſonable, 'tis but little for the Reputation of this Caſe, that it tends to fulfil thoſe Deſigns for which they were Deſign'd, but fell ſhort.

To juſtify the Reaſonableneſs of this Bill, 'tis alledg'd, that the Church cannot be ſafe without it.

I would be glad to join iſſue with this Gentleman upon that Head. As to his canvaſing the Reaſons given by the Lords laſt Seſſion, I do not meddle with it, as a thing too long for this Tract; at the ſame time aſſuring him, it is not but that thoſe Reaſons are eaſily to be Defended.

But the proper Work before me, is to bring it to this ſhort Head, the Pains are Extraordinary which are taken to poſſeſs Peoples Minds, that the Church is in danger from the Diſſenters, and cannot be ſecur'd but by this Bill. And why in ſuch danger from the Diſſenters? Our Author owns they are ſurrounded with Deiſts, Papiſts, Socinians, and Occaſional Conformiſts, and I could add with Atheiſts too, and yet all theſe, the Papiſt excepted, are Occaſional Conformiſts alſo, but no Law is requir'd againſt them. By his Rule

Men of no Religion may be admitted to Conform for a Place, and then Relapse to *Atheists*, *Socinians*, *Arians*, *Deists* and *Heretick*s, with which the Church of *England* now abounds; all these, tho' Enemies to the very Being of Religion, may come to the Communion for a Place, Occasionally Conform, and return to their ridiculing all Religion, bantering the Trinity, and blaspheming our Saviour's Divinity, and still by his Rule the Church is no danger, but these may be trusted in highest Places of the Government with safety. But a Man that in his Opinion dissents in some Points of Religion, but can conform in part, tho' he be Conscientious, tho' he be never so Religious, this is a Dangerous Man, and it cannot be safe for the Church to have such a Man employ'd.

To what a strange pass will this Gentleman bring the Church of *England*, and what a Scandal will he bring upon the Foundation she stands upon, that she *may be serv'd by Knaves*, but dare not trust *Honest Men*; that Men of no Religion are fit enough for her Employments, but Men of Charity and Conscience are not.

If any Man ask me now, whether I am pleading for Occasional Conformity, *I freely Answer no*, nor do I approve of it in it self, but when made use of for a mere Qualification. I abhor both the Practice and the Persons.

But this Law is not at all the more to be justified from the Unjustifiableness of that practice, because this deprives those Men of a just Liberty, whose Consciences, by the Toleration Act, have that very thing allow'd them, which now will be restrain'd, and in that Matter, if in no other, is an Infraction of that Act.

The Toleration Bill says, that the Penalties of certain Laws are taken off from the Dissenters, on Accounts of their not Conforming; here are new Penalties putting on, upon some that can Conform in part, because they cannot conform wholly.

But says this Gentleman, they may quit the Offices, and then there is no Persecution. To which I Answer, to be forc'd to do it, is Punishment, and Punishment is Persecution.

'Tis

'Tis not the Question, whether a Dissenter can justify his Occasional Conformity to his own Conscience, but whether he can justify it to the Law; if he can do the last, then is the case no Crime, and to have a Law made against that which is no Crime, is what this Gentleman has not yet undertaken to meddle with.

The whole strain of this Argument, and which this Gentleman lays a very great stress on, is, That the Dissenters are Enemies to the Establish'd Church, and therefore *'tis not safe* any part of the Administration of Publick Affairs should be in their Hands.

That this is the specious Pretence, is very plain; but as I have already noted, this is a Foundation wrong laid, and can never be prov'd, nor made out; and if these Gentlemen would come to a fair Examination of Circumstances, they could not prove they have any just Grounds for it.

As to Principles of Rebellion, and Enmity to Monarchies, and to the *Jus Divinum* of the Crown, how often have the Church been challeng'd to come a Ballance of Loyalty with the Dissenters, nay, tho' we were to thro' in all they can say of the Days of 41 into the Scale.

Even this Gentleman owns, Fol. 9. what I affirm, they are his own Words, and deserve remark. *The Best of the Dissenters desire not Power and Dominion, but Liberty of Conscience, and Exemption from Penal Laws.* Say you so, Sir, then what Occasion of the Law, if your next Words which are these are true? *The True Members of the Church, Desire no more than to see the Administration of publick Affairs in the hands of such, as are well affected to the Established Government.*

Now to bring these two together, those Dissenters who desire not Power and Dominion, cannot be Unsafe in the Establish'd Government; why then shou'd the Church be so eager to shut them out of the Administration? This Argument lyes directly against him.

As to the Test Act, I wish this Gentleman, who so often brings it in as a thing so Sacred, so Essential to the Churches safety, and so needful to be enforc'd,

wou'd

wou'd have been pleased to have Undertaken the Defence of the Morality of that Act in its own Nature, and a little examin'd the Method of procuring it, and the Design of the Reigning Parties of those Days; let him tell us whether that Act was made meerly to secure the Church, or whether those People, who honestly meant the security of the Church, were not acted by another secret Party, who only design'd to uphold the Division between the Church and the Dissenters, in order, at last, to destroy both. Let him tell us, if he can, *from what Principle*, or in what Nation but ours, Divine and sacred Ordinances are expos'd as the Test or Qualification for Secular Interest, and be made the Hand-maid of Parties, the Badge of a States Man, and a Mark of Distinction.

Let him tell us what Unaccountable Prophanation of those sacred Institutions of *Christ Jesus*, have been Occasion'd by Compelling and Obliging such to receive the Sacrament, who had no more Religion than a Horse, and who made a Jest of the Matter, whose practice amounts only to that of *Rateliff's Souldier*.

To be Godly awhile, and then as ye were.

Let him defend the Policy of that Act too if he can. Let him tell me, if Men's honesty rather than Opinions of Indifferent things in Religion, is not the more needful point to be examin'd as to Employments in the State; for here a Knave shall be employ'd if he will take the Test, and the more Knave he is, the less he will scruple it. But the honest Man shall he shut out, because his Conscience permits him not to comply.

If the Nature, the Morality, or the Policy of that Act cannot be defended, then all the Arguments drawn from that Act fall to the Ground, and then I think his three great Foundations answer'd and overthrown.

1. I believe to have prov'd, That wise Nations in all Ages have thought fit to entrust the Administration of pub ick Affairs in the hands of Persons of different Perswasions in matters of Religion.

2. That useful and honest Men may safely be employ'd,

of

of whatsoever Perswasion or Opinion, as to Religion, and Knaves are unsafe of any Opinion.

3. That no National Church in the World excludes out of the Administration of publick Affairs any Persons of such Opinions, as by Law at the same time are Tolerated in the Nation.

To Tolerate a Religion or Opinion, and yet count the Professors of it Intolerable in the State, seems to have such Incongruity of Circumstances, as no Nation in the World can Parallel. In *Holland* the National Church are *Calvinists*, yet the *Remonstrants*, and the *Roman* Catholicks, are Tollerated. But let this Gentleman tell us, how many more *Calvinists* than *Remonstrants* are among the Burghers of *Amsterdam*? If I am rightly inform'd, the Council of the Town are above two thirds of the Dissenting Remonstrants, and in their Armies and Fleets, the *Roman* Catholicks are equally Advanc'd, are equally capable of Serving, and have Commissions granted them without any Test, Qualification, or other Obligation, than an Oath of Fidelity to the State, which, in all Countries, is esteemed a sufficient Tye to an honest Man.

In *Scotland*, where so much outcry of Persecution is made, tho' with so little reason, the National Church is *Presbyterian*, yet almost all the Offices and Administration is in the Hands of the *Episcopal* Dissenters, without any Test, or other Qualification, than their Oaths of Allegiance to the Queen, and Recognition to the Government.

Upon the whole, 'tis plain the Design at least of this Author seems to be not to keep Men out of the Government for being Knaves, but for being Dissenters; for by this Law he that will take the Sacrament, and go to a Meeting, shall not be fit for a Place of Trust; but he that will go from the Sacrament to a Bawdy-House, remains as well qualified as before.

A Dissenter, tho' of never so much Honesty and Principles, shall be made uncapable of the Service of his Country, and rendred suspected to the Government, while

while a Man of no Principles at all, that will take a Sacrament in the Morning, be Drunk, and *Swear* at the Prieſt that gave it him in the Afternoon, that will Blaſpheme God, Banter Religion, Buffoon the Face of the Government, be as Leud and Irreligious as the Father of Miſchief can make him, is ſuffered to enjoy all the Advantages of Office, Government and Adminiſtration, and with held from nothing that's Wicked, the Scandalous Crime of a Meeting-Houſe only excepted.

There is really ſomething Myſterious in this, ſomething odd and unaccountable, and unleſs the Gentlemen, who are for this Bill, can give ſome better Reaſons for it than Sir *Humphrey* has thought fit to make Publick, I ſee nothing yet advanc'd but what is ſo eaſy to be Anſwer'd, that I wonder to ſee him offer things ſo Abſurd.

His being ſenſible of this I am perſwaded was the Birth of his Poſtſcript, in which he tells us, That *he does not from thence conclude, that ſo wiſe and ſo Great an Aſſembly are not able to Amend their own Bill, and to order it ſo, as the paſſing ſuch a Bill may neither be a Snare to the Church-man, nor a Prejudice to Diſſenter; ſuch a Bill as will not Deſtroy, but Preſerve our Religion, Laws and Liberties, and evermore Eſtabliſh Peace and Unity amongſt us, and ſettle our Conſtitution upon a ſure and laſting Foundation.*

This is fine Language, and like Sir *Humphry*, who all Men know is Maſter of good Words, and it ſounds well in the Mouth. But let us examine a little the Signification of this, and certainly never were ſo many Words put together to leſs purpoſe as to the Argument in Hand; Nay, ſo unhappily is this Poſtſcript brought in at the Cloſe, that 'tis as it were a ſaying the whole Book backward like a Witches Prayers, 'tis unravelling all the Thread of the former Diſcourſe.

If the Parliament can make ſuch Amendments to their Bill, as ſhall make it *no Snare to the Church-man*, not *Prejudice to the Diſſenter*, why, then it ſeems plain,

plain, that till 'tis amended, it is even in this Gentleman's Opinion, both *a Snare to one*, and a *Prejudice to the other*. If they can make it such a Bill as will *not Destroy, but Preserve our Religion, Laws and Liberties*, it should seem by Sir *Humphry*'s own Words, that as yet 'tis a thing that *will destroy them all*. If the Commons, by amending this Bill, may bring it to be a *means of Establishing Peace and Unity among us*.

I will not pretend to dispute the Power of the House of Commons, to alter or amend any of their own Bills, 'tis without Question their Native Right; but whether they can so amend their Bill, as to bring it to be no Snare to Church, no Prejudice to the Dissenters, a Perservation to our Religion, Laws and Liberties, and an Establishment of Peace and Unity among us, I will not determine; but I am perswaded whenever 'tis so amended, as to be capable of all those good Ends, no Dissenter in the Nation will be unwilling it should pass; and till it is, no honest Man can wish it should.

The CONCLUSION.

I Cannot dismiss this Discourse without putting my Author in Mind of the Infant State of the *English* Church, in the Days of *Henry* the Eight, these were the Churches Days of suffering, which most People are willing to forget, *These Parsons forget that ever they were Clerks*. The History of the Reformation of *England* would put them in Mind, what Opposition they made to the six Articles, how they complain'd of the ill Usage of the Government, and how they themselves were then treated.

First, they tell us the King was imposed upon, and abused by the Bishops, and other wicked Counsellors, to form the six Articles to destroy the growth of the Reformation, and it may be worth while to observe in what Terms they were represented to the King.

The Bishop of *Winchester* in particular, first took care to fill the King's Head with Fears of Civil Tumults

mults and Commotions, a thing it seems the King was naturally very uneasy about, having, as he thought, made the People very much out of Temper, by his dissolving the Religious Houses.

Popery was now the Establish'd National Church, but the Nation was full of Dissenters, *that is Protestants*; such as now are called *of the Church of* England, the Members of the Establish'd Church believing, or at least pretending that they were not safe, nor could not be secured, till more Laws were made for the Security of the Church, put the King upon these six Bloody Articles. The very Words which are Recorded of the Bishop of *Wincheſter* in this Case, are the very same made Use of by the Present Gentleman against the Dissenters, *viz. He besought the King for his own Safe-guard, and the Safety, Quiet and Tranquility of the Kingdom, to be Careful, Sharp and Severe against the Sectaries and Sacramentaries*, Acts & Mon. *Vol.* 2. *Fol.* 441. I would only desire this Gentleman to reflect a little, who these *Sectaries* and *Sacramentaries* were? Truly no body but our own *dear Loyal Church*, who are just Treating some People with the very same Terms and Names of Distinction, which they in Contempt were treated with by their Enemies the Papists. All the use I shall make of it is, to tell them it is a little Unkind; 'tis not according to the Golden Rule of *doing as they would be done by*! 'Tis not a very honourable way of Proceeding, to cry out of the hardship of that Usage when imposed upon them, and make Apologies for the Moderation of it, when you want to impose it upon others.

When these six Articles were in Agitation in the House of Lords, Archbishop *Cranmer* was the only Man, who had the Courage to withstand the Current of the Times, which he did with so much earnest Zeal, that the King commanded him to go out of the House, which yet he Modestly refus'd to do, pleading, tho' in a very humble manner his Privilege, and continu'd, tho' in a vain, to oppose it; and had cer-

tainly

tainly overthrown the Articles, says the Author aforesaid, *Nisi Pars Major Vicisset ut sepe solet Meliorem*, Fox. Act. Mon, *Vol.* 2. *Fol.* 443.

This was the proceeding against Sectarian Schismatical Church of *England* Dissenters of those Days, I leave the Gentlemen of the Church to reflect a little, whether now they come to be the Establish'd National Church, they Treat the Dissenters under them, as they would be Treated; whether we have not the same Cause to think our selves ill Treated, as they had in those Times; and whether indeed the Case is not harder with us, than it was with them, for that our Difference is about indifferent Things, theirs about Essential Catholick Points.

This Story serves not to reflect upon the Church, but to desire some Gentlemen of the Church to reflect a little upon themselves; how they were used, when they were counted the Schismaticks and Sectaries; and how hard they thought themselves used, when Laws were made against them, on pretence of the Safety and Security of the National Church.

MORE

MORE

Short-WAYS

With the DISSENTERS.

IT is not without just Ground, a Challenge of Peace was made to the Nation in the Name of the Dissenters, that the World might know who were the Men, in spight of her Majesty's frequent Invitation to *Union*, and the pressing Exhortations she had made from the Throne for *Peace*, are constantly the Aggressors, on every occasion Insult their Brethren, and prompt the Nation to Unite in their Destruction.

Has the Government shown their Resentment at the Author of *the Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, either it was for Injuring the Church of *England*, in suggesting that her Members intended such a thing as the Destruction of the Dissenters; or else that noble Lord, who told the Author of his Extraordinary Guilt, wou'd be puzzl'd to find a Crime in it, and if it was for

for such a suggestion, 'tis as hard, since 'tis too plain the Fact is true, and the Charge is just, if any regard is to be given to the Preaching, the Printing, or the Discourse of the principal Clergy, and most noted Members of the Church.

From whence then I infer, that the Author has nothing to ask pardon of the Church of *England* for, but that he, like a too credulous Fool, gave any heed to such slight and cursory things as *Preaching*, and *Printing* of Books.

What tho' a Reverend B—op had frequently said we shou'd never be well in *England*, till all the Dissenters were serv'd as the *Hugonots* in *France*? What tho' Esquire *M*—— has given it under his Hand, that he heartily prays God wou'd give her Majesty the Grace to put all that was wrote there in the Book call'd, *the Shortest Way* in Execution? What tho' Dr. *H*— frequently has Preach'd and Printed too, that the Dissenters were a Brood of Traytors, and the Spawn of Rebels not fit to live? What tho' the Author of whom we are now treating, has declar'd from the Pulpit, that a Man can't be a true Son of the Church of *England*, but he must lift up the bloody Flag against the Dissenters; yet since Printing Books is but a Modern Contrivance *to get a Penny*, and ought to be prepar'd so as may best suit the Market, and Sermons are only long Speeches directed to, and made to please the Auditory, and consequently suited to their Circumstances and Humour, it does not therefore follow, that because they have Preach'd and Printed these things, they really Intended and Design'd the thing, *no, Good Men*, it was far from their Thoughts. The Author therefore was most justly punish'd for his Folly, in believing any thing they said, and pretending to Alarm the Dissenters for the little insignicant Performances of the Pulpit, or the Press.

Nor are their cursory Discourses of more weight, the People are willing to please themselves with Rallying and Bullying the Dissenters, and make themselves

merry with ſcaring their Wives and Children, by telling them they deſerve to be all Hang'd, Baniſh'd and Deſtroy'd; but to think they are in earneſt, and mean as they ſay, nothing can be more abſur'd, 'tis as Ridiculous as 'tis to talk with *Houghton* the Apothecary, or *S—ly* the Muſter-Maſter; 'tis like Barking at a Dog, or if an Aſs kicks a Man, kicking him again; 'tis like fighting with a Chimney-Sweeper, or ſcolding with a Fiſh-Woman; 'tis like any thing that is Ridiculous, and therefore ſtill the Author of *the Shorteſt Way* was puniſh'd deſervedly, for telling that Story in Earneſt which the Church-men Preach'd, Printed, and Talkt about only in Jeſt.

But, Gentlemen, if what you Preach, Print or Say, be in Earneſt; if you would have us believe you, and give any heed to your Sermons, your Satyrs and Invectives, if your *Woolf Strip*, your *Aſſociations*, your *Peace and Union*, be of any weight, then 'tis no Scandal to affirm, that there is a barbarous Deſign on foot, in, and among ſome who call themſelves the Members of the Church of *England*, to Extirpate and Deſtroy the Diſſenters, and to do every thing by them that is Equivalent to what has been call'd *the Shorteſt Way*, and conſequently that Author was barbarouſly Treated.

After all that has been done to dreſs up the Diſſenters in the Fool's Coat, to make all the Town Mock 'em, and in the Knave's Coat, to make the Town hate them, let 'em be now blacken'd with Treaſon, and the World told they are dangerous to the Church, and to the Government, and ſo dreſt up in the Traytor's Coat, in order to ſet the Mob upon them.

The whole Houſe of Lords are abus'd, and the Biſhops Lampoon'd for not paſſing a Bill to Ruin them; nay, the Queen has not ſcap'd them, for her Majeſty's Moderation is the only preſent check to their Inſolent Behaviour; for this they tell us, ſhe has left them in the Lurch, and for that reaſon the Reverend, but very Drunken Incumbent at *Wickham*, left her Majeſty out of his Graces after-Meat ever ſince, and wou'd have left

left her out of the Prayers at Church, but that he was afraid of his *Diocesan*.

Here is now a new Attempt started, which strikes at the Root of the Dissenter's Interest, and is an effectual way to destroy the Succession of them in this Nation, and that is, to prevent them Educating their Children in their own Opinions, possibly some may be angry if I should call this another *Short Way*; but I must take leave to say, that next to the Methods formerly propos'd in the Book so call'd, this is doubtless *the Shortest Way with the Dissenters*.

If I shou'd tell the World that there was an Association form'd among some Gentlemen in the World, to have follow'd the *Occasional Bill*, with an Act for disabling all such Ministers to Preach in *England*, as were not, for the future, Educated in one of the two Universities of *Oxford* or *Cambridge*. If I shou'd say that a Mercenary Renegado was hir'd to expose the private Accademies of the Dissenters, as Nurseries of Rebellious Principles, I shou'd say nothing but what was in too many Mouths to remain a Secret.

I cou'd easily run a parallel between these Gentlemen's Proceedings, and those of the present *French* King's, when he first went the *Shortest Way with the Protestants of* France, and could tell them that they seem exactly to follow his blessed Example, *viz.* First, to deprive them of all Offices or Imployments in the State; then to take from them the Education of their Children, and then to the pulling down their Churches, *&c.* and so on to Gallows and Gallies; That this was not the readiest Method, the *Shortest Way*, I shall never deny, for the Wisdom and Policy of that Prince is unquestionably Great; but that these Gentlemen shou'd pretend to these very steps, and yet, at the same time, be angry to be told they design the rest, is Imposing things upon the World too gross to go down.

Wherefore I cannot but repeat it, that either the design is the total Destruction of the Dissenters as a Party,

or their Printing is meer Marketting, their Discourse Banter, and their Preaching Buffoonry.

For one of them to Treat us with good Words, and say this is only to secure the Government, and there is no harm meant the Dissenters that are peaceable, they are only excluded Preferment; and the other tell us, That this design of suppressing their Schools does not Affect the Dissenters, they may serve God according to the Tolleration their own Way, it only prevents Posterity following their Method; this is such jesting with the Dissenters, and such a civil way of telling them they are all Fools, that it can hardly be allow'd to pass without a little Satyr upon the Nonsence of it.

The Reverend Mr. *Wesly*, Author of two Pamphlets, Calculated to blacken our Education in the Accademies of the Dissenters, Ingenuously confesses himself Guilty of many Crimes in his Youth, and is the willinger to Confess 'em, as he would lay 'em at the Door of the Dissenters and their Schools, among whom he was Educated; tho', I humbly conceive, it is no more a Proof of the Immorality of the Dissenters in their Schools, *that he was a little rakish among them*, or that he found others among them like himself, than the Hanging five Students of *Cambridge* in a very short compass of time for Robbing on the High Way, shou'd prove that Padding is a Science taught in that University.

He takes a great deal of pains also to prove, that in those Accademies were, or are taught Antimonarchical Principles, the Author of these Sheets happens to be one that had what little Education he can pretend to, under the same Master that Gentleman was Taught by, *viz.* Mr. *Charles Morton* of *Newington Green*, and I have now by me the Manuscripts of Science, the Exercises and Actions of his School, and, among the rest, those of Politicks in particular, and I must do that Learned Gentleman's Memory that Justice to affirm, that neither in his System of Politicks,

liticks, Government and Discipline, or in any other the Exercises of that School, was there any thing Taught or Encourag'd, that was Antimonarchical, or Destructive to the Government, or Constitution of *England*; and particularly among the Performances of that School, I find a Declamation relating to the benefit of a single Person in a Common-Wealth, wherein it is declar'd and prov'd from History and Reason, that Monarchy is the best Government, and the best suited to the Nature of Government, and the Defence of Property; which Discourse, together with the said Manuscripts, System of Politicks and Government, as Read in that School, and which are now above 25 Years old, are left at the Publishers of this Book for any one to peruse, as a Satisfaction of the truth of Fact.

Allow then this Gentleman fell into ill Company afterward, allow we had, and still have worse Rakes among us than himself, does this prove that our Schools teach Men thus, and that the Dissenters in general profess Principles Destructive of Monarchy.

Sir *John Friend*, and Sir *William Parkins*, were Hang'd for Contriving to Assassinate the late King *William*, and these Gentlemen dy'd Church of *England* men, and Protestants, does it follow that the Church of *England* therefore Owns or Professes *the Doctrin of the Dagger*, teaches Assassination of Princes, and the like.

The Schools of the Dissenters are not so private, but they may be known; they are not asham'd of their Performances, but that any Gentleman of the Church, or any Man of Letters, may be admitted to see and hear what they Teach, and what the Pulpits Act there.

Or if they are Suspected, you may make a Law for a General Inspection, and if any be Guilty, suppress them that are so; but what sort of Justice is this to Suppress them, because, for ought we know, they are Guilty, without Examining the Truth of Fact;

and if it were True in one, or more, suppressing all the rest——— But this is Ch—ch Justice; this is the effect of our Men of Temper, and their Civility to their Neighbours.

And if the Destruction of the Dissenting Interest was not in this Design, why is not the Examination directed, the Guilt prov'd, the Guilty singl'd out, and Expos'd, or the Slander silenc'd?

And when all is done, Gentlemen, why do we erect private Accademies, and Teach our Children by themselves, even for the same Reason that we don't Communicate with you, *viz.* Because you shut us Out, and Exclude us, by Imposing unreasonable Terms. Open a Door to us in your Universities, and let our Youth be fairly admitted to Study there, without Imposing Oaths and Obligations upon them, and it shall no more be said that we erect Schools in opposition to you. 'Tis confess'd, we wou'd ask you to Reform the University Morals a little, as to the Trifles of Drunkenness and Leudness, if it might be; but upon a Freedom of Study without Unjust and Unfair Terms, and Oaths Impos'd, we wou'd venture their Morals, and it shou'd not be our Faults, if your Universities had not 2000 of our Children always there.

Or if you refuse us this Liberty, give us leave to Erect Foundations of our own there, and to Endow them our selves; give our Youth leave to study there, subject to all general Offices and Rules of the University, and only Free within Doors, and you shall soon see we will neither injure your University, nor set up others of our own.

But while you shut our Children out of your Schools, never Quarrel at our Teaching them at Schools of our own, or sending 'em into Foreign Countries to be Taught, since wherever they are Taught they generally get a share of Learning, at least equal to your selves, and, we hope, partake of as much Honesty; and as to their Performances *Match them*, and

Out-

Out-preach them, if you can; I wish that was the only strife between us.

Upon this Article Mr. *S——rell* of *Oxford* has blown his second Trumpet, to let us know he has not yet taken down his Bloody Flag, and that he was the real Author of the *Shortest Way*, tho' another was Punish'd for it, and we see he has the face to let them know, he is still of the same mind.

I confess I am a little surpriz'd, to see Mr. *Sa——rell* begin his Sermon with a Tenent long exploded by the Church, till they found themselves a little Embarrass'd with it. In short, 'tis a Whiggish Principle, and I am glad to have his Voucher to Confirm it, this Gentleman owns, in the very first Lines, that *the Regular Administration of Justice, is the Grand End and Design both of Government and Law.* P. first.

If this be true, it follows, that Justice *which is the End*, is Superior to the King that Executes, *who is the Means*, for the End is always Superior to the Means, and if this be true, Deposing Tyrannick evil Administrating Princes cannot be Criminal, because they Over-turn and Destroy the end of Government, and the thing it self must fall to the Ground.

We thank him for this Concession, and hope he will not take it ill if we find it convenient to Quote him upon this occasion, in order to Confute such Authors who will still have it be the Doctrine of the *Ch.* of *E.* to submit the Laws and Administration of Justice absolutely to the Dispose of the Crown.

I am still farther in his debt, for a Declaration against a persecuting Spirit, *P.* 5. he tells us honestly, "Whoever is Guilty of an undeserv'd, unwarrantable "Act of Rigour, must be presum'd to have a malici- "ous Inclination.

To state this, I am forc'd to have recourse to the Preamble of the first Occasional Bill, which ran thus. "Whereas Persecution, meerly on Account of Con- "science, is contrary to the Principles of the Christian "Religion, and to the Doctrine of the Church of "*England.*

"*England.*' This Gentleman confirms it, for if Perſecution is contrary to the Chriſtian Religion, 'tis certainly an undeſerv'd, unwarrantable Rigour, and conſequently proceeds from a malicious Inclination.

Why this Preamble was wholly left out in the ſecond Bill, I know not; nor will I affirm I believe it was from what ſome have had Charity little enough to ſuggeſt, *viz.* That the Bill being to contain the very eſſence of Perſecution, they were loth it ſhou'd be Condemn'd by its own Title.

As to that little part of this Gentleman's Diſcourſe, which he calls Sermon, or that has any Divinity in it, I ſhall wave any Debate, his extraordinary Eloquence I acknowledge, with gall not a little, and prejudice to extremity, tho' Haranguing againſt it.

But as to the Jeſt of the Sermon, the Farce in the Play, the Buffoonery of it, I muſt take it a little apart.

And *Firſt*, reducing his Diſcourſe to the Article of Prejudice, as it concerns Parties and Intereſt, he gives himſelf a looſe to play the Mad-man a little, and Banter *Occaſional Conformity* as the moſt hideous Monſter that ever appear'd in this part of the World; for Anſwer to which, I think 'tis enough to referr him back to the reverend Biſhop of *Salisbury*'s Speech in the Houſe of Lords, where he proves 'twas the practice of *Queen Elizabeth*, to admit of Perſons of Different Religions into Places of Truſt; if the Caſe ſtill continued, the *Teſt* wou'd ceaſe, and Occaſional Conformity dye of courſe.

Then he turns his Diſcourſe into Lampoon upon the Biſhops, and Taxes thoſe Reverend Gentlemen, with Breaking their Oaths, betraying the Church they pretend to ſupport, and with favouring the Churches implacable Enemies the Diſſenters.

As to the Perjury of the Biſhops, I cannot but obſerve, how cunningly this Gentleman has hook'd them in; firſt, he Taxes them for breaking their Oaths, and

then

then bewails the Insufficiency of our Laws in punishing Perjury; and Exhorts the Judges, to whom he preach'd, to promp the Executing the utmost Severity in Cases of Perjury; and to endeavour to have the Deficiency of the Law supply'd.

What is it, says he, *that the Infatuation of Prejudice will not perswade Men to do: If it can prevail even upon those, who pretend to support our Church and Government, in spight of their Oaths and Obligations, to betray them*, P 32.

Then running on in a scurrilous Invective on the Dissenters, he concludes, *Are these the Wolves in Sheeps Cloathing, that are to be Invited and Complimented, even by our superior Pastors into Christ's fold to worry and devour it*, Page *ibid.* The Man raves.

First, Sir, can you prove that any of your Superiour Pastors have Invited and Complimented the Dissenters.

Secondly, Can you prove they have Invited them into Christ's Fold to Worry and Devour.

If neither of these be true, then these are two of the positive Untruths, I am loath to say *L—s*, of which I'le prove, you have in this one Sermon debauch'd the Pulpit with about Fourteen, to the Scandal of the Ministerial Function, the Reproach of the Coat you wear, and the open Discovery of your Honesty and Temper: As to the rest let my Lords, the Bishops, Answer for themselves, and, indeed, I think my Lord of *Salisbury* has effectually done it in his Speech to the House of Peers.

As to the Dissenters, Sir, we expect no good Language from you, *for it is not your Talent*, but Truth we expect, and if you wont speak it, we must see if we can at least expose your Falshood, and the Punishment will be Detecting your Prevarication, and positive Falsities of which no Sermon sure was ever so full.

From your 31st page to 36. your Discourse is an entire Invective against the Dissenters, wherein forgetting all the Rules of Decency, you Treat them with worse

worſe Language than, in good Manners, wou'd be thought fit to give to *Pagans*, *Indians*, and Worſhipers of the *Devil*.

'Tis ſuppos'd you dont deſire we ſhou'd be at the pains to prove that by *Phanaticks*, you mean all the ſeveral ſorts of Diſſenters, and by *Phanaticiſm*, their Opinions are the terrible things you mean, and this I take for granted, both from the Scope of your Sermon, which ſeems to be a Maſs of Gall, mixt up to a Conſiſtency with Prejudice, Envy, Pride, and ungovern'd Paſſion.

And, indeed, Sir, on theſe Accounts the *Zeal of the Lord having ſo eaten you up*, as hardly to leave you your Senſes free from the Taint we had never thought it worth, while to reply to ſo much Rallery, and ſuch Abuſive Language, as things not fit for a reaſonable Man's Notice, but for the ſake of thoſe honeſt Gentlemen's Names, who you put in the Front.

Now, as you are pleas'd to Dedicate your Book to them, and to tell us it was at their Command you publiſh'd it, 'twou'd have tended much to the removing ſome doubts in our Thoughts, if you had obtain'd, from thoſe Gentlemen, a ſhort ſignification of the true Reaſons why they ordered the publication, ſome People, who have the honour to know ſome of them, being of Opinion that they did it meerly to banter you, and to let you give the World the Character of your ſelf; Others think thoſe Gentlemen might think 'twas a Compliment you expected, and that ſince they knew you had prepar'd it for the Preſs, they were unwilling to deprive you of what 'tis known you are extreamly fond of, I mean the appearing in Print to the World.

Their Lordſhips the Judges, it ſeems, are the only two who had Kindneſs and Charity enough for you, not to prompt you to make your ſelf ſo ſcandalouſly publick, and therefore we do not find my Lord Chief Baron *Ward* cou'd be perſwaded to be ſo far acceſſary to the expoſing you.

But

But to enter upon the Matter I ask your leave, that laying aside all other Debates about your Sermon, and not troubling my self with the foulneſs of your Language, and the bitter Invectives againſt the Diſſenters, as things which do you little good, and your Argument leſs, I ſhall only tell you, Sir, the Caſe in diſpute between the Church and the Diſſenters on your ſide, is ſupported very much by Rudeneſs and ill Manners, Opprobious Language, *&c.* but on our ſide needs it not.

I ſhall therefore leave you to go on in your uſual ſtream of Raillery and ill Words, and only inform the World how the Pulpit, which claims a due Reverence to Truth, and a needful caution as to Matter of Fact, has had the misfortune to Patronize you, in Affirming a great many things which you cannot make out to be true.

1. You Affirm this *Phanaticiſm*, that is, theſe Opinions of the Diſſenters, is *nothing elſe but a moſt Full and Comprehenſive Combination of all Wayward and Diabollical Prejudices*, P. 31.

Now, Sir, allowing that our Diſſenting from you were ill Grounded in ſome Points, which, nevertheleſs, I do not grant, ſince we agree with you in all the Fundamentals of Doctrine, and Sign to 36 of your 39 Articles of Faith, how will you do to prove that our Diſſenting, which you call *Phanaticiſm*, is nothing elſe but a full Combination of all Prejudices; how you Compliment Thirty Six of the Church Articles in this Caſe, to be part of this Combination I leave you to Defend at your Leiſure? You have been taught, Sir, in that Fountain of Learning, where you make your preſent figure, a better kind of Logick then Affirming without Proving; ſo that till you prove our Principles to be *Nothing elſe but a Combination of all Prejudices*, we muſt crave leave of you to ſet this Affirmation of yours down, as a Falſhood, and figure it in order *No.* 3.

Then, Sir, I demand you to prove that theſe Prejudices of the Diſſenters are Diabolical.

If

If it wou'd ſerve to convince you, I could bring you the Teſtimony of all the Eminent Perſons of your own Church, who have diſputed with us on the Heads of our Diſſenting, and none of 'em would ever advance a Notion ſo Black, ſo full of Malice, and ſo empty of Charity, that we are under *Diabolical Prejudices*, and conſequently *cannot be ſav'd out of your Church*, this is Popery in its exalted Extreams, and without uſing much Compliment with you, I affirm, that the Diſſenters, Sir, are by all the Rules from which a Chriſtian Man may judge within the Compaſs of a Way of Salvation, as much as the Church of *England*, and that I may not, like you, affirm what I cannot make out. I prove it thus,

They Profeſs the ſame Doctrine, the ſame Faith, the ſame Saviour, and the ſame Baptiſm with your Selves, and if the Faith in a Redeemer, which is one and exactly alike in thoſe who are good Chriſtians, and believers on either ſide, is effectual to ſave One, it muſt be effectual to ſave the Other.

This poſition therefore being as yet unprov'd, and the contrary own'd by the Fathers and Doctors of your own Church in all Ages, I muſt mark it *No.* 4. and ſet it down as a meer Genuine Forgery of your own Brain, form'd in that very prejudice you pretend to Condemn, and advanc'd to the World from a Heart full of Malice, thro' a Mouth full of Curſing and Bitterneſs, without Argument, Proof, Circumſtance or Probability.

Then, Sir, you go on in the very next Words, for every Line abounds with falſhood, to tell us you can never be ſafe, or ſecure from our reſtleſs and embroiling Deſigns.

How, Sir, I cannot forbear asking you what are theſe Deſigns? We own the deſign to enjoy our Liberty of Worſhipping God according to our Conſciences, which, to your great mortification, is now our Right by Law, and which her Majeſty, to your yet greater Diſappointment, has promis'd us to maintain

and

and continue, for which you very fairly Unchurch'd her, and declared her no other Friend to you, in another Invective of yours formerly printed. We own also, the design of maintaining our just Rights and Privileges as *English* men, and by all lawful Means to oppose and suppress all sorts of Tyranny and Oppression, as well Ecclesiastical as Civil

As to all other designs, Sir, we Challenge you to prove them, or any other of them. We have always been upon the Defensive with you; we have ever been attack'd, and have only resisted your Violence? You are the daily Aggressors; we Act nothing, or Say nothing, till you force us by your furious and open Attempts upon our just Freedom, which you will always find us willing, and, I hope, able to Defend.

We can prove your Party Guilty of Plots and Embroiling Designs. We defy you to show us one Dissenter, either in the late villanous Plot to Assassinate the Nations Deliverer, and the best King that ever sat on the *English* Throne, or, in the present Conspiracy. But we are ready to give you a Black List, when you please, of Church of *England* Protestants, in both Leaguing with *France* to Embroil the Government of their native Country, Murther, and Depose their Lawful Prince, and Introduce a Popish Successor.

To call upon you therefore for a Proof of the Embroiling designs of the Dissenters, is but a just return to your Invidious Charge, and till you produce it, let that stand for a double falshood, *No.* 5. 6.

To fill up that one Page of Scandal, and make it pass for a true Libel, you go back to *the never to be forgotten* Year of 41.

And why, Sir, *never to be forgotten*; her Majesty, in her Speeches to excite the Nation to *Peace* and *Union*, recommends Temper, and generous Principles, all the Men of Temper in your own Church tell us, the only way to Peace is to lay aside former Animosities, and Remembrances of past Mischiefs. If they must never be forgotten, pray, Sir, are you willing to recriminate,

did

did we *suppose we were the Men*, do any thing to King *Charles* I. but what you did to his Son; has not a noble Lord vouchsafing to turn Author, and write the History of that Rebellion, has he not told us in the first Part of his first Volume, that the ill Conduct of that Prince brought all the Calamities of Civil War upon his Head; had you done less for his Son, if he had staid and fought you as his Father did? And did you do less when you fought him in *Ireland*? How often have you been Challeng'd to bring your Loyalty to the Test with us, and see who has rais'd more Rebellions against the Establish'd Government, or Murther'd more Princes, You or We.

Let us look upon your present Proceedings, ----- you say your poor Episcopal Church in *Scotland* suffers Barbarous and Bloody Usage there, and that we never gave the Church any Quarter when we had her in our power.

'Tis a misfortune to you that your Passion so outgoes your Reason, that when you happen to be in, you will be in, and not content to pass the Truth in one particular; you forget it in all the particulars, for neither of these Cases happen to have any shadow of Truth in them.

The Barbarisms and Bloody doings us'd with the Episcopal Party in *Scotland* amounted to so few, that when they represented their Sufferings in an Address to Her Majesty, all the sume of the Matter was so Trivial, that her Majesty saw only Reason to Admonish them to more Love and Charity with the Ministers of the National Church, and to a due Submission to the Establish'd Government.

To state this wonderful Grievance 'tis to be observ'd, That the Great present Quarrel is at the *Scots* Establishment, and the Deposing Episcopacy. This the *Scots* have an undoubted Right to, the *Presbyterian* Establishment, being the Original Protestant Settlement of that Nation, into which they immediately Engaged at their first Reformation.

Episcopacy

Episcopacy is an *English* Encroachment upon them, and was first attempted by King *James* the First, about the Year 1615, and since that, with great reluctancy, had been submitted to in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second, but was Abolish'd by Act of Parliament at the Revolution, stands now Expell'd, and her Majesty knows too well the Rights of her People, to attempt its Restoration against the Constitution of that Nation.

In which the just regard her Majesty has to the Native Rights of her People is Conspicuous, and Moderation known to all the World.

But wou'd this Gentleman be willing we shou'd inform the World of the Patience with which these sufferers bear the Expulsion of their Hierarchy; what Insults of the present Incumbents; what Tumults and Breaches of the Peace; what Clamours and Threatnings do the present Establishment there bear with every day? For which we refer to the Letter from the general Assembly there to her Majesty, and the Accounts of Affairs daily transmitted by Impartial Hands, and made publick.

As to the Bloody usage of the Dissenters there it is all Forgery and Malice, and those Severities that have been us'd with them, would have been much less, had they first submitted to the Constitution, taken the Oaths to the Government, and made the Dispute meerly Religious.

And yet, considering the Bloody and Barbarous usage of the Dissenters formerly in that Kingdom, *the Truth is*, they had reason to expect little favour, since I believe 'tis easy to make it out, that more People have been Murther'd under the Episcopal Tyranny in *Scotland*, at their Religious Meetings only, than the Bloody Reign of Queen *Mary*, formerly sacrific'd here on account of Popery and Transubstantiation.

These therefore are positive untruths, your Church has fair Quarter now in *Scotland*, the Profession of it without Tests, Sacraments, or any Obligations, *but*

that

that of the Oath of Allegiance, enjoy the advantage of Places and Preferments, a thing we are denied here, and all this Clamour, Sir, is so directly opposite to plain and demonstrated Truth, that we can Appeal even to the Queen's Majesty her self, to testify for us, that you are mistaken, and consequently encrease the List of Falsities to *No.* 7 and 8.

I purposely omit your bitter Invective at *Occasional Conformity*, and at your own Friends, for rejecting the Bill against it, let the Bishops you have Lampoon'd, and the House of Lords you have Arraign'd, Answer you, as thanks be to God they have effectually done.

Then, Sir, you come in with another Forgery of your own Brain, P. 35. *These Designing Men, by the false Pretences of Moderation serve themselves in a Two-fold Way, both upon the Church to Amuse and cast it into a Deed Sleep, and then like* Dalila *to let in the* Philistins, *by widening a Breach in her Constitution: First, to weaken, and then to overthrow it, and then on the Dissenters, to encourage them in their Sins, by mitigating Theirs, and the Churches Differences; and which is more Astonishing, by justifying their damnable Schism*, and this blessed Speech you bring to this short Conclusion, *what have these Men to do with* Peace and Union? Thus, Sir, you have lift up your Banner of Defiance a second time, and in the Name of the Church you tell us, we shall have no *Peace* nor *Union* with you—— We are sorry for it, and if all the Church of *England* was of your Mind, we know what he had to expect; but blessed be God, this is the Language only of one mad Priest, *a Fury* made up of a Complication of Malice, intollerable Pride, bigotted Zeal, and bloody Hellish Unchristian Principles, to whom I shall Reply, in the Words of our Blessed Saviour, to those high spirited passionate Disciples that were for calling for fire from Heaven on the Jews. *Ye know not what Spirits you are of.*

But now, that the Dissenters may not stand alone, this angry Gentleman, lets his Passion loose at all the

Men

Men of Moderation in his own Church, and this laſt Paragraph is a whole Satyr upon thoſe we call Low-Church-men.

Theſe, he ſays, under pretence of Moderation, caſt the Church into a dead Sleep, in order to over throw the Conſtitution.

No. 9. This ſtands plain to be reckon'd a Notorious Impoſition upon 2 Millions of honeſt Gentlemen, who not only are now, but at all times have been the Bulwark of the Church of *England*, and it muſt remain to me as a perfect Forgery, till he proves one Act, which the Moderate Church men ever did to over-throw the Conſtitution of the Church.

In the mean time while I leave this Gentleman to prove his haſty Affirmative if he can, I ſhall prove another Affirmative, out of which the Negative to his aſſertion will be plain by Conſequence; and this I take to be a fair way of Diſputing, if he can tell me a fairer, I am ready to join Iſſue with him.

Firſt, Then I can prove that theſe Men of Moderation have, when the Church has been reduc'd to the laſt Extremity, been the only Refuge, Deliverance, and Reſtorers of the Church.

To go no farther back than the Biſhops who were ſent to the Tower in King *James* the Second's Reign, who, when you *Gentlemen of the Tribe of* Iehu had ſooth'd up that abus'd Prince to believe you ſpoke as you meant, when you talk'd of *Paſſive Obedience*, and *Non Reſiſtance*, and upon that Preſumption had encourag'd him to lay the Plan of the Churches Deſtruction, who were the Men that fled from his Authority to the Protection of the Laws, but the preſent Biſhop of *London*, who firſt broke the Ice by refuſing the Illegal ſuſpenſion of Dr. *Tenniſon*, then Incumbent at St. *Giles's* in the Fields, and after this the Biſhops, who went to the *Tower*, becauſe they wou'd not conſent to a Suſpenſion of the Laws, and yet, at the ſame time, declar'd the Moderation of their Principles and Charity for their Bre-

thren, in promising to come to a Temper with the Dissenters.

And, with these Worthy Prelates, joyn'd all the Nobility and Gentry of *England*, who set their Hands to the Invitation given the Prince of *Orange*, and who join'd with him to rescue this Church from the Destruction that then threatned her.

These, Sir, are the Men of Moderation, most of them are Enemies to your Fiery Temper, and have honestly appear'd against your *Occasional Bill*; 'tis to these Moderate Church-men you owe, next to Divine Providence, the Restoration and Establishment of your Church, and in particular, Sir, of *Magdalen* College in *Oxford*, of which, if you write your self a Fellow, you ought not to be so ungrateful as to turn upon your Deliverers, and charge them with Overthrowing your Constitution, by whose Courage, Honesty and Temper, you now enjoy your Fellowship, the College her Foundation Settlement, the Church her Establishment, and the Nation her Liberties.

These are the Men of Moderation, who gave Peace to the Dissenters, and while those Gentlemen Live, the Church of *England* must flourish, and will do so, and her Dissenting Brethren under their Protection enjoy the Peace they wish for, and with which they always declar'd themselves satisfied and content.

Many Instances more could be given you, in which 'tis plain to prove the Church owes her present Settlement under a Protestant Queen, to the Justice, Candor, and Courage of the Moderate Church-men, when the Fury of such Hot Spurs as we are now talking to, have brought it to the Door of Destruction; but I think this sufficient to detect this horrid Suggestion, that the Moderate Men are the Over-throwers of the Constitution of the Church.

The Moderate Church-men there, says he, Mitigate the Differences between the Church and the Dissenters.

Do they so, Sir, they then can act like Christians, for whether is the Spirit of Moderation, or that of Persecution, the most like a Christian.

But if you mean by this they have made the Differences seem less than they really are, I must call that by the same Name with the rest, because it is impossible you shou'd pretend to prove it.

But then you come with two positive Contradictions in one Sentence, which including the former, brings the Account up to *No.* 12.

The moderate Men sooth the Dissenters, by justifying their Damnable Schism.

Astonishing Language! First, 'tis impossible to prove they justify this damnable Schism, because, secondly, Sir, there is no damnable Schism among us.

Were these Gentlemen to be answer'd by Arguments or Authorities; were they to be convinc'd by Proofs, by Demonstrations, by any way of Arguing, they have been told, 1st, by the whole House of Peers, including the Spiritual Lords themselves, that the Dissenters are no Schismaticks, Mr. *Hales* of *Eaton*, a Church of *England* Divine, has clear'd us, by unanswerable Arguments, from the Charge of Schism.

If these are not sufficient, we fairly Challenge our Adversary to Answer Mr. *Delaune*, the Protestant Reconciler, the Conformists Plea for the Non-Conformists Mr. *Henry*, Mr. *Tongue*, and multitudes more, who have clear'd up this Point, and make it very plain, that our separation from the Church is no Schism at all, much less can it bear the Charitable Epether of *Damnable*, bestow'd upon it by this passionate Gentleman.

I come now to another false Accusation, and yet affirm'd with as much Front as the rest, that *the Dissenters never fail'd to betray the Church, when ever they* (the Church) *trusted them* (the Dissenters.)

I think my self very civil to the Gentleman in letting this pass but for one, and calling it *No.* 13. because I am perswaded he cannot tell us, *tho' we can,*

when ever the Church truſted the Diſſenters with any thing, as well as that he cannot prove when ever the Diſſenters betray'd 'em.

But without putting him to prove whenever the Diſſenters betray'd them, it is ſufficient to prove the falſity of his Argument, if I name him a time when the Church did truſt the Diſſenters, and they did not betray them, and when they had it in their Power to have reduc'd them below the probability of an Eſtabliſhment.

And becauſe I purpoſe ſhortly to viſit them with a full Draught of the Treaty between the Diſſenters in this Caſe, and ſome Truths which I perceive this Author knows nothing of, I ſhall be the ſhorter on this Head.

When in King *James* the Second's Time his Majeſty found, that in order to reduce the Church, it was his buſineſs to Carreſs the Diſſenters, and accordingly publiſh'd an Immediate Indulgence, a great many of the Diſſenters made warm by their former ſufferings, clos'd eagerly with the Propoſals, and would willingly have ſet their Hand to the work; but when the Men of Temper, *for we do not deny to have ſome too violent Spirits among us*, came to conſider the Caſe, they found the deſign ſtruck at the whole Body of the Church of *England*, they conſidered them as Proteſtants and Brethren, they conſidered the Methods uſing with them as Deſtructive to the Laws, as to the Church, and a Plot as well on Liberty as Religion, they immediately ſtopt ſhort, and tho' they cou'd not but accept of Liberty as their Right and Proper due in matters of Religion, yet they could not conſent to enjoy it as a Ruine to the Law, and therefore vigorouſly oppos'd the taking off the Penal Laws, tho' they themſelves were to reap the benefit of it. In this juncture the Church finding the Root of her Conſtitution ſtrook at, and that if the Diſſenters were brought over to joyn in that Attempt, ſhe ſhould be undone without Remedy, immediately apply'd to the Diſſenters, repreſent

ent to them the design as aim'd at the whole Protestant Body, call upon them with a *Proximus Ardet*, and tell them of *Polyphemus*'s *Courtesie*, call the Declaration of Indulgence a *Trojan* Horse, and talk to them as Brethren and Fellow Christians all United in one Faith, Doctrine, Baptism, hope of Life and Saviour, and at last come to the Point, that if they would joyn with the Church to resist Invading Popery, they would call in the Prince of *Orange*, and fight for their Liberty and Religion; and as to Differences, they would call a healing Parliament, establish Indulgence by Law, fix an eternal Liberty of Conscience, and from this time forward we should be all Brethren.

If you doubt, Sir, the Truth of this, either of the Churches danger at that time, or the Dissenters quitting their Revenge, and the Promises of their Prince, Examine the College, of which you write Fellow, some of your worthy Contemporaries can justify all this, and more.

Thus, Sir, you trusted us, and we never betray'd you.

Thus, Sir, We trusted you, and you have betray'd us; our Indulgence, indeed, you have perform'd, and we acquit you of that, tho' we know what we owe in that Case to King *William*, but where's the future Correspondence of Brethren, where the promis'd Temper? All this is forgot, and now, when we say, is there Peace, you Answer, with *Jehu*, *What Peace so long as the Whoredoms of your Mother* Jezabelle *continue*, you cry, *what have we to do with* Peace and Union?

Thus, Sir, I think your Assertion is sufficiently prov'd false, by proving we have been Trusted, and have not betray'd you, I wish you could defend the Tr--che-ry of your Church from as plain an Example.

By the By, Sir, I must note a very Christian-way of Arguing in your 35th Page, when you come to justify your persecuting Spirit, *As to Persecution of tender Consciences*, say you, *I appeal to the Histories of our Kingdom, whether ever they gave the Church the least Favour or Quarter, when they had her under their Power.*

I must finish my present Discourse with you upon this Head, and first, I must debate the Christian with you——. Suppose it were true that we had not, is it therefore justifiable that you must persecute tender Consciences?

To what degrees of madness does the unbounded fury of Men's Passions lead them; is this, Sir, your Christian Religion, is this Church of *England* Religion, wou'd any Man look for such Language in a Sermon against Prejudice?

I have noted in the beginning of this Book, that in the Preface to the first *Occasional Bill*, you will find these Words, *Persecution of tender Consciences is contrary to the Principles of the Christian Religion, and the Doctrine of the Church of* England.

Well, Gentlemen, but tho' it be both contrary to the Christian and the Church of *England* Man, yet you will do it, because we *never shew'd you any Favour or Quarter when we had you in our Power.*

Excellent Christians! you will Revenge your selves tho' you act against the Christian Principles, and the Doctrine of your own Church.

But after all, Gentlemen, the excuse for this Matter happens to be false too, for when we had you in our Power in K. *James*'s time, we did show you favour, and give you Quarter, for we chose War for your sakes, and quitted all the Promises and Advantages we had made and offered us by your Adversary, and are rewarded like your Selves.

In this Case your Clamours are so Unjust, that we cannot but let you know that we are preparing an exacter History, both of our Treatment of you, and your Treatment of us, which you shall have a Monthly Prospect of, in which all your Barbarities and Injustices, as well as Ingratitude to the Dissenters, shall at large appear.

And as we are forced to this Method to undeceive the World, to whom such Incendiaries as you Misrepresent us, so you are notoriously the Aggressors in your

your constant Endeavours to blacken us to Posterity, and force us to expose you for our own just Vindication.

We had much rather live in Peace, and Bury the Iniquities of our, and your Fathers, in silence with their Ashes; but since you are always raking up the Actions of the Dead, and valuing your selves upon the Days of 41, we shall trace you back to your Original, and bring you to an exact Ballance, as to Rebellion, Loyalty, killing of Kings, Persecution, Principles, Honesty and Charity, and we declare our selves content to stand by the Foot of the Account with you.

In the mean time we have been Advertiz'd in Print of a *Black List*, preparing for publick view, of all the Sufferings of the Church of *England* Clergy in the Rebellion of 1641. and that all well-wishers to the Nation's Feuds should send in what Materials they have to raise the Bulk. I take the freedom to give the Author Notice that we will give them time to finish their design, we will abate them all Mr. *Calamy*'s 9th Chapter of Mr. *Baxter*'s Life, and 3000 Ministers silenc'd and turn'd out; we will, perhaps, add something for them to the List of their Sufferers, we will throw them in 500000 *l.* Sterling in the Account of Damages; we will quit them a Tun of Dissenters Blood, and abate them all the time they take to Muster up their Evidences, and, in the short space of 14 days after their Publication, come to a fair Account of Persecution with them, and the whole cause shall turn upon the Ballance.

If this Challenge be not fair, let them Answer this, and I'le make them yet a fairer.

And as I design once a Month to give a particular of the Mis-representations and base Treatment the Dissenters receive from this Party, till I have gone thro' the whole History, so I shall produce such unanswerable Proofs, such just Authorities, and plain Matter of Fact, that I have no Apprehension of being disprov'd, having no need to help out our Cause with so weak and disadvantageous a shift as the refuge of Lyes.

A

New TEST

OF THE

CHURCH of *ENGLAND*'s

HONESTY.

IT is not many Months since the World was Entertain'd with a yet Unanswer'd Pamphlet, Entituled, *A Test of the Church of* England's *Loyalty*; wherein 'tis but too plainly made out, that, indeed, as to Loyalty, Obedience to Princes, Passive Submission, and the like, the Church of *England* can give but a very indifferent Account of her self.

'Tis a particular Unhappiness to those Gentlemen of the Church, who have been so very forward to attack the Dissenters upon all Occasions, that they have forgot to fortify this weak part of their Cause; but while they have been very busy Abusing the Enemy, and Amusing their Friends, they have left them so Naked to the Insults of their Wit, on this Article, that the whole Party has been, as it were, absolutely Defeated.

'Tis

'Tis true, they have made uſe of Power for want of Argument, and ſupplied the place of an Anſwer by finding the Author a Lodging in *Newgate*: And he that own'd that Pamphlet to be his, has found the Truth of that old Verſe which ends with

Acheronta Movebo.

Which being Interpreted, may ſignify, That if Arguments cannot anſwer him, the *Pillory* and a *Fine*, *Ultra Tenementum* ſhall.

That unhappy Author forgot the old Maxim of *Machiavel*, *That when Men argue about Religion, if One Side cannot Anſwer, it certainly ends in a Battle*: For it is moſt Natural, when the Tongue has done its utmoſt, to fall to work with the Hand. Therefore I would adviſe that Gentleman, whoſe only Misfortune is to have too little Caution, that he ſhould never clench an Argument ſo very faſt, as not to leave the Adverſary one corner to creep out at; for they then immediately fall on him with their heavy Cannon: 'Tis like Cooping-up a ſtrong Enemy, and forcing them to ſome deſperate Attack to break out; in which they often ſucceed, beyond all the common Rules of War.

Our Modern Champions of the Church, who have Stock enough to make good the Front of their Cauſe, and every day Bully the Diſſenters in Print; have alſo Wit enough to omit all Notice of this terrible Defeat in their Rear, and puſh on the Battle, as if they knew nothing of the Matter.

Sa—rel, the Generaliſſimo of the Oxford Squadron, has ſpread his Bloody Flag againſt the Diſſenters, and long before *de Foe*'s Book told us *the Shorteſt Way with them*, has loaded them with Rebellion, with killing of Kings, deſtroying Monarchy, and ſetting up Anarchy, and Schiſmatical Power: Never taking Notice, that the Church of *England* Men have kill'd as many Kings as the Presbyterians; have been Rebels oftener than the Diſſenters; have Set-up Schiſmatical Conventicles upon weaker

weaker Grounds than the Whigs, and have belied the very Doctrines they themselves preach'd to the People.

'Tis something to be wonder'd at, that when the Author of *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters.* was charg'd with Sedition, he did not think fit to tell the World, that this was Church of *England* Sedition, Preached in a Church of *England* Pulpit, Printed in a Church of *England* University, officiously Licens'd, and consequently own'd by Church of *England* Authority: Had he done thus, and produc'd *Sacheverel*'s Book for it, Entituled, *Political Union*, Licens'd by the Vice-Chancellor of *Oxford*; I know not what Others might do, but I am sure no *English* Jury wou'd ha' brought him in Guilty.

But since this Victory over the *Church's Loyalty* is so very compleat, and there needs nothing further to be said about it; let us now make another Attack, and see if they can defend their *HONESTY* any better than their *Loyalty*.

If then upon the Whole Matter it can be Prov'd, That their *Honesty* has run the same Fate with their *Loyalty*; that they are a Parcel of *K—s*, as well as *Rebels*; that they are no more Bound by their Common Integrity to One another, to their Neighbours, nor to Themselves, than they are Bound by their Allegiance to their Princes; then any body may guess at the rest of their Principles, and all the World may expect to be treated by them accordingly.

Before we descend to the Particulars of this *Black* Charge, which, as Black as it is, shall effectually be made out upon those People it reaches, 'twill be necessary to state the Point as to these two Articles:

First, What it is I mean by the *Honesty* of the Church of *England* Men.

Secondly, Who those are we call the *Church of England.*

As to the First, I must premise, That I do not mean Personal Honesty, as to Dealings between Man and Man; or Honesty of the Flesh among the different Sexes,

Sexes, in which Cases possibly, they may have a General Proportion with other People: But I mean their *Ecclesiastical Honesty*, their Honesty as a Church in General, the Honesty of the *Clergy* and *Members* of the Church, in Matters relating to the Religious Polity, and their Dealings with their Christian Neighbours.

By the *Church*, now I must be allow'd to understand those who *call themselves the Church*; those Bishops and Clergy of the Church, who have so carefully Distinguish'd themselves, as to Condemn all the *Low-Churchmen*, as they call them, for Traytors to the Church, and Betrayers of her Doctrine and Discipline: In a word, those Gentlemen who have undertaken the Defence of some of her Extraordinary Proceedings, and all those who Passively Assent and Consent by not Declaring their Opinions to the Contrary; *for he that is not Against them, is With them.*

I cannot but judge that Doctrine, or that Opinion, to be the Doctrine and Opinion of the Whole Church, which being preach'd in the Pulpit, and handed to the World from the Press, by a Church Clergy-man, is not Exploded and Condemn'd by the *Diocesan*, and the Person oblig'd to Recant, or be Censur'd for it.

If this be not the Act of the Church, then nothing can be call'd an Act of the Church of *England*, but what is acted by the Convocation, or a National Synod: And indeed this has been a Hole at which abundance of People have crept out, in some Things they were asham'd of; Disowning them as the Acts of private People, and not of the Church.

But in the Sence here premis'd, I think 'tis just, that what One Minister Preaches and Publishes, the *Diocesan* Licensing, or not Disapproving, should be esteemed the general Act of the Church: And if this shall not be allow'd, we shall never arrive at a certainty, when the Church may be said to do this or that; but all the Mistakes of her Doctors shall lie at their own private Doors, and the Church, as a Church, never be charg'd with it: And this is an Effectual Method to ward off all manner of Reproach.

But

But since all the Sons of *Levi* are under the Sacerdotal Authority of their *Diocesan*, I cannot but make Them Accountable, and charge the Church with all the *Errata* of her Inferior Clergy, as her own Act and Deed; because it is in her Power always to Reprove every Thing she does not Approve; to Censure what is not Agreeable to her Canon, Principle, or Practice; or at least, to Declare her Dissent or Dislike.

And tho', if I may be allow'd to speak impartially on the Behalf of the generality of *English Protestants* Conforming to the Church, I shall freely own, That much the greater part, both of the Nobility, of the Gentry, and common People, are really blest with a Moderation of Principles, and a Temper of Charity towards all Men, and towards their Dissenting Neighbours and Brethren in particular: Yet since by the Writing and Maxims of these Gentlemen of the Church, this Spirit of Calmness and Moderation is Condemn'd and Exploded as Trayterous to the Church, as a Parricide on the common Parent, as a Ripping up the Bowels of the Church, and the like; and all the Gentlemen who practise such Moderation, Declar'd to be Parties to *Whiggism* and *Fanaticism*; and notwithstanding all their Assent and Consent, Oaths, Communion, and all necessary Testimony of their Conformity, are blackned with worse Titles, if worse can be, than the *most Obstinate Dissenters*. Since all the Moderate Gentlemen are thus Unchurch'd and Anathematis'd at once, I think I do no Injustice to that Party who have taken upon them the Title of *the Church of England*, Abstracted from the Incumberances of Charity, Temper, and Moderation, and to Join with them as far as for the sake of the Argument is needful, in Unchurching all the Moderate Men; and in the Words of the Famous *Sa—rel*, Licensed by the University of *Oxford*, conclude, That *all Men who wish the Welfare of the Church, ought to Lift up the Bloody Flag against their Protestant Brethren the Dissenters*; or,

in

in plain English, proceed against them *the Shortest Way.*

This being premis'd, I think I am Justified in the Method of this Book; and *I claim*, That wherever I mention the *Church of England*, I may be understood of those People who own the Principles of Mr. *Sa—vrel*, those Distinguish'd for such by the Author of *the Character of a Low-Churchman*; those who have been content to be the Heralds of War against the Late Reign, who will have the *Toleration* Branded as a *Phanatick Plot*, and Rail at it because they cannot have it *Repeal'd.*

These I am content to call the *Church of England* for the Time being; and if the Church thinks her self Injur'd in the Denomination, as indeed I think she is, the Scandal however is her Due; so far, as she has not thought fit to *Condemn* the Doctrine, and *Censure*, if not *Punish*, the Authors.

I am further Justified in Arguing against these Men, in the Name of *the Church of England*, for these following Reasons.

1. Because they have Assum'd to Themselves a Liberty of Advancing their Bloody Designs in the Name of the *Whole*, and have call'd Themselves *the Church of England.*

2. Those Moderate Members of the Church, who, tho' they do not comply in their Judgment or Practice with these *Sons of Jehu*, yet quietly and patiently suffer the Church her self, and Themselves, so Barefac'dly to be impos'd on; do, by that quietness, justly bring upon the whole Church the *Scandal of Principles and Practices*, which both her Canon forbids, and their Consciences abhor.

Where's the Church of *England* Clergy-man, that has either Preach'd-up, or in Print bore his Testimony for the Moderation of the Principles of his Mother the Church; but if he has not fallen in with the Heat and

Fire

Fire of his Brother *Sa—rel*, has yet ſtood ſtill to ſee the Iſſue, and look on? Which, in the Eye of the Law, is an Abetting the Fact. And therefore, if I have err'd in charging this Matter upon the whole Church, theſe Gentlemen ought to blame themſelves as Acceſſaries to the *Scandal*, by their tacit ſilent Aſſent to the Practices of their *Hot-headed Brethren*,

Much more might be ſaid to juſtifie my laying the charge of Diſhoneſty on the whole Church; but it ſeems needleſs, ſince as a Church, ſhe may clear her ſelf when ſhe pleaſes, by purging her Society from thoſe Members that have abus'd her Character; and 'till ſhe does, 'tis a plain Caſe ſhe merits the *Scandal*.

The Firſt charge againſt *the Church of* England's *Honeſty*, reſpects the *Act of Tolleration*.

The preſent Settlement both of Church and State ſtands upon the Foot of the Late Revolution: This I think I need not ſpend Time to prove.

If the Church of *England* Men will claim a ſingle Right to the Honour of the Revolution, that they Abſtracted from, and without any Aſſiſtance or Concurrence of the Diſſenters, invited in the late King, ſet him upon the Throne, maintain'd him there, and the like; and as a meer Act of undeſerv'd Bounty, beſtow'd upon the Diſſenters *a Toleration of their Worſhip*; becauſe, during the War, they were not willing to be made uneaſie: If the Diſſenters had no Hand in the Work, no Intereſt in the Prince of *Orange*, no Freeholds to Vote for Members of the Parliament or Convention, no Money to contribute to the Publick Charge, no Trades to imploy the Poor, and no Intereſt in the Government of thoſe Times; Then, indeed, the *Toleration* was an Act of meer Charity, a Gift of Church-bounty, and, in Gratitude to the Giver, ought to be ſurrender'd again by the Diſſenters at demand, like a Thing *borrow'd*, with Humble Thanks for having had the *Uſe* of it ſo long.

But

But if the Diſſenters had a hand in all theſe Tranſactions; if the very Perſons who Treated with the Prince of *Orange*, capitulated with him for ſuch and ſuch Articles, relating to Liberty of Conſcience; if the Church of *England* Men, to engage the Diſſenters to concur heartily in the Work, not only conſented, but promis'd to come to a Temper with the Diſſenters, and made it a Clauſe in the *Memorial* given in to that Prince; and if the *Declaration* of that Prince was founded upon ſuch *Poſtulata*, and Agreements as were before made, to which the very *Primate of the Engliſh Clergy* ſet his Hand in the Name of the whole Church: If the Diſſenters did afterwards unanimouſly fall in with the Church-men, to the effecting the late Revolution, and both depended upon the *Declaration* of that Prince, as the Foundation of all their Proceedings. If theſe Things be true, as they are too *plain* to be denied, then, Gentlemen of the Church of *England*, we are not ſo much your Debtors for the *Act of Toleration* as you pretend to: 'Twas not a meer Act of your Charity given us *for God's ſake*; 'twas not a Condeſcenſion, but a Conceſſion of Right, a ſolemn Ratification of a former Agreement, and only a paſſing that into a Law, which you had covenanted before to have paſs'd into a Law, of which Covenant the Prince of *Orange* was Guarrantee: 'Twas an Act of Honeſty, not an Act of Charity; 'twas paying a Debt, not making a Loan. We are bound indeed to own your Juſtice in it, but not at all to thank your Bounty, 'till you can make it out, that either it was not our Due, or that we have Forfeited it to the Laws.

What then will theſe Gentlemen ſay for *their Honeſty*, who would have that taken from the Diſſenters which was their own of Right, which they bought with their Money, and were ready to ha' done with their Blood; which they did enough for to Merit, and have never ſince done any thing to Forfeit; which they Capitulated for with the Prince, and which the Parliament thought fit to Confirm, and to turn into a Law.

I have the juſt Satyr on the Modeſty and Good Manners of thoſe Clergy-Men, who have both Preach'd and Printed againſt the Morality of what the Parliament thought reaſonable to paſs into a Law, and the Queen has thought fit to give her Word to continue.

The ſcandalous Terms they have been pleaſed to beſtow upon the Act of *Toleration*, have been juſt ſo many Satyrs upon the Queen's promiſe to Maintain it; And the ſame Breath that has ſhewn their Want of Charity to the Act of *Toleration*, has ſhewn their want of Manners to their Sovereign.

This the famous Mr. *Sa—rel* calls, *Complimenting a People into our Church and Government, who are ſworn Enemies to Both*; and at no leſs an Expence, than the hazarding our Eternal Safety and Preſervation, our Ancient Faith, Conſtitution, and Form of Worſhip. *Political Union*, Page 59. If the Reverend Author would have us think he means any thing but a Reproaching the Government with Tolerating the Diſſenters, and the Queen with promiſing to continue it, let him further Explain it: For, as it ſtands, 'tis too plain to bear any other Comment.

When he tells us, *Every Man that wiſhes the Welfare of the Church, ought to hang out a Bloody Flag, and Banner of Defiance againſt the Diſſenters, as open and avow'd Enemies to its Communion*, Page 59. What can any Man ſuppoſe he means, but *the Shorteſt Way*? What's the difference between Mr. *Sa—rel's Bloody Flag*, and *de Foe's Gallows* and *Galleys*? Only, that one is an *Oxford* Modern Dialect, and the other put into downright plain *Engliſh*: One is a Church Phraſe, and the other a City Comment.

Now, pray, Gentlemen, where's the Incendiary all this while? Who is the *Honeſt Party*? How can the Church anſwer this Language to the Great Judge of the World, who Commanded, that our *Moderation* ſhould be known unto All?

'Tis

'Tis most plain, That the Act of *Toleration* is a just Debt to the Capitulations of the late Revolution, due to the present Settlement and Peace of the Nation, claim'd of Right by the Dissenters, as the Conditions upon which they Embark'd in the Common Cause of *Liberty* with the *Church*, when both were Invaded in the former Reigns: And as the Queen's Majesty, and the Government, have thought fit to confirm this Truth, by adding the Royal Word to the Sanction of the Law; tho' it does not make it more a Law, yet 'tis an abundant Satisfaction to us, that Her Majesty is so fully convinc'd of its being the proper Right of her Subjects to Enjoy the Freedom of their Consciences, that she has taken all Opportunities to Assure them She will Preserve them in that Right.

Now, as this *Toleration* stands upon the Foundation of an Act of Parliament, and that Act of Parliament was the effect of the Agreement between the Church and the Dissenters, in their Memorial to the Prince of *Orange*, and produc'd as an Effect of his *Declaration*; It remains to enter a little into the History of the late Revolution, and examine how it came to be Express'd, either in the first Memorial to the Prince, or afterward in his Declaration.

The Depredations made upon the People's Liberties in the Reign of the late King *James*, were carried on with more Assurance than Ordinary, upon two Dependencies, which the King's Party had flatter'd themselves into: Both which fail'd them, and the Consequence was their Ruine.

First, They had Cajol'd the Dissenters into an Acceptance of Liberty of Conscience, by the Dispensing Power of the King, without an Act of Parliament.

Secondly, They depended upon the Church-Doctrine of *Passive Obedience* and *Non-Resistance*, which had been push'd on to such a Height, and made so much the

Distinguishing Mark of the Church, that the Clergy had interwoven it with her Essentials, and boasted of it in an Innumerable croud of Sermons and Pamphlets. This the Government thought had prepar'd the Church for all manner of Submissions.

Both these Pillars of Smoak vanishing, the Precipice of Destruction appear'd so near, that the King saw it Unavoidable, and therefore thought fit to take Sanctuary Abroad.

The Dissenters, tho' at first deceiv'd by the Blessing of *Liberty*, soon began to see they were upon a wrong Bottom, and began first to hesitate at the taking off the *Penal Laws*; not but that they would gladly have had them remov'd from themselves, but they were loth to lay open the Field to the *Papists*, against whom those Laws were made.

The *Church*, who by this time began to feel the Weight of the King's Hand, had been Dispossess'd of *Magdalen College* in *Oxford*, and saw an Ecclesiastical Commission erected, to which all the Clergy in the Nation were like to submit, their Glebes and Perquisites all in danger. At this they all took Fire; away fled the Chimerick Notion of *Passive Obedience*. Natural Right began to take place, and their Eyes to be open'd to their own Safety.

But least the Dissenters, who enjoy'd their Liberty under King *James*, and had never, or but very little, enjoy'd it from the Church, should refuse to Join with them; and least they should close with the King, and his Roman Catholick Friends, from whom they were sure of Liberty of Conscience; they attack them two Ways:

First, To possess them with a Belief, that the Liberty given them by King *James* was *a Trojan Horse*, a Snare to draw them in; and that the design was first to destroy the Church, and with *Polyphemus*'s courtesie, reserve them to the last.

The

The Second Artifice was to tell them, That if they would open their Eyes, and shake Hands with their Protestant Brethren, they would unanimously join to Suppress *Popery*; and they should be assured of the same Liberty of Conscience from their Protestant Brethren, and with an Honester Design.

And 'tis here to be noted, That as now, in their Prosperity, their Pulpits are sounding with nothing but *Cruisado*'s and *Bloody Flags* against the Dissenters; so then we were always wheel'd with Charity and Tenderness for one another: Generous Principles forgetting and forgiving former Grudges, laying aside Ancient Quarrels, and the like.

The Dissenters, willing to embrace any Opportunity to weaken the Power of *Popery*, and more willing to enjoy even their *Liberty*, on a Treaty with their Friends, than as the Gift of their Enemies, fall in with the Church-men upon their own Terms; and Unanimously concur in the *Memorial* presented to the Prince of *Orange*, Inviting him to come and Rescue them from *Popery* and *Arbitrary Power*. In this *Memorial*, 'tis particularly and expressly stipulated, That a due Liberty of Conscience be granted to Protestant Dissenters: And accordingly the Prince of *Orange*, at his coming over, Engages to settle this Liberty by Parliament; and on the Success of the Affair, and his coming to the Crown, he very honestly Perform'd it.

The Article of the *Declaration* runs in these Words:

'*This Our Expedition is intended for no other Design,* '*but*—— *And that so the Two Houses may Concur in* '*the preparing such Laws as may Establish a good Agree-* '*ment between the Church of* England, *and all Prote-* '*stant Dissenters; as also for the Covering and Securing of* '*all such who live Peaceably under the Government, as be-*

'comes good Subjects, from all Persecution upon the Account 'of their Religion.

The Preamble also of the First *Occasional Bill*, tho' for private Reasons left out in the Second, Confirms the Divinity of the Thing:

'*Whereas Persecution of Tender Consciences is contrary* 'to the Principles of the Christian Religion, and the Do-'ctrine of the Church of England, &c.

If then this *Toleration* be a League with the Dissenters; if it be the Contract between them and the Church of *England*; if it be the effect of a formal Treaty, and executed as a Branch of the late King *William*'s Declaration; it ought to be kept Sacred. The Church-men can never break it without the blackest Mark of *Dishonesty* in the World; and as Intentional Guilt, in the Eyes of the Scripture, is the same with Actual, all those People who would willingly break such a League, are as Guilty of the Act, as if it were brought to pass.

Such are Knaves in the most Intense Degrees of Knavery. Never let such brand the *French* King with Breach of Honour, Disregard to his Word, with Infractions of Leagues and Treaties: For as no Treaty can be plainer than this, so no People ever did less to Forfeit the thing they enjoy'd.

Where then can the Church find room for her *Honesty*, while she shews her self desirous to break down the Contract and Capitulations of so famous a Treaty, and to Rob the Dissenters of their Native as well as Purchased Right.

Besides, there are unhappy Circumstances in this Case, which very much aggravate the *Dishonesty* of it: As, First, The Dissenters were sure of their Liberty under King *James*; they had not only the security of his Word, but it was really his Interest to continue it to them. And in the Sense of this, the Church-

Party

Party cajoles and wheedles them to quit the Faith of the King, though back'd with his own Intereſt, and to join with them, on the Promiſe of making an equal or a more large Conceſſion of *Liberty*, and to confirm it by Law. Now, to bring them off from a Privilege they were ſure of, and to bring them to Join with what they were not ſure of, any farther than by the Word of the Party, to execute the Conditions of the Bargain or League; and after this, without any Provocation, or any thing done to Forfeit the Privilege, to attempt to take it away again: This is the *Vileſt*, the *moſt Diſhoneſt*, *Unjuſt*, *Knaviſh* Thing can poſſibly be! And no Church in the World can be Guilty of a worſe. They who can do this, ought never to make any further Pretence to *Honeſty*, or to *Principle*; nor never to blame their Neighbours with Breach of Faith.

No wonder Men of ſo little Honeſty as this, can Preach up a Doctrine to Day, and Preach it down to Morrow. No wonder ſuch Men can be for *Paſſive Obedience* one day, and *Abjure their Prince* the next. I am free to ſay, That the Premiſes conſider'd, and no Man can prove them Untrue, there is not a Man in the Church of *England*, who can ſo much as wiſh the *Toleration* to be Repeal'd, but ought to bluſh at his own *Knavery*, and make no more Pretences to the Title of an *Honeſt Man*.

The Second Article of the *Church*'s *Honeſty* reſpects the Matter of their Reproaching the Diſſenters about *Schiſm*, *Separation*, *Occaſional Communion*, and the like.

In this, 'tis plain to me, they act a Part, a meer Farce, and only carry on the *the Politick Jeſt*, for the Intereſt of the Party; to run down the Diſſenters with a Full Cry, for being Diſſenters, and yet, at the ſame time, would not have them Conform

I think a few Arguments may suffice to prove, that this Exalted Church, this High-flying Party, *as they are fond of being call'd*, cannot be chargeable with any Symptoms of a desire to Convert the Dissenters, to bring them over, or draw them to the Church. My Reasons are these:

First, They either Industriously avoid, or very Weakly manage all Argument, Conference, or Dispute; in order either to Defend the Causes in Controversie, or Convince the Gain-saying Dissenter. But all the Essays of this Nature, which the World has lately seen, amount to nothing but Raillery and *Billinsgate*, and that without Reason or Justice; Charging all the Crimes of the Ages past, to the Accompt of the Present Dissenters, and Loading them with the Iniquity of their Fore-fathers, as if 'twas a Crime to be born of a Soldier, because that Soldier fought against the King: Not considering, that the Sons of those Soldiers, who then fought for their King, have since that fought against the Son of that King, and Treated him *as bad* if not *worse* than they did his Father.

This is the *Dishonestest* Thing in the World; and I wonder with what Face, and how free from Blushes, Dr. S—— could in a Railing Sermon say, "the Dis-"senters were not fit to be suffer'd in Church or State, "because they were the Spawn of Rebels, and a Vi-"perous Brood of King-killers and Commonwealthsmen; when the Doctor's own Father was both a Round-head in the Army, and an Independant in the Pulpit.

If 'tis a Crime in the Dissenters, that their Fathers were Rebels, why then, Gentlemen, all those *Sons of Rebels*, who degenerating from their Fathers have since come into your Church, ought to be turn'd out again, and cast off as *the Spawn of King-killers and Commonwealthsmen*: For their own Merit cannot alter the Taint of Blood, which is charg'd upon them from their Fathers.

And

And if we deserve to be thus treated, because our Fathers took up Arms against their King; *of how much Sorer Punishment should they be thought worthy*, whose Fathers, being Men of Loyalty and Zeal, Died Fighting for their King, and Defending him against his People? And these their Degenerate Children, have follow'd the very Steps of our Rebellious Ancestors; and, in Spite of the Loyal Blood, which 'twas hop'd might be Infus'd into their Veins by Generation, have taken up Arms against their Lawful Sovereign, and Abjur'd his Posterity.

Not that I am of the Opinion what was done was Unlawful in it self, because the Invasion of Right, Law, and Liberty, by the Unhappy Councils of the late betray'd King went before: But where was the *Honesty of the Church of England?* Either 'twas a baseness that can never be Justify'd, to Reproach Dissenters with it, or a double Crime in them to put it in Practise themselves.

Where now is your Honesty, Gentlemen? The World would be glad to see you defend it in this Article: And if you can't, 'tis hop'd, since we are no more Rebels than your selves, you will forbear giving us any farther Occasion to Recriminate.

As now the Church has left off Argument, and fallen to Raillery, how can any Man say they desire the Conversion of the Dissenters? And if they neither Endeavour nor Desire the Conversion of the Dissenters, how can they Reproach them with their Dissent, and blame them for what they neither wish nor desire them to alter? Where's the Honesty of Reproaching a Dissenter with making a Breach in the Church, and yet neither Wishing, nor Endeavouring, nor, indeed, being Willing, he should return, and make it up?

Secondly, Your not desiring the Return of the Dissenters to the Church, appears in the Publick Aversion you have declar'd on all Occasions to the Men of Temper and Moderation, who are in the Church already:

These are represented to be worse than Phanaticks, Secret Enemies Nurs'd in the Bowels of their Mother which they betray, Dissenters in Masquerade. Now 'tis plain you cannot desire the Dissenters should all Conform to the Church, unless you are all beside your Selves, and have, together with your *Honesty*, lost your *Understanding*, unless you have forgot your own Names, are fitter for *Bedlam* than the Pulpit, and to be taken from the Altar, and sent to an Hospital. For,

1. If all the Dissenters in *England* should, by some special and miraculous Work of Providence, Conform to the Church, and all this *Schism*, as you call it, should cease at once; I would be glad to have an Answer from any, or all the Divines of our *Church Rampart*, What sort of *Church-men* would they be? Would they Join with you, *the Men of the Steeple*, or with the *Moderate Party*? In short, Would they be *High Church-men*, or *Low Church-men*?

I believe all Men will answer Negatively, *Not of the last*? If so, then let any Man but Examine your *Character of a Low Church-man*, the general Opinion all your Party has, of what we call a *Moderate Church-man*, and judge whether you would be one Jot the better pleas'd with them. 'Twould be endless to name the Numerous Authors, the Pamphlets, the Sermons, the Discourses of the present Ruling Party of the Church of *England*; and to set down the Reasons given to prove these *Low Moderate Church-men* to be worse than *Presbyterians*, to be Traitors to their Friends, Betrayers of the Church, and Enemies to her Peace.

No Man then can believe the *Church-men* so mad as to wish to have Us Conform, and so become worse Enemies to them than we were before. 'Tis plain, they covet not our Conversion as Christians, our Conforming as Members of the Church, unless we would Conform too, as Members of a Party. A politick Conversion they might possibly wish for; expecting, that *as*

a

a Renegado is a worse Patron than a Turk; so if we espous'd their Quarrel as a Party, they might the easier run down the *Moderate Church-men*. But as to a Religious Conversion, it is impossible they should desire it, without concurring in the destruction of themselves, as a Party, and consequently be forsaken of their Senses.

2. If all the Dissenters in *England* should Conform to the Church, and as 'tis most certain they would in such a Case Join with the *Moderate Church Party*, the *High Church-Party* would be immediately suppress't, blown-up, and dispers't; the *Ministers of the Church* would have no more room to call upon us in the Language of *Honest Jehu*, and say, *Come see our Zeal for the Lord: Sa——ell's* Bloody Flag and Banner of Defiance would be taken down; Peace, Charity, and Christian Moderation, Things which these Gentlemen fear and hate, would flourish and spread through the whole Nation.

'Tis impossible the present Church of *England*, *Distinguish'd as before*, can without Suspicion of Lunacy, wish or desire the Annexing all the Dissenters to the Church; for it would certainly be their Ruine.

What then is the Meaning of all this Clamour at the Dissenters? What is to be done with us, Gentlemen, if we must neither Conform nor Dissent, and your *Bloody Flag* and *Banner of Defiance* is spread against us? What is to be done? Truly, there is nothing we can see before us but *the Shortest Way*. Alas, *Poor De Foe!* what hast thou been doing, and for what hast thou suffer'd? When all things are Examin'd, either these Gentlemen are guilty of the *Vilest Dishonesty*, are all *Cheats* and *Hypocrites*, or else *the Shortest Way* is at the Bottom, and Mr. *De Foe* has done them no Wrong; and if he has done them none, some body has done him a great deal.

But

But how will our Church of *England* come off with the Honesty of these Proceedings? How will they defend their Morals, to fix their Arguments of *Schism* upon a Party of Men they would not have comply?

And why is this Great Out-cry rais'd against the Dissenters for their *Occasional Communion*? 'Tis indeed a most evident Proof of what has been said. These Gentlemen are Exasperated at it, as it lets the Dissenters into the Publick Exercise of the Government, and joins them to the *Low Church-men*; and what a late Reverend Clergy-man, and no less a State-sman, said of this Case: 'The Sacramental Test was not Con-'triv'd in order to Rejoin the Whigs to the Church, 'but to keep them out of the State; like the Gallows, '(*a blessed Comparison!*) which was not Erected, in the 'Sense of the Law, to Hang Men, but really to keep 'them from being Hang'd.

'Tis a Thing needs no Demonstration: The Laws against the Dissenters were not properly made Laws against them, but against the Roman Catholicks. They who found it convenient to turn the Edge of them their way, did not do it with a supposed Prospect, that those Laws would bring the Dissenters to the Church; but in Hopes, that they, being resolved not to comply, would be thereby kept out of the State.

That this is a known Truth, I appeal to a known Speech of the late Famous Member of Parliament for the City of *London*, who most vigorously oppos'd this Sacramental Test: *For what*, says he, *is this Test made? To Convert us you cannot pretend, the Papists are the Pretence: But that is Expos'd, by refusing to Confine it to such; and if it be against the Dissenters, 'tis to Exclude them from their Birth-right, and Rob the Government of their Service.*

Now that the Dissenters, by complying with this Test, have both defeated the End and Design of it, and also discover'd it, is plain from the Exceeding Clamour rais'd at them about it: For to what End do the Gentlemen

tlemen of the Church of *England* clamour at our *Occasional Conformity*? They cannot allow, 'tis unlawful for us to conform, that would be to condemn themselves; as to our Dissenting again, that can be of no Damage to them: But the Business is, by thus conforming to the Communion of the Church, the Trick of this State Ceremony is defeated, the Trap is discover'd, the Snare is broken, and the Bird is escaped; the Dissenter lets himself into publick Employments, in the Cities and Corporations where he lives, from which they had Hopes, his Scruple of Conformity would have kept him out.

Upon the Discovery, the Church clamours and cries out *Hypocrites! Pretenders to Religion! For God, or for Baal*, and the like. No, Gentlemen, 'tis you are the Hypocrites, who make a Law with a Face of Religion; a Law which in its own Nature enjoins us to conform to the Church on such and such Occasions: And now you see we are willing to do it, cry out upon us for doing it. Is this your *Honesty*? If we Dissent, we are *Schismaticks*; if we conform, we are *Hypocrites*: Is this your Sincerity?

Let me say, Gentlemen, whether those who Occasionally conform are Hypocrites or no, is a dispute by it self; but you cannot but own your selves to be Hypocrites to the last Degree, who having made a Law, pretending to bring us to the Church, plainly now discover, 'twas only a Flam, to keep us out of the Service of our Country, on a Supposition that we would not comply.

If this be the *Church of England's Honesty*, for shame, Gentlemen, never charge the *Dissenters* with *Hypocrisie in Occasional Conformity*, 'till you reform this *shameful Defection* from your own *Integrity*, and only testifie your *Repentance* before God, and the World. And to me nothing seems plainer than the Dishonesty and unfair Dealings of those Gentlemen, who rail at the *Dissenters* for *Occasional Conformity*.

Sir

Sir *H*—— *M*——— in the Name of all the reſt of our Church Authors, tell us, It cannot be ſafe to truſt any Part of the publick Adminiſtration with Perſons who do not conform to the National Church.

I cannot but wonder with what Face that Gentleman, who is a Member of Parliament, and an *Engliſh* Repreſentative, could impoſe that upon the World, when he himſelf, and with him moſt of thoſe furious Gentlemen, thought it ſafe to venture our whole Adminiſtration in the Hands of a Popiſh King.

Had thoſe Gentlemen been honeſt, and us'd but the ſame Arguments with themſelves they now uſe with us, they had never been againſt the Bill of Excluſion, which if they had paſs'd, all this Revolution, this bloody and expenſive War, and a thouſand worſe Miſchiefs, had been prevented.

All the Blood of *Eſſex*, *Ruſſel*, *Sidney*, and a Multitude more had been ſav'd; and I wonder no Body ever put them in Mind of this before.

But *what ſhall we now do for our Siſter in the Day when ſhe ſhall be ſpoken for?* What ſhall we ſay for, and in behalf of, the Thouſands of thoſe honeſt Gentlemen, the Multitudes of *Moderate Chriſtians* in the Church of *England*, whoſe Candor ſpeaks them to be Gentlemen, and whoſe Charity ſpeaks them to be Chriſtians; who neither Envy, Deſpiſe, or Perſecute their Diſſenting Brethren, but receive them with Kindneſs, and judge them with Charity? This Charge muſt not, it cannot concern them.

Theſe are the Genuine Church of *England*; *Theſe are* the Foundation of her Character, and the Pillars of her very Being in theſe Nations, and are only blameable for the Eaſineſs and Calmneſs with which they bear the Inſolence of their Hair-brain'd Clergy. *Theſe are they* who, however the Prieſts may fancy to impoſe upon them with Flouriſhes and Fictions when it comes to the Point, will hold faſt both their Religion, and their Property, their Religious, and their civil Liber-

ties;

ties; and suffer neither the Clergy to destroy one, nor their Kings to devour the other.

To these the Dissenters willingly give the Right-hand, and had rather the Government were in their Hands, than in their own. If we were to choose a King to govern us, all Parties would Vote for one of their Number.

These Gentlemen are the Nation's Security against Popery, Slavery, and all sorts of Tyranny, whether Ecclesiastick or Temporal: Of *These*, no part of this Book is to be understood; they are no Branch of the Family of the *Furioso's*, no kin to *the Sons of Nimshi*.

These are they who, when the hot Men, for want of Discretion at any time, put Governments into Confusion, and bring the Nation about their Ears, are fain to set all to rights again. *To These* we have all recourse in Time of Exigence; and *These alone* are the safety of all Governments in the World.

No wonder the High Church-men fly out at these Moderate Men; for Temper, Prudence and Moderation, are fatal to their Designs, and at last will most certainly ruin them; and the sense of this Truth, makes them hate a *Moderate Conformist* worse than a *Dissenter*.

How soon might we be all One Nation, One People; and if not all of One Mind in Religion, be united in Affection, in Interest, and in Government; were the Spirit of *Moderation*, *Charity* and *Peace* in the Chair of the *Church*.

So far as the Authors of the present Discord widen the Breaches between the *Church*, and her *Dissenting Brethren*, so far they Embroil the Nation, Disturb the Peace, Encourage the Enemy, Dethrone the Queen, and Expose Religion.

But Blessed be God! Every step they take, they lessen themselves; they cannot set a Foot forward in this fatal Work, but *it treads upon their Honesty*: Their Morals *sink*, as their Malice *rises*; and while they throw Dirt at their Brethren, the *Dissenters*, it flies back.

back in their *own Faces*, and reproaches them with the *Hypocrisie* they charge upon their Neighbours.

This Temper must be laid aside, if they will ever bring to pass the blessed Peace, Union and Harmony, which Her Majesty, and the late Glorious King *William*, has always prest us to.

How many Speeches has the Queen made, to Excite us all to Union and Love! And how little does all the Methods of this Party tend to it! What does Her Majesty mean by Peace and Union, *but Peace and Union?* The Words are not Equivocal, but *Univocal:* The Queen's Meaning, certainly gives the Lye to *Sacheverel's Oxford Sermons*, and let the World know, that Her Majesty can wish well to the *Church*, and yet not hang out the *Bloody Flag of Defiance* against the *Dissenters*.

No Man can say, that the People we have been talking of are Friends to this Peace and Union; nor can it ever be obtain'd, while *Men of Moderation are branded with Principles of Fanaticism, and Betrayers of the Church.*

When all is done, 'tis the Men of Moderation which are the Church of *England*, the Other are but *Wolves in Sheeps Cloathing*; they are but a Party of those who, *having turn'd the World upside down, are come hither also*, *Acts* 11. 'Tis the Men of Temper and Charity are the *Church*; and to convince the World, that when such have the Reigns of Government in their Hands, the *Dissenters* are always Quiet and Content. Let them tell us, for the last 60 Years, whenever the Dissenters disturb'd a Government that proceeded upon Legal and Moderate Principles; whenever they desir'd any thing Destructive to Government and Law; or whenever they discovered any Dislike, that the Power of Government should not be in the Church of *England*; or that they were Enemies to Monarchy.

If

If they will go back to 48, and provoke us to Recriminate, by telling us *of Killing the Father*; let us bring them back to 88, and tell them *of Deposing the Son*, and sending him Abroad to beg his Bread, fighting against him at the *Boyne*, *&c.* Here's *Rowland*, there's *Oliver*: Let them come off of it if they can. The better way is to drop the Discourse of Both, and keep both their *Loyalty*, and their *Temper* within its Bounds; and forgetting Things past, join Hands in Obeying, Serving and Submitting to the present Power; where nothing is Imposed, nothing Extorted; but the Laws direct the Sovereign, and protect the Subject, being left by Both to their Free Course. *Long may it so continue*; and so long all wise Men, and all honest Men will be both Obedient and Satisfied, and longer they cannot.

And if the Peace and Union which the Queen has so graciously call'd upon the Nation to Practise, be not obtain'd; these are the Men that Obstruct it, as contrary to their Designs, and the constant Practise of their Lives.

A

SERIOUS INQUIRY

Into this

GRAND QUESTION;

Whether a

L A W

To prevent the

Occaſional Conformity

OF

DISSENTERS,

Would not be Inconſiſtent with the Act of *Toleration*, and a Breach of the *Queen's Promiſe*.

THeſe Sheets having been wrote during the late Agitation between the two Houſes, relating to a Law againſt Occaſional Conformity; upon the demiſe of that Law, had been buried in the Grave with it, had not the reſtleſs endeavours, both of the Preſs and the Pulpit, been ſet on foot to revive it.

The

The end of this Paper is not so much in hopes to reclaim a Party, whose Malice is a constant Spurr to their Heads against Dissenters; as to let the Ignorant, and Well-meaning among them, if any such are to be found, see a little what they are a doing.

As for the Dissenters, tho' perhaps they have not Power to prevent the Mischief, 'tis convenient to let the World know, upon what Foot their Enemies Act; and that tho' they may have the Misfortune to feel the Consequences, they may not pass for Fools too; but as their Enemies trample upon the Honour and Character of their Sovereign, they may let them see they know it.

A Worthy Author of a Penny-sheet, spread about very industriously, and Entitled, *Reasons for this Law*, would prove it ought to Pass, because of Her Majesty's Promises of Maintaining the Church, and Encouraging such as were most Zealous for Her Interest.

This I take to be a design of making Her Majesty's Promises clash one against another, which they may come off from, if they can.

It seems, That these Gentlemen mistook Her Majesty's Meaning, in the Promise she made of *Encouraging the most Zealous Men of the Church of England*; by supposing Her Majesty meant thereby, such whose Zeal run highest against the Dissenters: Whereas Her Majesty, by declaring Her self since, the great Promoter of Peace and Union among Her Subjects, and by Repeating to the Dissenters Her Resolution of Maintaining the Toleration, has told them plainly what she meant.

It looks a little strange, That the Gentlemen, who are so hot for this Law, should think the Dissenters so blind, as not to see the Toleration struck at, in its most Essential Parts; and, as if they would hoodwink them with the Vapour of the *Ænigma*, all the Pamphlets and Sermons at the same time, that they would stigmatize Occasional Conformity, as the Badge of a Hypocrite; joyn this shadow for a Covering, *Let them en-*

joy their Toleration on God's Name, and *No-body meddles with Toleration*, New Association. p. ——. Now if these Gentlemen will tell us, how a Law against Occasional Conformity can be pass'd, and yet the Toleration Maintain'd entire, then I shall give up the Cause.

The best Argument that has been yet brought, to prove the Reasonableness of a Law against Occasional Conformity, is, *That the Dissenters have made use of it to qualifie themselves for Publick Employments.*

That the Dissenters think Occasional Communion Lawful in it self, has been publickly declar'd, and whether *it be or not*, does not seem any part of the Dispute.

But the declar'd Design and Intention of those who contend for an Occasional Bill, *as we call it*, is more Effectually to keep the Dissenters out of Offices, and Publick Employments in the State.

Whether either of these be Lawful, whether a Dissenter Occasionally may Conform to the Church of *England*; Or whether it be just, that a Dissenter, as such, ought to be Excluded from the Publick Trust, and made uncapable of Serving the Government, tho' they are great Points, and well worth Consideration, are yet no part of the Question in debate.

But whether it be reasonable, that the Dissenters *shou'd either way be forc'd*, be Excluded from Communion with the Church, or with their Private Congregations, under the Penalty of avoiding all Publick Employments, being rendred uncapable to Serve the Government, and of the Advantage of their Fellow *Englishmen*, in the Service of their Native Country; This is the Case before us.

If any Man is to scruple the Lawfulness of Conformity to the Church, it is the Dissenter, and not the Church-man; the Conformist cannot pretend 'tis Unlawful to Conform, he would then become a Dissenter himself. But if the Dissenter not Agreeing in all things, can yet Conform in some, why should he be obliged, as by such a Law he would be, either to Conform wholly, or not Conform at all, and this under a severe Penalty?

It

It may be answer'd, the Test was made to keep the Whiggs out of Place, and they Defeat the end of that Law, by taking the Sacrament; and 'tis absolutely necessary, not to Trust them with Employments in the Government, and therefore this Law is absolutely Necessary.

This would be the Natural way of expressing it, if the High Churchmen would speak their Minds heartily; and this may pass for a true Exposition of what they have otherwise express'd, and as it may easily be prov'd to be their end, so it may easily be prov'd.

First, That 'tis an Unjust Design.
Secondly, That 'tis an Unreasonable Method.

I. 'Tis an Unjust design to deprive the Dissenters of publick Employments, and unqualify them for the Service of their Country, without any Offence Committed. The Law supposes every Man a good Man, till something appears to the contrary; now Dissenting from the Communion of the Church of *England*, is *no Offence against the Law*, but is, by a special Law, *Permitted and made Legal*; no Man therefore can justly be made Uncapable of the Service of his Country, till he is found Guilty of the Breach of some Law.

II. No Law can justly be made to deprive a Man of any Right, for an Action which is not unlawful, either in it self or Circumstances. *Laws made against Right* and *Justice* are Unjust Laws, Oppressions are Tyrannies upon the People; and tho' we must submit when they are made, because they are made by a Lawful Authority, yet they are not the more Just in their own Nature.

'Tis therefore an unjust Design to deprive us of our Birth-right, as *Englishmen*, for our Disagreement in Matters of Religion; especially while this Disagreement is Legal, and made so by an Act of Parliament.

But after all, if it were to be Granted, which yet no Wise Man will Grant, that it is absolutely Necessary to

the Safety of the Government to keep the Dissenters out of Places, a thing no Man could ever prove—— yet *the Method*, which is Profes'd by those Gentlemen, who are of that Opinion, is very Unreasonable and Unjust; and *this is the Argument I have undertaken to make good.*

I have no design hereby, to say any thing relating to the Bill lately depending in the House; or to the Debates between the Two Houses on that Head; nor shall I concern them in this Discourse any farther, than to Quote Matter of Fact from them; which, I hope, may be done without Offence.

But I have numberless Authors to bring upon the Stage, to prove the thing I alledge, of which this is the Abstract.

That the High Churchmen have, and for many Years have had, a Design, if possible, to procure an Act of Parliament, to prevent the Dissenters from Holding, Possessing, or Enjoying Places, Offices, or Employments in the Government, by obliging them to a Strict, Total and Absolute Conformity to the Church of England.

Now, tho' Occasional Communion is not hereby Condemn'd or Defended; yet, 'tis plain, that a Law to Oblige the Dissenters to a Total Conformity, or else to suffer such and such Penalties, is unjust and Unreasonable in its own Nature.

1. All *Force upon the Conscience is Unchristian and Unreasonable*; to compel any one to act against their Consciences, is Unreasonable and Unjust; because the Scripture says 'tis most reasonable *to obey God rather than Man*; I think 'tis a Matter so long ago decided, even by the Church of *England* it self, *That the Laws of Man have no Sovereignty over the Conscience*, that it would be a needless Vanity in me, to mention any thing of it; and the Martyrs in Queen *Mary*'s Reign, are my Precedents to back the Argument.

If then 'tis Unlawful to compel me against my Conscience to comply, 'tis Unlawful to Punish me for not complying; for it cannot be lawful to Punish me for refusing what you have no Power to Command me to do.

The

The Act of Parliament which oblig'd the Diſſenters to qualify themſelves, by taking the Sacrament, muſt imply, that it was lawful for them to take it, or elſe it had been an Unlawful Act in its own Nature; for a Law Commanding a Sin, is a Contradiction in its ſelf, and no Law, but a Libel; but ſay ſome, when we made this Act, 'twas believ'd the Diſſenters would not have complied with it, and ſo have been kept out.

Very good; So that 'twas a Trick put upon them, preſuming upon their ſcrupulous Conſciences; this may be true, but 'twas never the honeſter in the deſign; and this is the occaſion of the New Method now in Hand, and is a farther Proof of the Matter alledg'd, that 'tis not Conformity, or Non-Conformity; 'tis not conſtant or Occaſional Conformity is the Queſtion, but the keeping the Diſſenters out of Offices, *that they may get in*: 'Tis Supplanting their Neighbours, and Incapacitating their Brethren; This is the Matter in hand.

Total Conformity then being a Sin, in the Opinion of a Diſſenter, to compel him to it, is forcing him to Sin, which is directly againſt the Scripture.

But, ſays the Objector, This is not compelling them, for they may let Places and Preferments alone, and then they may let Conformity alone, and Welcome.

This is a Chriſtian-like Argument, indeed, and makes it plain, that 'tis neither the Advantage of the Church which is ſought, nor the Good of the Diſſenter; not the Advantage of the Church, by bringing over Proſelites to her Communion; nor the Good of the Diſſenters, by bringing them off from their Miſtakes; but 'tis the Profits, the Honours, the Employments in the State, which are the things;

And all the Strife is plainly to be ſeen,
To get ſome Men put out, and ſome put in.

And this is the handle to the ſecond Head.

II. *That 'tis downright Perſecution.* To Puniſh on Account of Conſcience, is Perſecuting in the moſt Intenſe degree.

Shall they tell us we are not compell'd to Conform; and that here is no force put on the Conſcience, but Puniſh us if we do not? Incapacitate us for the Service of our Queen and Country; ſhut us out from a ſhare in the Favours of our Prince, and in the Rights and Privileges of *Engliſh* Men? This is Puniſhment for Non-conformity; Puniſhment for Conſcience ſake, is Perſecution for Conſcience ſake; and it is allow'd without contradiction, by all the Proteſtant Churches in *Europe*, that Perſecution for Conſcience ſake, is Unchriſtian, and conſequently Unreaſonable and Unjuſt.

The *Wiſdom* which is from *on high*, in ſome Tranſlations call'd the *Spirit* of *God*, is deſcribed in Scripture to be firſt, *Pure*, then *Peaceable*, *Gentle*, and *eaſy* to be *entreated*; by the Spirit of God here, Commentators agree, is meant, not the Holy Ghoſt, frequently in Scripture, call'd the Spirit of God, or God the Spirit; but the Chriſtian Temper, wrought by the Spirit of God; and if this Temper be of the Spirit, a Temper of Cruelty, Force and Perſecution, muſt not be of the ſame Spirit, and conſequently Unjuſt and Unreaſonable.

III. *This is an Infraction upon the Act of Toleration, and therefore an Unreaſonable Law; that Act being founded upon the higheſt Reaſon in the World.*

The Reaſonableneſs of the Act of Toleration, is founded upon two Principal Articles.

1. Its being every Man's Native Right to enjoy the Benefit and Liberty of ſerving God, his Maker, in that Way or Method, which in his Conſcience he believes to be moſt agreeable to his reveal'd Will, and which he alſo finds to be moſt Beneficial to himſelf.

It has been a controverted Point, whether it be Lawful to compel any Man to be a Chriſtian, or to ſerve God at all; I think 'tis needleſs to be concern'd in this Diſpute; for he who ſuffers, becauſe he will have no Religion at all, cannot be perſecuted for his Religion, but his Atheiſm and Irreligion.

But that in Matters relating to the manner of Worſhip, and the different ways of ſerving the ſame God; St. *Peter* has left a Memorable, and moſt Deciſive Precedent in *Acts* 5. 29. when they charg'd them, that they ſhould Preach no more in that Name, that was, the Name of Chriſt; they ſo much the more Proclaim'd the Goſpel in all the parts of *Judea*.

'Tis remarkable in this place, who it was charged them; 'twas the Elders, the High Prieſts, and the Rulers of the *Jews*; the Great *Sanhedrim*: 'Twas a Vote of their Parliament, and their Anſwer was in ſhort, "*'Tis a ſhame* "*you ſhould pretend to countermand what God has Com-*"*manded; no Human Power can pretend to be Obey'd in* "*in ſuch a Caſe: We deſire you to put it to the Vote in plain* "*words, whether we ſhall Obey God or You.*

On this Account the Act of Toleration is founded upon the moſt reaſonable conſideration in the World; 'tis a conceſſion of Natural Right; 'tis an Acknowledgement that we ought to obey the Dictates of Conſcience, rather than an Act of Parliament; 'tis a Law made, that we may obey God rather than Man, as it was our Native as well as Chriſtian Right to do before; 'tis in ſhort only an Act of Juſtice, not an Act of Grace; 'tis an Act, by which the Church of *England* is clear'd from being of a perſecuting Spirit, which they were but too Guilty of before.

2. The Reaſonableneſs of this Act of Toleration appears, as it is a purchaſe of the Diſſenters, and conſequently their own, their due; 'tis a debt to the Capitulations, made in the Name of the whole People of *England*, with the Prince of *Orange*, which has been ſufficiently prov'd in another place.

The Act of Toleration being then an Act of the higheſt Juſtice to the Diſſenters, and built on Foundations of *Reaſon and Right*; any Subſequent Law made in Prejudice of the Liberty, Granted by the Toleration, is highly Unjuſt and Unreaſonable.

It remains to this Head, That a Law against Occasional Conformity, be prov'd to be an Infraction of the Toleration.

The Act of Toleration is a Liberty given by Act of Parliament, That all such, whose Coniciences will not permit them to conform to the Church of *England*, may Worship God, according to their several Judgments and Opinions, without Disturbance, and Exempting them from all Penalties and Punishments for the same; for which we refer them to the Act it self.

Now as there are several kinds of Dissenters, as well as several sorts of Conformists, some Dissent entirely from the Church, and own neither her Doctrine nor Worship; some can conform to something, some to none at all; it seems a contradiction to Reason, and reflects upon the Church-Mens Understanding, as well as Honesty, that they should make the Law to Punish those who can conform in part, and let those alone who will not conform at all; this is far from a Christian Endeavour, to bring the Dissenters home, into the Bosom of the Church, and Unite the Flock under one Shepherd; for it Encourages those who are the farthest off, to continue where they are, and those who are nearest, and in part brought in, and by Occasional complying are in a fair way to a total Conformity, *if not in themselves, in their Posterity without fail*; these are to be punish'd for what they do, and either compelled to conform farther than they can — Commanded not to conform at all, or Punish'd for the middle way, their own Inclinations Dictate to them.

'Tis most certain, the Nature of the thing, even the meaning of the Word Toleration, *viz. a Permission for such as cannot conform*, Implies all sorts of Dissenting; and if any are to be thought excluded in the meaning of the Act, it must be such as are widest in their Scruples, and at the greatest distance from Conformity, not such as Dissent but in a few small matters, and can conform in the main Points.

But

But this Law is prepared to Punish such as can conform in part, and encourage them, and all others, to a farther and a total Non-Conformity; and is therefore expressly contrary to the intent and meaning of the Act of Toleration, and in its self absurd and unreasonable.

As the Act of Toleration is an Exempting the Dissenters from all Penalties and Punishments for Dissenting, this lays a Forfeiture or Penalty on their Dissenting again; and I know not, for my Life, what to call that, but a repealing part of the Toleration. I wish some wiser Body, would find me out another Name for it.

IV. *'Tis against the general Right of Christians*; for as the Sovereignty of Conscience hath been sufficiently Asserted, and even the very Act of Toleration acknowledges it to be superior to Law, Independent to all Human Power, and ought not to be either forc'd or restrained, so it can no more be just, to compel me not to conform in part, than it can be to oblige me to a total Conformity.

I call that compelling, forcing, and the like, which however plausible, the pretence of leaving it in my choice, may be, makes a Depriving me of any thing which I Enjoy'd before, and had a Right to Enjoy, the penalty of my pursuing the Dictates of my Conscience: This is forcing me, as far as it is in the Power of any Man to force another, for no Man can force another any farther than by Inflicting a Punishment for not complying; The Law does not force a Man not to Murther his Neighbour, only tells him he shall be Hang'd if he does: If I am obliged totally to conform, or totally to dissent, when my Conscience directs me to dissent in some things, and *to Conform in all things I can*, this is as much imposing upon my Conscience, as compelling me to a total Conformity would be; this is Force, and Force is Persecution, and both are Unjust and Unreasonable.

V. *'Tis against her Majesties Gracious Promises of continuing the Toleration to the Dissenters.* The Royal Ve-

Veracity of the Queen, more than once repeated on this Head, is a satisfaction to the Dissenters, that they shall Enjoy the full Benefit of the Act of Toleration; her Majesty in her late Speeches to the Parliament, has redoubled her Assurances on this Head, and it seems to me, that the Safety of the Dissenters has a greater dependance upon this Head, than upon the Act of Toleration it self.

Acts of Parliament depend upon the Opinions of different Men, whose Breath, like themselves, is Frail and Uncertain; they are frequently chang'd, and frequently change their Opinions; one House often repeals what a former House enacts, they very often alter and disannul what they have enacted themselves; but if forty Houses attempt to alter or disannul the Toleration, so as to Deprive the Dissenters of the benefit of it, we are assur'd her Majesty will never pass such a Law; for she has given us her Royal Promise, thas she will continue her Protection of the Dissenters in their Enjoyment of the Toleration Establish'd.

Now for any People to desire to deprive the Dissenters of their Liberty of Conscience, to deprive them of the benefit of the Toleration, or of any part of it, is it not to desire the Queen to break her Word? Is it not to desire Her Majesty to lessen the Liberty given us before? And I wonder those Gentlemen who are so violent for such a thing, do not see, or at least consider, what it is they are driving at.

Can they think that her Majesty can weaken or limit the Toleration, and not see that 'tis an Assault upon the Honour of her Parole; has She not told them that they shall always find her have a Sacred Regard to her Promises? Have they not seen *her Majesty Profess a Spotless Veracity*? Can they find her injuring her own Honour, or her Subjects Confidence in this case? And why should they imagin *so Vilely* of their Sovereign? Does it not seem a want of Manners, as well as a want of their Confidence in the Queen?

It is objected, but this is not an Act againſt the Toleration, but only Explanatory, to tell the World what was, and was not meant by it; and it has always been granted that the Houſe of Commons are the proper Expoſitors of the Law.

In doubtful Caſes, 'tis true the Houſe are the Explainers of their own Meaning, but *Toleration is an Explicit Term*, wants no Explication of its Meaning, and the Conditions of it are exactly Expreſs'd in the Act of Parliament, its Extent is limited to Proteſtant Diſſentors, only to ſuch, and to all ſuch.

Now the deſign I am upon, is not an Expoſition, but a Limitation; and to Limit the Extent of the Toleration, is to Repeal part of the Law; and conſequently to Intrench upon her Majeſties Promiſe.

The Queen has not given her Word to the Diſſenters, to preſerve part of the Toleration, *but the Toleration*, which muſt be underſtood of the whole, or elſe by the ſame Rule they may obtain the Repeal of all or any the Enacting Clauſes in the Bill, and yet pretend the Promiſes of the Queen remain untouch'd.

This would be making Her Majeſty Equivocate with her Subjects, which is below her Thoughts; and as She has told us, we ſhall always find her a Religious Obſerver of her Word; I cannot Imgine Her Majeſty can ever aſſent to Limit the Toleration, without offering a horrid Affront to the Honour of Her Majeſty's Word, and making Her a Deluder of Her Subjects,

Some People have taken upon them to ſtate the Matter of the Queen's Promiſe, and to diſtinguiſh Nicely between an Act of Her Majeſties Will, and a Conceſſion to an Act of Parliament; and tell us from this Head, that Her Majeſty will not fail to be as good as Her Word, as far as concerns Her Self, but that if it be done by an Act of Parliament, that is a general thing, is the Act and Deed of the People of *England*, that 'tis their own doing, not Hers; even the Diſſenters themſelves do it, for they are properly ſaid to Act

in

in their Representatives. Now, tho' the Queen did promise to maintain the Toleration, yet She did not promise to do it against the Dissenters Will, and if they come and ask Her to do it, She is by that Request absolv'd from Her Promise, and free to Grant what they Desire.

This is a way, by which any Body may distinguish themselves out of their Promises, but an honest Answer puts an End to it,

The Queen's Promise is not Negative, that she will *not take away* the Toleration, but it is positive, that *She will preserve it*, and Protect the Dissenters in the Enjoyment of their Liberty.

As to *the Parliament Desiring* it to be taken away, which is as if the Dissenters did it, their Representatives being in Parliament; I Answer, this is a Sophism in Argument; 'tis true the Dissenters are Represented in Parliament, as *English*-Men, but not as Dissenters; and therefore the case differs, had the Dissenters chosen a Representative of themselves, as Dissenters, and these in the Name of the rest, had come and told Her Majesty, they desired the Tolleration should be repealed; I grant in such a case, Her Majesty was clear of Her Promise; but for a Parliament, they Represent the Dissenters in their Civil, but not in their Religious Capacity; this Promise is made to them as Dissenters; *as such*, they are no where represented, and therefore cannot be supposed to Act in a Repeal of such a Law, nor can the Actions of any House disengage Her Majesty from Her Promise.

For if a Subject may not Interpret the Queen's Promise, yet a Subject may say, how he understands it; and when Her Majesty Graciously says, we shall always find Her a Religious observer of Her Word; If I understand, what we are to Believe Her Majesties Meaning to be, it is thus, that *what ever Her Majesty Solemnly Promises to any of Her People, they may Depend upon it, shall be punctually Perform'd; and that it shall*

not

not be in the Power of any Human Act, to make Her forget, or disown it.

I hope this Explication can be no Detriment to the Honour or Veracity of the Queen; since no Body can have the Impudence to say, She has yet done any thing to Infringe this Sacred Assurance, nor can any of Her People, without having scandalous Thoughts of their Sovereign, Imagine She will break Her Word.

How then, can our Church of *England* Brethren, look Her Majesty in the Face, when they are every day exposing the Toleration, as a thing not fit to be continued?

The telling us, 'That this is Complimenting the 'Dissenters into our Church and Government, who 'are a People that are sworn Enemies to both, to the 'hazarding our Eternal Safety, and giving up our An-'tient Faith, Constitution, and Form of Worship: *Sacheverel*'s Sermon, *p.* 59, 60. and again *p.* 49. 'In 'order to break down the Fence, and Land-Mark of 'the Church, all its worst Enemies must be Tole-'rated.

What is this, but branding Toleration, as scandalous in it self, and dangerous to the Church, and consequently the Queen, with doing things which deserve that reproachful Title.

When the same Author has describ'd the Dissenters, in the best *Oxford* Rhetorick he could, he adds, *p.* 59. *Against whom every Man that wishes the Churches welfare, ought to Hang out the Bloody Flag, and Banner of Defiance.*

To make a short Comment on this worthy Text.

Every Man, or *every one*, for the Queen is a Masculine in Her Politick Capacity, every one that wishes the Churches Welfare, Ought, *&c.* Mark,

From hence I draw this Argument.

The Queen has not Hang out the Bloody Flag of Defiance; what then, one of these two Things follows.

I. Either

I. Either the Queen does not do as she ought to do

II. Or the Queen does not wish the Welfare of the Church.

If any Man can make another, or more proper Inference from the Words, he is welcome to do it; for my part I acknowledge I cannot.

If this be the Opinion, this Worthy Gentleman has of her Majesty's Conduct; If the Vice C———r of *Oxford* thinks to License such Language as this to be Printed on the Queen; Never let the Pillory be Erected for an Author, for Affronting her Majesty again. If this be not the *Shortest Way*; If this be not a Method by it self; If ever Queen was thus Bantred before; Let them tell us the Time.

Her Majesty has promised to protect the Dissenters, continue the Toleration, and bids them not be apprehensive of any Danger; but here comes Mr. *S———ll* with a Voucher from a whole University, and says, that if her Majesty wishes well to the Church of *England*, She must not Tolerate them, but hang out the Bloody Flag and Banner of Defiance against them; that is, the Queen, if she wishes well to the Church of *England*, must break her Promise with the Dissenters, and consent to demolish the Toleration-Act; Deprive them of their Liberty, and proceed against them *the Shortest Way*.

In short, according to the best Judgment I can make of this matter, This way of Treating the Dissenters, is the grossest Abuse upon the Queen, as can possible be put upon her; and they must suppose her Majesty to be something, that I have more Manners than to mention, if She does not take some more than ordinary Notice of it———.

I think, I may Challenge them all to shew one Instance, when ever the Dissenters, *those Spawn of Rebels, and Vermin not fit to Live*, as the Worthy Dr. *H——b* calls them; when ever they offered any such Affront to her Majesty.

But these Gentlemen, presuming upon her Goodness, at the same time abuse either her Understanding, or her Justice.

Either they abuse her Understanding, as if her Majesty could not see when she was Bantred; or they Impose upon her Justice, as if her Majesty would allow the same Insolence in a Church Clergy-Man, which in another Man shall be Punish'd with the Pillory.

To sum up all, it seems clear to me, that her Majesty can pass no Law, that shall lessen the Dissenters Liberty of Conforming, or not Conforming, as they now enjoy it, by Vertue of the late Act of Parliament, without Intrenching upon her Royal Promise, more than once made to the Dissenters, without lessening the Opinion the World has entertained of her Royal Word, and the Honesty of her Maintaining it.

And whereas Duty, as well as Charity, obliges us to believe, that her Majesty will not fail to Maintain that Religious Regard, which she has told us she will have to her Word, we may at the same time conclude, 'tis impossible she should ever be brought to Pass a Law, that in the least Offers to Infringe, or Intrench upon that Sacred Promise she has made the Dissenters, of Maintaining the Toleration.

'Tis impossible her Majesty can Assent to any Act, which shall lessen the Liberty given the Dissenters, by the Act of Toleration; 'tis impossible She can agree to Limit the Term of that Act, for that would be to Repeal part of the Act, and consequently break her Promise.

However, since 'tis plain there is a Party in the Church, who are so eager to pull down the Dissenters, who are for *Bloody Flags, and Banners of Defiance against them*, who have Beat *Hudibras*'s Ecclesiastick Drum to Raise the Mob against them, and who are willing to Mortgage the Honesty of their Sovereign,

If

If I might be allow'd to give Advice to the Diſſenters, it ſhould be to throw themſelves at her Majeſty's Royal Feet, and Humbly ask her Protection, in Terms like theſe,

May it Pleaſe your Majeſty,

YOUR Moſt Dutiful and Obedient Subjects, the Proteſtant Diſſenters, who Quietly and Chearfully obey your Royal Commands, willingly Submit to your Government, and heartily Depend upon your Truth; fly to the Faith and Honour of your Majeſty, Graciouſly Expreſs'd, and Solemnly Engag'd to them in your Royal Promiſe, for the Continuing to them the Toleration of their Religion, and the Liberty of Serving God according to their Conſciences, and the Divine Command; humbly aſſuring themſelves, that according to the Expreſs Reſolution of your Majeſty, ſignify'd in your Moſt Gracious Speech, at the laſt Prorogation of the Parliament, your Majeſty will preſerve the ſaid Liberty entire, and not Paſs any Bill or Bills, which Retrench, Limit, or Leſſen it; they the mean while continuing in a Dutiful, Quiet, and Peaceable Behaviour to your Majeſty, and your Government.

Nor can the Diſſenters be blam'd for taking her Majeſty at her Word; the Queen had certainly never made ſuch a Promiſe to us, but that ſhe intended theſe two Things:

1. Punctually to perform it.

2. She Intended the Diſſenters ſhould believe, and depend upon it.

The Diſſenters can never Acquit her Majeſty of this Promiſe; 'tis a ſolemn Engagement to them, and in Juſtice to their Poſterity, they can never quit their Claim to the Performance of it.

VI. I come now to Argue, that this way of limiting of Toleration, by a Law to prevent Occasional Conformity, *is against the Interest of the Church of* England.

'Tis certainly the Interest of the Church, as a Church, to bring back all her Children into her own Bosom, that we should have all one Discipline, as well as Doctrine; one Mode of Worship, as we have one Object of Worship; and therefore all Laws which tend to drive People farther from the Communion of the Church, are against her Interest.

They who are for Establishing the Church, by keeping all the Dissenters out of her Communion, are certainly the most Impolitick People in the World; for

The Strength and Glory of a Church, as of a Government, is the Number of its Subjects, Proselytes and Converts; and to make a Law that shall shut out of her Protection, such as are Conforming to them, is the most Impolitick thing in the World.

1. *'Tis contrary to the General Practice of all Churches in the World*; All are for bringing over People to conform to their Way of Worship; if they cannot conform wholly, they are willing to have them conform as far as they can, in hopes to bring them up to higher degrees and at last to compleat Conformity.

Some Churches have used Violence, to bring People to conform to their Way of Worship, and persecuted them for not doing it; and where they could not force a thorow Compliance, have accepted a Compliance for a time, or in part; but the Church of *England* is the only Church in the World that punish'd any because they would not wholly conform, by a Forcing them not to conform at all.

2. *'Tis contrary to Humane Policy*; for in all probability the Posterity of those People, whom now conform in part, will be total Conformists; and to pro-

mote a ſtrict total Diſſent, by rejecting a partial Conformity, is to ſhut out the Poſterity of thoſe who are ſhut out now, and conſequently leſſen all proſpect of a General Union, by fixing the *Diſſent* of thoſe who would conform, and thereby ſtrengthen the Party, by Encreaſing their Numbers.

It has been inſinuated by ſome, that the preſent Leading Party in the Church, do not deſire the *Diſſenters* ſhould conform, becauſe they would ſtrengthen the *Low Church Party*, and promote *Moderation* in the Church. This is a Helliſh Notion; 'tis a piece of Infernal Polity; ſavours of the Spirit which reigns in that dark Region, and ſubjects the Work of the Miniſtry to a Scandal of *State-Trick Prieſt-Craft*, and all that's Villainous and Baſe.

As if any Chriſtian Miniſter of the Church of *England* could be ſo vile, to wiſh the *Diſſenters* not to be United if poſſible to the Church, to wiſh the Number of Orthodox Catholick Chriſtians not to encreaſe, or the Peace and Union of theſe Nations in matters of Religion, not to be brought to paſs, and all upon a deſign of State-policy.

And yet this certainly ſeems to be True, ſince theſe Gentlemen puſh at a Law to bring them to a total Conformity, or exclude them from any Conformity at all.

For ſtill I inſiſt upon it, that diveſting them of Places, unleſs they do totally conform, is forcing them to a total Diſſent, as far as Force is in the power of the Parties we mean.

To this bleſſed Paſs is Religion brought: *when Prieſts turn States-Men, 'tis always thus*; the Policy of theſe Gentlemen prevails over their Conſciences, and they are now ſettling their Intereſt in the Government, at the Expence of their Religion; in ſhort, they are Liſted in a Religious Plot, and are a Party-making, not a Chriſtian-making. The Cure of Souls muſt give way to the ſettling an Intereſt, and they ſuſpend the Clergy-Men to put on the States-Men; 'tis not the

Diſ-

Diſſenter they would Convert, but 'tis the Whig they would Convert; If the Occaſional Conformiſt would leave off his Party in Politicks, they would Embrace him, they could eaſily bare with his Conformity; but they cannot bear with his being a Whig: Thus Religion is made the Pimp of a Party; and the Sacred Inſtitutions of Chriſt Jeſus, are Proſtituted to ſerve for Marks of Diſtinction, between Factions in the State.

If this be not the Caſe, 'tis Impoſſible for any Man to aſſign me a Reaſon, why the Church of *England* ſhould not deſire to bring all the Diſſenters in to her Communion, and, as far as in her lies, to Encourage them to come in.

It can never be Anſwer'd, why they ſhould not accept of ſome as well as of all, and Encourage Conformity in all the Particulars; ſince they who can Conform in part, may in time be brought to Conform in the whole.

He that deſires a Reformation, deſires all the degrees of Reformation; and it cannot conſiſt with a true deſire to bring over the Diſſenters to the Church, not to Encourage thoſe who are in part brought over; ſince if they had any Regard to Poſterity, 'tis more than probable, the Occaſional Conformity of the preſent Diſſenters, is a great ſtep towards Reconciling their Poſterity Abſolutely.

Theſe Arguments would certainly be moving, were not the whole a State Trick, a Machine of Government, to prevent a Union between the Low Church-Men and the Diſſenters, which the other Party Induſtriouſly avoid, leſt ſuch a Conjunction ſhould prove fatal to them, and they ſhould by that means be out Voted in Elections.

The Author of the *New Aſſociation*, a Pamphlet, ſuited to the very bottom of this ſcandalous Deſign, has explained this in his worthy Scheme of depriving the Diſſenters of their Liberty, of Voting as Free Holders, a ſtep none of the Party had ever yet the Impudence to take; but tho' it was always in the deſign,

they carefully kept it as a Secret, till this Impolitick Author thought the Case was Ripe for a Discovery, and so Midwif'd it into the World before its time.

In the second Volume, he is wonderful Angry, at being charg'd with having discover'd *The Shortest Way*, and Ruffles the Author of the Explanation upon that Head.

Alas, good Man, he would not be Guilty of such a Bloody Doctrine, he only desires that the Dissenters might be Unfranchis'd as *English* Men, and not only, not be Magistrates, or Members of Parliament, but have no Power to Vote for such as are.

What does this Gentleman think of the Dissenters, that they should be so Blind, as not to see *The Shortest Way*, thro' all this; but since such People must be charg'd Home before they will Confess.

Let any Man but Examine, what in Reason must be the Consequence, when all the Dissenters should be thus Disarm'd of their Civil Rights, and such Men chosen into all Places of Magistracy and Legislature, as are suitable to the Temper of Mr. *Sacheverell*, and of this Author; let even themselves tell us when this is perfected, *and the Bloody Flag Hung out*, what ought the Dissenters to expect?

Will they tell us, this may be done, and our Toleration not injur'd? Are we to sit still under it all, and own this is no Persecution? Are we to caress the Church, and say, Peace, Peace, are we to own they go on with the Queen's *Peace and Union*?

Are we under all this to say, That the Lenity and Mercy of the Church is conspicuous, in granting us Leave to go to our Meetings and serve God our own Way; and grant, that Suffering the Loss of Civil Rites to obtain or to maintain this, is no Suffering for Religion, nor in the Impoſer is no Oppression?

When we are thus passive, it must be own'd they do us no Wrong, who tell us, we are of the Tribe of *Issachar*, and give us for our Coat of Arms, an Ass Couchant under a Church Rampant.

The

The Diſſenters may indeed have the Misfortune to be oppreſs'd, and oblig'd to bear theſe things; but it ſhall never be ſaid they did not foreſee it, and complain of the Wrong; they ſhall not be taxt with Blindneſs, tho' they may with Weakneſs.

The *Oxford* Gentleman they ſay, has again appear'd in the World to advance the Rites of the Church, in Anſwer to a late Pamphlet, call'd *The Rights of the Diſſenters.*

As to his Arguments, I leave him for the preſent to his proper Adverſary. —— So far as he treats me with ill Language, I ſay nothing to him, for a Railing Accuſation is the Part of the Devil, Bear Garden Language is his particular Talent; and they that would have a farther Character of him, are refer'd to a certain Reverend Biſhop in *England*, who when he denyed him Orders, not for want of Learning ſo much as his want of *Manners* and *Morals*, gave him alſo the Title deſerved, by which he will be known to his Friends, and to us, he is known in his Books, as a Pulpit Incendiary, the Churches Bloody Standard Bearer, the Trumpeter ſent out by High Church Authority, in ſpight of the Queen and her Summons, *to Preach againſt Union*, to Proclaim open *War between Parties*, to Hang out *Flags of Defyance*, and to tell her Majeſty, ſhe cannot have a true Zeal for the Church, unleſs ſhe pleaſes *to break her Word, and do ſo too.*

Now among the Rights of the Church, if they can bring it out, and prove to us, the Church of *England* has a right of *Coertion* upon Conſcience, has a right to perſecute their Diſſenting Brethren, they gain their point.

If they have a right to Compel us to come in, and to force our Conſciences; then 'tis certain we can have no right to the Toleration, and the Queen in her Promiſes to maintain it, Invaded the rights of the Church; for we can have no right to that Freedom, which they have a right to Limit, or Preſcribe, and the Queen

cannot promiſe to Maintain us, in that which they have a Right to reſtrain and prevent, ——— Thus as the Diſſenters are brought in, Claiming a Liberty, they have no Right to, the Queen is alſo brought in, Eſtabliſhing and Promiſing us to Maintain that Liberty, they have a Right to take away, and by conſequence invading the Rights of the Church.

And thus the Right of preventing Occaſional Conformity, will be preſently decided; and I am free to Challenge, all the Advocates for it, to enter into the Argument, of which this is the Abſtract.

If the Church has a Right to perſecute for Conſcience;
Then the *Diſſenters* have no Right to Toleration.
But the *Church* has a Right to *Perſecute*; Ergo.

E CONTRA.

If the *Church* has no Right to *Perſecute for Conſcience Sake*; Then the *Diſſenters* have a Right to the *Liberty* they now Enjoy, by the *Toleration*;
But the *Church* has no Right to *Perſecute*, as it is prov'd from the Apoſtles Words, *whether it be Right to Obey God, rather than Man, judge ye.*
Ergo ——— The *Diſſenters* have a Right to *Liberty of Conſcience*, and *Toleration.*

If the Church has a Right to Perſecute, then the Queen can have no Right to Tolerate; for two Contraries, cannot be Erected upon one Foundation of Right.

If then the Queen had no Right to Tolerate the Diſſenters, by promiſing to do ſo, She promiſes to do what She cannot Legally perform; and that Promiſe ought not to be kept.

But if the Church has no Right to Perſecute, then had the Queen a Right to give them a Toleration; and what it is Lawful to Grant, it muſt be Lawful to Continue; and therefore Her Majeſty's Gracious Promiſe, muſt be a Sacred Security to us, becauſe She had an Undoubted Right to make it.

So

So that the whole Argument must Turn upon this, whether the Church, has a Right to force the Conscience, or in plain *English*, to Persecute for Conscience Sake.

If they can get over this, the Argument is at an End, and we must submit to any thing they please to Inflict; they having an Undoubted Right to Inflict it.

All the Dissenters dependance therefore, and all their Moral Security is plac'd, not in the Act of Toleration, for that may be Mortal, but in Her Majesty's Sacred Promise.

And the Care Her Majesty has taken, to make us Easy on this Head, is very Remarkable; and ought to Discourage the Party from the Attempt. We have a Promise, within a Promise; The Queen, as if her Majesty had seen Occasion for more than ordinary assurance, has given us first a Promise, that She will preserve the Toleration, and Protect the Dissenters in their Liberty of Conscience, and She has Clinch'd this Engagement, by another as Solemn, wherein She Promises, to be always a Religious Observer of her Word.

What hopes then can any Party of Men entertain, of making the least attack upon the Dissenters Liberty, without a barefac'd Presumption, that they shall obtain upon Her Majesty to break her Word?

Upon this Account it is, I would have the Dissenters Easie; those Endeavours which have been made use of to Ruine them, have been in Vain; Her Majesty has kept her Promise hitherto, and there is no need to fear, but She will keep it.

Some People perhaps pretend to say, when Her Majesty made this Promise, She did not expect to be taken in so large a Sence; I can say nothing to that, further than that I don't believe them.

But I believe, before the Late King's Death, had we told those Gentlemen, the Queen would have made such a Promise, they would have said, *we were mistaken*, when She did make it, they found *themselves mistaken*. If the Queen thinks they like it, *Her Majesty is mistaken*, and if ever Her Majesty breaks it, *we shall be all mistaken*.

THE DISSENTER MISREPRESENTED, AND REPRESENTED.

'TIS observable, that some Gentlemen of the Church of *England* are much better qualified to blacken the Character of the Dissenters, than to vindicate their own.

By this means they have not only laid themselves too open to Recrimination, but have unhappily flung that very Dirt at the Dissenters, which flying directly back in their own Faces, they have never been able to wash off.

Those Gentlemen therefore, who have shown the Redundancy of their Wit in so many Pamphlets and Sermons, and amongst them Mr. *S---ll*, and Dr. *S---s* in particular; are humbly desired to think of Vindicating the Loyalty of their own Church from the Scandals of Perjury and Rebellion, before they proceed any farther in their reproaching the Dissenters; lest the World shou'd take up this Character of them, that they are better at Writing than Answering.

No Man is bound, indeed, to answer a railing Accusation; and to slight a Reflection that cannot be wip'd off is a prudential piece of Art: But then, Methinks the Policy of it lies perfectly hid, and 'tis hard

to

to account for the Diſcretion of raiſing that very Duſt that muſt put out our own Eyes, to cry out at the Diſſenters for Schiſmaticks and Rebells, when they may anwer with the Text; *Thou that preacheſt Men ſhould abhor Idols, doſt thou commit Sacriledge.*

It is now about Forty Years that the Diſſenters have been treated by the Clergy eſpecially, and as much as in them lay, by all the World, with the ſcandalous Titles of Factious Rebels, Traitors to Monarchy, Subverters of Government, and favourers of Anarchy and Confuſion, and abundance of ſuch like Stuff, till the Scandal began to be ſtale, and the Authors being Self-Guilty, began to be Self-Condemned; and then, that they might change the Crime, *not the Temper*; they fell upon them for Hypocriſy.

Now Occaſional Communion is made the general Brand of the whole Body of Diſſenters, as if it was their received Doctrine, their general Practice, and ſtated receiv'd Opinion.

This being the Foundation, they run away with the Miſtake, as if it was an undoubted Truth, and ſo have nothing to do but to examine the Practice and make it as black as they can.

Now to me it ſeems to be nothing to the purpoſe, whether this Practice is to be vindicated or not, *and tho' I am ready to grant that it is not*; yet are the Diſſenters manifeſtly Injur'd and Miſrepreſented in having a general Character faſten'd upon them for that which very few of them Practice, and fewer if any of them profeſs.

Thus from Malicious Premiſes, 'tis manifeſt how they draw falſe Concluſions, and fix that Reproach upon the Diſſenters, which, 'tis plain, they have no Reaſon for.

In the doing this they are ſo hardn'd againſt Argument, that even Demonſtration has no Effect upon them. If all the Diſſenters in *England* ſhou'd teſtify their diſlike of Occaſional Communion, ſince a few

have

have practis'd it, tis not enough to convince such People who are less from Reason than Design.

But 'tis absolutely necessary to crie down the Thing, in order to make it the Ground of an Act of Parliament, which under the Shadow of suppressing an Unjustifiable Practice, shall be extended in sundry and secret Branches equivalent to a Persecution.

'Tis very plain, an Act of Parliament barely to prevent Occasional Communion wou'd do no Injury to the Dissenters, but disappoint their Enemies of their Malicious Designs, and it needs no farther Testimony to prove it, than the Care some ha' taken to get other Clauses added to answer those Ends which the bare preventing Clause wou'd not.

But not to examine into the Bill lately depending, or to question what the House of Commons are pleased to do, I wou'd ask those Blessed Authors who have so doom'd the Dissenters to the Devil for Hypocrisy, *what Analogy* the Punishment they have laid out for them bears to the Offence? that because some of them can conform to the Church, suppose them tempted by the profits of Places and Offices of Trust, that therefore all those who cannot, shall be divested of their Civil Right as Free-holders of *England*, or Freemen of Corporations.

The hardships of such Usage are so unjust and so unaccountable, that no Apollogy can be made for them, unless the Dissenters were a People with whom no Faith nor Measures were to be observed.

Therefore to make such Unchristian Dealings go down with the World, the next Work is to blacken them with all the Marks of Reproach that Virulent Tongues, blest with more Wit than Manners can invent.

Gentlemen of the Church of *England*, you that call your selves Ministers of Christ, is this the Duty of your Office? Is Railing at these People the Work of the Pulpit? Is this suitable to the Sacred Character and Holy Profession? Is this the Imployment of the Ser-

Servants of Jesus Christ, under his immediate Call, and guided by his Infallible Spirit? The Mission of our Lord Jesus, whose Servants ye say ye are, was to Disciple Nations, to win by Meekness and Charity; the Character of his Bishop was, to be *no Striker, no Brawler*, 1 Tim. 3. 3. You have no Direction from him to persecute your Brethren, much less have you to slander and misrepresent them, when the just Character of your present Spirit shall be drawn. What wou'd our Blessed Lord answer, if it were shown him with this Question? *Vide an hæc sit Tunica Filii tui.*

If you have real Designs to subject your Protestant Brethren to an insupportable Yoke, consider of some Method more for your Reputation, than a Refuge of Lyes and Scandal.

The Occasional Conformity of the Dissenters, you say, is a Test of their Hypocrisy.

First, Gentlemen, Nine Parts of Ten of the Dissenters protest against it, and never practis'd it: It can then be a Test of No-body's Hypocrisy, but such as are Guilty. Several ha' been tempted with Places, and made to fine for refusing to serve Sheriffs (*a Modern Church way of picking Pockets*) nay, some have been Chosen two Year together, on purpose to Fine them; *a Villainy equally Meriting the Gallows, with Breaking up a House*, and yet these Gentlemen have refus'd to wrong their Consciences, and cou'd not qualify themselves neither for the Money they were to get, or that they were to have: And yet have I not found in all the Infamous Pamphlets and State Sermons, lately publish'd, the least Justice done to the Character of such, but all are Involv'd in the General Storm. Scandal, like Death, spares No-body; and the Church, which shou'd be the Center and Pattern of Charity and Justice, becomes the Infamous Herald of Slander and Reproach.

As to those Gentlemen who are of Opinion, that they may Occasionally Conform to the Church, they say

ſay in their own Vindication, that you have not yet prov'd it Unlawful for them to do ſo; and ſome of their yet Unanſwer'd Books, *for Anſwering Arguments is not your Talent*, ſtand as a Challenge to you to prove the Affirmative.

If then the Fact be not ſinful in it ſelf (tho' I do not grant that neither) and *if it be but a Very Few of the Diſſenters* practis'd it: Pray, Gentlemen of the Pulpit, Where is your Honeſty, your Juſtice, your Charity, to puniſh a Party for the Miſdoings of a Few?

The Diſſenters in *England* are not a Body, neither in a Politick, or any other Capacity; if they were, the whole might be anſwerable for the Parts, as having Power to call them to Account. How then are the Innocent Many to be Cenſur'd for the Guilty Few? And why then ſhould your Furious Champions condemn them all in Print, to loſe their Birth-Right, as *Engliſh* Men; becauſe ſome among them do what you ſay they ſhou'd not do?

And why, Gentlemen, all this ſtir about Places! When 'tis but a very ſhort while ſince ſome of your moſt Eminent Friends branded all People in Places, as Enemies to the Liberties of *England*, and under Temptations to betray us; People not fit to be truſted in the Legiſlature, Bond ſlaves to Arbitrary Power, perfectly ſubjected to Court Practices, and Enemies to the Safety of a Free Nation, *Væ Vobis Hypocritæ!* We Diſſenting Hypocrites have liv'd to ſee you Church Hypocrites poſſeſſing the Places and Penſions of thoſe you rail'd at, and the Diſcourſes of a Self-denying Ordinance are quite Dropt and Forgotten: Nay, ſo eager to engroſs all to themſelves, that now Court Party and Country Party are laid aſide, the Matter is come about, and the *True-Born Engliſh Man* appears in the right.

That all the Strife is plainly to be ſeen,
To get ſome Men put out, and ſome put in.

This

This is very hard, the Church-men can preach up Paſſive Obedience one Year, and take up Arms againſt their Prince the next; ſwear an Abſolute Allegiance to the King and his Heirs to Day, and ſwear to a New Government to Morrow; Preach and Print againſt Schiſmaticks and Diſſenters, and King *James*, and ſeperate from their own Church, and ſet up private Schiſmatical Conventicles under King *William*.

Their Stateſ-men cry down Courtiers, and Penſioners ſet up for Patriots, and ſcorn Places as things Fatal to Liberty under King *William*, and ſtrive to engroſs all the Places they can get under Queen *Ann*, and cry up Laws to keep all but themſelves out: They can pretend, that no Man having an Office under the King, ſhall ſit in the Houſe of Commons under King *William*, and yet are willing both to ſit in the Houſe, and enjoy the principal Offices in the Kingdom under Queen *Ann*; and yet theſe are the People who cry out upon Two Millions of their Brethren as Hypocrites, becauſe leſs than a Thouſandth part of them have been guilty of Occaſional Conformity.

What Juſtice, what Equity, can there be in this way of Dealing with the Diſſenters? Nothing can juſtifie it that I know, but their being a People fit to be extirpated from the Face of the Earth: And as ſome have very piouſly mov'd it, you have nothing more to do, but to ſet about it the ſhorteſt Way.

'Tis hardly worth while to mention the unuſual Exorbitance of our Church Mob, againſt their Brethren the Diſſenters. Some are ſo hot, they can't ſtay till this Bill may be paſt into a Law, and other Opportunities may happen further to ſuppreſs them. But they are for depriving them of their Right of Voting for Parliament Men as Freeholders; to which I wou'd add, Let them go on, and take away their Freeholds too, a thing every jot as juſt, and then the Buſineſs wou'd be over. And another Late Author has inform'd the World, that he has found out a better

ter Way than the ſhorteſt Way: Not that the ſhorteſt Way did not pleaſe him, but that 'tis unhappily *blown*, and grown a little too much out of Credit; and this New Invention of his is, to have all the Diſſenters Children educated in the Church of *England*, whether they will or no. So firſt we are to have our Birth-right taken away, and then our Children taken away, and ſo on to the ſhorteſt Way.

I wonder theſe Gentlemen are not aſham'd to foſter theſe things upon the World, as their own Conceptions, when really they ought to quote the Author from whence they borrow the Method, *viz. Lewis* XIVth, the taking away firſt the Character, then the Privileges, then the Employments of the Proteſtants were the previous Steps to their Deſtruction. When this was done, the Buſineſs was ripe; then they took away their Children to put them to Popiſh Schools, and nothing remain'd but the *Coup de Grace*, the laſt Blow Baniſhment, and ſo the Work was done at once. This is the Pattern theſe Gentlemen walk by, who yet are ſo affronted at being told, that they intend to proceed with us by the ſhorteſt Way.

Thus theſe Gentlemen begin with us, by miſrepreſenting the Diſſenters to Mankind as Hypocrites, falſe in Principle, and falſe in Practice, *Ambo-Dexters* in Religion, *&c.* becauſe ſome among them have been ſo: As well might the Church of *England* be branded with the Jeſuitical Doctrine of *King Killing*, becauſe Sir *John Friend* and Sir *William Parkins* were guilty of the Aſſaſſination; who were not only Members of the Church, but receiv'd Abſolution *without Repentance*, from the Hands of the Miniſters of that Church.

Really Gentlemen, the Diſſenters act abundance of Charity to you, whatever ſcandalous Returns you make them, that they do not recriminate on you ſuch ſcandalous Practices of yours as would ſo blacken your Church, that Foreign Proteſtants wou'd hardly

reckon

reckon you among the Members of the Reformation.

The Rigour you are now using to your Religious Brethren, and the scandalous Lenity you shew to all manner of Criminal Conversation in your known Members, the known Distance between your profest Doctrine, Canons and Profession, and the Practice of your whole Body render you scandalous to Religion it self, and are you the Men who cry out of Hypocrisy? *Physicians heal your selves.*

When your Clergy are less Vitious, your Magistrates less Prophane, your Statesmen Honest, your Officers faithful, then we'll be content to be Censur'd for Occasional Conformity.

But since 'tis thus with you, any body shou'd cry out of Hypocrisy, Disloyalty and Rebellion, rather than you. You ought to be the last Men that shou'd tax us, and shou'd lay your hands on your Mouth, with a just Reflection upon your own Dishonesty and Disloyalty instead of search out ours.

The Dissenters are further misrepresented, as Persons who Orignally made the Separation from the Church, from a Native Spirit of Division, from an Obstinate Aversion to Order and Government, wherein their Enemies forget that their Clergy lost near three Thousand good Benefices, and their Laity many good Places, because they cou'd not in Conscience comply with what the Church men impos'd upon them. They forget, that afterwards at a Conference with the Clery of the Church of *England*, they made such large Concessions to the Church, in order to Unity and Peace, that Bishop *Juxton* himself and several of the honestest Party of the Church declar'd, they shew'd a True Christian Temper, and that their Proposals were a sufficient Ground of a Union.

But all these Steps were absolutely rejected by special Order from the Court, where it was a receiv'd Maxim in their Politicks, to keep open the Breach, and not to suffer the Church to come to any Agree-

ment

ment with the Diſſenters, for fear they ſhou'd all unite againſt the Popiſh Intereſt, which was all along the Darling of the Court, tho' it was Mask't with the Political Zeal of ſupporting the Church, and expreſs'd by that ambiguous Phraſe of *the Religion eſtabliſht by Law*; or, *the Church of* England *as by Law Eſtabliſht*. A Term of ſuch a plain Signification, that 'tis no more a Doubt, but that they thereby always meant the Church of *Rome*.

If the Diſſenters made the Schiſm only from a Spirit of Diviſion and Obſtinacy, they muſt paſs for Fools as well as Knaves, that ſunk their Intereſt to gratifie their Paſſions; that ſuffer'd the Loſs of their Fortunes, and the Ruine of their Families, blind to their own Advantages, that quitted good Livings and large Benefices to depend upon Naked Providence and Starving Charity; and all this without any Motion of Conſcience, or any ſolid Principle. If the Diſſenters are all Hypocrites that can conform for Places and Honours, Preferments, and Good Livings, Why did they not conform to keep them as others did?

It cannot be from any Principle, but a Religious Neceſſity of Conſcience, that ſo many Men loſt their Livings, ruin'd their Families, and quitted their Employments: Unleſs they were all Fools, and that is a Charge they never were yet tax'd with.

In this Caſe we come to a Parallel with the Church again upon the late Revolution, and 'twou'd be neceſſary to examine a little, if the Church-men themſelves did not make a New Schiſm in their own Church upon leſs and worſe Pretences.

Upon the Revolution, the Government exacted a New Oath of Allegiance to the late King and Queen, their old Oath, as ſome conceiv'd being yet in Force, their other King being yet alive, ſeveral of the Biſhops, and many of their Clergy, from a Principle of Conſcience, as they ſay, cou'd not comply with this Law; and following the Example of the Diſſenters

ters they had hated so much, makes a New Separation, and set up private Schismatical Conventicles and Meetings of their own.

If these were not Dissenters on a Principle of Conscience, 'twas worse with them than with us; for they declar'd themselves averse to the Government, scrupl'd their Debt of Allegiance to the Crown, and openly acknowledg'd another Sovereign. These things the Dissenters cou'd never be charg'd with, for they always acknowledg'd the Civil Power, and only debated their Sovereignty in Point of Conscience.

The Church-men will find insuperable Difficulties before them in this Article of *Non-jurant Dissenters*: For if 'twas Lawful for the Church to swear Allegiance, and acknowledge and swear to King *William*, then down comes the Doctrine of Passive Obedience, like *Dagon* before the Ark. If they cannot defend it as Lawful, then the indelible Blot of Perjury and Rebellion, things the Clergy of the Church of *England* ha' been very fond of charging on the Dissenters, lies so close to them, as I know not how they will wipe it off!

From this ill Usage of the Dissenters, 'tis plain, that all this Storm threatning them, is the Effect of a Civil Juggle against the Dissenters, to strip them of the Places others gape after; and to prevent their possessing them for the future, not so much for the Safety of the Nation, as to engross the Profits to themselves.

Well, Gentlemen, as for the Places we can't help it: If the Government won't employ us in Places we must go without them. But this does not make it just, to unqualify us by Law from being capable of Service. Is it not enough, that the Powers are bent against us not to employ us; that we are render'd suspected to our Sovereign, as Persons not fit to be trusted? But we must be so captivated, that it must be made Criminal in us to accept of Employment, if Her Majesty should be willing to trust us? This has Three ill Aspects.

1. It looks as if you were afraid to depend upon the Steadineſs of the Queen's Reſolution; but were doubtful ſhe might be brought over one time or other to our ſide, and be induc'd to try our Fidelity.

2. It looks as if you were Jealous of our Merit that it might one time or other appear, that the Queen has been abus'd into an ill Opinion of a great Number of Her Subjects: And that being convinc'd of it, ſhe ſhou'd with an equal Reſpect receive and admit us with you to a Promiſcuous Enjoyment, both of her Favour and Employments. Or,

3. That you are conſcious of ſome hard and extravagant thing you are likely to put upon her Majeſty, which you apprehend the Queen may diſlike, and reſent ſo highly as to diſmiſs you her Service. And you are willing to deprive her effectually of the Loyal Endeavours of her Proteſtant Diſſenting Subjects, by obliging them under ſevere Penalties to refuſe their Aſſiſtance, that ſhe may be under a Force to employ you.

If I judge too hard, I ask pardon; declaring it is not for want of Charity: But I confeſs, I can ſee no other Conſequence can be drawn from it. For if they had a full Confidence in the Queen, either in her Majeſty's Judgment or Reſolution, they wou'd acquieſce in her declaring that ſhe will be ſerv'd by the moſt Zealous Members of the Church of *England*; but from their Diffidence in her Majeſty, they are for bringing the Diſſenters to a Force, that if her Majeſty ſhou'd be brought over to truſt them again, they ſhall either ceaſe being Diſſenters, or refuſe their Duty to their Obliging Miſtreſs, when her Majeſty in her Royal Bounty ſhall think fit to employ them.

I ſhall not here diſpute the Right the Diſſenters have to a Share of their Prince's Favour, till forfeited by Miſdemeanour. I think it ſavours of leſs Manners,

ners, and leſs Paſſive Obedience, than thoſe Church Zealots us'd to profeſs; to limit their Queen that ſhe ſhall not employ whom ſhe thinks fit: Or that ſhe ſhall employ them and truſt them, and No-body elſe, let their Behaviour be how and what it will.

Nor is the depriving us of the Favour of our Sovereign, and the Opportunities of ſerving our Queen, the only thing you endeavour; but you envy us the Opportunity of ſerving God too, and tho' you have not dar'd yet to attempt our Act of Toleration in a Legal Way, yet you have ſnarl'd at it, ſhown your Diſlike of it upon all Occaſions. With what Contempt have you treated the late King *William*, for taking you at your Word, and preſſing you to perform the Promiſes you made in the Days of your Affliction, of coming to a Temper with us? With what reluctant Hearts do you ſee us enjoy our Liberty, by that Law which you dare not attack? How has it grated on your Minds, to think the Queen ſhou'd give us her Royal Promiſe to maintain this Act? How often has your Impudent Pamphleteers damn'd that Act as Antichriſtian? And conſequently the Queen muſt ſtand very fair in your Thoughts, for obliging her ſelf to maintain it.

We come now to ſee how the Diſſenter are Miſrepreſented, as to their Management in Publick Places, where they are at once branded with all the Diſorders and Misbehaviours of the former Reigns. One would think, by the Odious Reproaches with which the Hot-ſpurs of the Church load the Diſſenters, that all the Favourites, Miniſters of State, Lords of the Treaſury, Receivers and Commiſſioners of all ſorts, in the laſt Reign, were Diſſenters. "The Diſſenters, "ſays a late Pamphleteer of the Hot Party, main-"tain'd their Reputation indifferently well; till by "the Connivance of the laſt Reign they got the Ma-"nagement of the Publick Matters into their hands, "and then they got the Knack of ſelling all Offices "and Preferments to Profligate Rogues of their own

" Party, embezling the Publick Treasure, and Cheat-
" ing the Nation; that 'twas plain, they out-did
" all that ever went before them. Author of a shor-
ter Way, *&c.*

This is a Black Charge, and all Men must allow, if it be not true, the Dissenters have a great deal of Wrong done them. We shall examine the Truth of it afterward, and in the mean time examine what is the Use made of the Slander.

First they are cried down as a sort of People not fit to be trusted with any Place of Profit, or Honour in the Nation: Every Saucy Scribler, *as one Curr brings all the Dogs of the Parish out*, is upon them. *We'll let them enjoy their Estates*, says one scandalous Beggar, that has none of his own; but never let them be trusted in Places again, 'tis time for us to have a Season to get Money in, that is, *to Cheat the Nation in*; for that was what he had been Talking of.

The late Reign is reflected upon, for bringing them in, and King *William* can hardly escape the Name of a Presbyterian for employing them. Nay, one has had the Impudence to bring in King *William* and the Dissenters, conspiring and confederating together to suppress the Church of *England*, and set up a Synodical Presbyterian Government. 'Twould be endless and intolerable to quote the Bear Garden Language, and the base Treatment the Dissenters meet with in *Pamphlets*, in *Sermons*, in *Common Discourse*, as the publick *Harpies*, and Thieves of the Nations Treasure, the Engrossers and Mercenary Brokers for Places and Preferments, Pensioners to the Court, to get great Summs of Money given, and then to cheat both King and Country.

Now if after all one Word of this should not be true, what must the World say? Generals prove nothing, and Negatives prove nothing, but to confirm the Reputation of our Protestant Dissenters as to Obedience to Laws and Faithfulness in Employments,

and

and that if they are Guilty, a fair Proof of the Fact may appear, and the Persons be known, that a whole Body may not suffer a Scandal for a few, and those few not be Guilty neither. We challenge all the Enemies of the Dissenters that bring this mighty Charge,

——————— Stand forth and shew
The Foreskins of the Philistines, ye slew.

Let the World know who are the Men, let them charge the Dissenters with one Disloyal, Disrespectful Act to their Sovereign; or the least Tendency, either in their Practice or Principles, since the late Revolution; either to Evade, or Oppose the Laws of the Land, or to disturb the Publick Peace, or to injure the Trade, or Publick Interest of their Native Country: Nay, we challenge them to make it appear when the Dissenters have been backward to promote the Publick Good, or to advance their Mony, even to the Ruine of many Families, by lending their Cash on the Deficient Bankrupt Funds of late Parliaments, which they have in vain expected Redress for since.

But to go further, and come close to the very Articles charg'd upon them by this hasty Humour; let me take the Freedom to observe, no brib'd Members of Parliament, no corrupt Ministers of State, no Receivers of Publick Mony unaccounted for, no false Endorsers of *Exchequer* Bills, no Counterfeiters of Bank Notes, no Misappliers of appropriated Funds, no Obtainer of Exorbitant or Surreptitious Grants, no Commissioners without Accompts, Paymasters without Vouchers, or Treasurers without Cash, no Betrayers of our Fleets, or Revealers of the Cabinet Council of the Throne, have been found among the Dissenters; they have lent their Mony to the Government, and lost their Mony for the Government, but have got nothing by the Government, their Liberty of Conscience is all the Gain they have made us Dissenters, and they are not thought worthy of that.

A little further, Upon the ſtricteſt Search I can find but Two Diſſenters that were in Places of great Truſt in the late Reign, but Two in whoſe Power it was to have been Guilty of the Crimes which are thrown upon the whole Body of the Miniſtry, and Offices of the late Reign, and who can with any Face be call'd Diſſenters. And to the Eternal Glory of the whole Body of Diſſenters, I challenge all the Sons of Slander, to ſhew me Two Men either in that Reign, or in any Reign, who diſcharg'd their places with more Integrity, and with unwearied Diligence, and a ſpotleſs Honeſty; carryed an untainted Reputation to their Graves.

Theſe, for I am far from being aſham'd of their Names, were Old *Thomas Papillon*, Eſq; Firſt Commiſſioner of the Victualling Office, and *Mordecai Abbot* in the Exchequer.

Theſe were both profeſt Diſſenters, they enjoy'd Places that had as great Opportunities of Frauds and ill Practices as any; they continued in them thoro' the whole Reign of King *William*, and both died in the Service, and neither of them has left room for the leaſt Reproach upon them after their Death; Envy could never blacken them Living, nor Slander touch them now they are Dead; and all Men that underſtand the Buſineſs they went thro', and that have Honour enough to ſpeak impartially, do own that never Prince had two better Officers.

Where now are theſe Diſſenters who behaved themſelves ſo ill in the laſt Reign, that Her Majeſty is as it were, warn'd by our hot Party not to truſt them in this.

If they are to be found any where, one would expect them in the Addreſs of the Houſe of Commons to the Queen, where the miſapplication of the Publick Mony, and Miſmanagements of the laſt Reign are very particularly enumerated, and many of the chief Inſtruments are expos'd, by Name; let us enquire if any of them are Diſſenters.

And first, for the Right Honourable the Earl of *Ranelagh*; will they call him a Dissenter. 'Tis not to be denyed but a great part of the many Millions unaccounted for, by him, was paid by the Dissenters; and so they come in as Sufferers by your Church of *England* Knaves; but here is no Dissenter in the Case; all Men that know the late Noble Pay-master of the Army, know he was no Dissenter; and thus I dare say of him, that were he oblig'd to change his Religion, if he has any, and must of necessity be a Papist, a Presbyterian, or renounce all Religion; I'le Judge no farther, but he would certainly be no Presbyterian.

The Treasurer of the Navy, the Auditor of the Exchequer, Sir *Robert Howard*, Sir *Charles Duncomb*, Sir *Rowland Guin*, Sir *John Manwaring*; none of these will be angry with me for saying they were no Presbyterians, no Dissenters; no, nor not one named or pointed at in all that Tedious Address; who are then these Dissenters *in Nubibus*, that have cheated the Nation of so much Mony, that all their Brethren must be branded for it, as a People not fit to be trusted?

Gentlemen of the Church of *England*, will ye come to a Ballance with us? Will ye pay us Dissenters all the Mony we have lost by the knavery of the Church of *England* Officers, Receivers, Pay-masters, *&c.* if so; we will undertake to make good all the loss you can pretend to charge upon Dissenters in the like Offices.

What a shame then is it in a Country of Christians, that any Men should be thus abused? 'Tis strange we are all Thieves, and Rogues, and not fit to be trusted, and yet not one of us to be found; not one to have his Name put in the Parliaments Address, not one to be voted Guilty of high Crimes and Misdemeanours, not one to be posted, and made an Example of. Pardon us, if we think that the Pay-master General, or

any of the particular Persons concern'd had been Dissenters, we should have heard of it.

Really Gentlemen, this is hard usage, what all of us to be hang'd, and yet none of us Guilty? Have we but two profest Dissenters among you, and both of them own'd to be the best Officers ever you had; and yet must all the Reproach due to your own Church of *England* Officers, lie at our Door? How can you but blush! This is the beginning of the *Shortest Way*: How can you be Angry at that Author, and pretend you are not for Persecuting and Destroying us, why to kill our Reputation, and that by Slander, and false Accusation, is the worst kind of Murther.

Thus far all Men must own we have been Misrepresented, and are in general Abused.

If this be so, then I would enquire of these Gentlemen,

1. What they can say, why they wou'd so far unhinge the Nations Peace, as to Rescind the Act of Toleration.

2. Why at this time, when the Queen and the whole Nation has their Hands full of a Foreign Enemy, they should endeavour to make so many of her Majesties Subjects uneasy.

3. What have the Dissenters done since the Act of Toleration to forfeit the Favour.

As to that Question, Why they would Repeal the Toleration, being not to answer for them; I shall leave it for them to answer if they can, and only tell them why in my Opinion they should not.

1. Because in all the Acts of their Lives, they cannot shew one more for their own Reputation, than a Concession of Charity to the Consciences of their fellow Protestants.

2. Be-

2. Becauſe, in the Addreſs to the late King *James*, and in the Application they made to King *William* to reſcue them from Ruin, they declar'd themſelves Willing, and promis'd with uſual Death-bed Sincerity to come to a Temper, a Chriſtian Temper, ſuch as ſhould give Eaſe and Liberty to tender Conſciences; and ſince, in their Diſtreſs they promiſed, 'twould be ſomething ſcandalous for them to go back from their Words, and we ſhall have a ſtronger Charge of Hypocriſy to lay upon them than they will ever get over.

3. Becauſe we had an equal ſhare in the Revolution with them, had an equal Intereſt in ſetting King *William*, and conſequently Queen *Ann* upon the Throne, and ought to have a Proportion of the Advantages of that wonderful Performance, by which as they were ſav'd from Popery, and Tyrants of all ſorts, ſo we were with them ſet upon a Foundation of Legal Liberty; and 'twould be highly unjuſt that we ſhould be deprived of that Liberty we purchas'd with our Blood and Eſtates, and they left entire in the Poſſeſſion both of our Priviledges and their own too.

4. Becauſe both among the Clergy and the Laity, five Parts in ſix of their own Church are Friends to Moderation and Charity, lovers of Peace, and deſire to have Union and Love preſerv'd, and no Men to be Ruin'd for meer Principles of Conſcience; theſe however Reproacht by a more Zealous Party, with the Title of Low Church-men are the ſubſtantial Majority both in the Church and Nation; theſe are conſtant Friends to Mercy and Toleration. 'Twas by their faithful Diſcharge of the Truſt the Nation repoſed in them, we owe the obtaining it, and theſe ſee yet no reaſon to rifle us of it.

If you can give better Reaſons than theſe, why we ſhould be Perſecuted, Ruin'd and Undone; they that have them would do well to let us know them, poſſibly ſomething may be brought to Light to convince us,

us, but as yet, we can see nothing material, nothing that favours either of Justice, or Honour, or Advantage to the Church of *England* it self, much less for the Reputation of her Charity and Candor.

If we have forfeited the Favour of our Prince, or our Right to the Laws, what was the Crime, and when was it committed? we have met with Clamour indeed, but no real Crime, no fair Charge.

If a few have offended, let the few be punished, that we may know who they are; but to punish half a Nation for the Misbehaviour of a Few, is a piece of Justice you would be very loth to submit to; *Quod tibi Fieri non vis Alteri ne Feceris.*

On the other hand, the Dissenters, as Dissenters, are not capable of any Act or Deed that can forfeit this Liberty; for they never acted as a Body, as a collected Head or Sect of People joyn'd together for their mutual Interest; if they had had Wisdom to have done so, I am of the Opinion they had long since had better Terms from their Prince, and from their Neighbours.

The *Hugonots* in *France* had always their National-Synods, and general Meetings of the Gentry and Nobility of their Party, in which Meetings they concerted the Measures of their common Security, and as a Body, they made their Address to their Sovereign; Receiv'd Answer, and Directions, and made Stipulation for their Security.

The Dissenters in *England* have not so much as a general Correspondence one with another; no Man can say he says or does any thing in the Name of the Dissenters. Indeed they have not a Unity in Affection, enough to produce a Unity of Interest; *the worst of that is their own*; but this also is one Advantage in Justice they ought to recite from all the Disadvantages of it, that no Crime, which is not their General Practice, can with Reason be charged as the Crime of the Party.

I should descend now to represent the Dissenter, according to the intent of the Title.

And

And nothing hinders me, but that any Perſon will think me a Party, and Impartiality in ſuch Caſe, may look like a Panegyrick.

I had much rather inſiſt upon the Aſſertions paſt, in which, I think, 'tis plainly enough proved, that they have been baſely Miſrepreſented, loaded with unjuſt Reproaches, and charg'd with Crimes they are not Guilty of; if any Perſon will trouble himſelf rather to make it out that they are not injur'd in this Nature, than ſummon up his Chriſtian Charity to amend the Practice, I ſhall be glad to ſee him prove it by ſuch Demonſtrations as are equally Honeſt and True with theſe I have inſerted here.

If it cannot be made out, I think 'tis but juſt, while we are equally Loyal to our Prince, peaceable under the Government, aſſiſtant to the Occaſions of the State, chearful in our Taxes, Dutiful and Willing to promote the publick Benefit, we ſhould be ſharers in the Publick Safety, and 'till we offend the Law, we ought to have the protection of the Law.

And not of the Laws only, but of the common Charity of Mankind which we have yet done nothing to forfeit; when we do, and cannot juſtify our ſelves by good and warrantable Reaſons and Demonſtrations, 'tis then time enough to be reproacht.

As to what has been done in former Ages, we think our ſelves not at all concerned in the Diſpute, but to them that continue to brand us with *Diſloyalty* to Princes, Enemies to Monarchy, and Diſturbers of Government: We refer them to anſwer a late abdicated Author, *viz. D. F—s New Teſt of the Church of* England *Loyalty*; and we do, as an Addition to it, venture to ſay; both we and our Forefathers are, and always have been, as Loyal and as Faithful to the Kings and Queens of this Nation, as our Accuſers, and the Diſſenters have been leſs Guilty of Rebellion than the Church of *England*; and let them prove the contrary if they can.

THE

THE PARALLEL: OR, PERSECUTION OF PROTESTANTS

The Shorteſt Way to prevent the

Growth of Popery IN IRELAND.

TO THE QUEEN.

Madam,

YOur Majeſty's moſt Loyal, Dutiful, and always Faithful Subjects, the Proteſtant Diſſenters in Ireland, *could never ſo well demonſtrate either their profound Duty to your Perſon, and Regard to your Repoſe, or their own moſt heavy Preſſure of Mind under the melancholly Conſideration of being incapacitated for your Majeſty's Service by any Method, as by the Dutiful Silence and Entire Submiſſion they have always ſhown to your Government, and the Laws.*

They have no more been Clamorous with their Complaints, than diſobedient in their Practice, although under the terrible, and Pardon them, Madam, *if they think, undeſerv'd Mortification, of being joined with your Majeſty's Capital Enemies, the* Iriſh *Papiſts; and enacted againſt in a Bill for the Publick Security of this Kingdom.*

As nothing could have been more deſirable to them than to ſee Your Majeſty's Crown and Government ſecur'd by an intire ſuppreſſing Popery *in this Nation, ſo nothing could have been more agreeable to them than to hear of a Bill depending in your Majeſty's moſt Honourable Privy Council, preſented by your Faithful and Dutiful Commons of* Ireland, *for the more effectual Security of Your Majeſty, and this Nation, by preventing the Growth of Popery.*

And, Madam, *as it muſt needs be the remoteſt thing in the World from their Thoughts, that they could be*

ary

any way concern'd in such a Bill, other than to reap in Common, with the rest of your Majesty's Loyal Subjects, the Securities and Advantages of it; so nothing could be more surprizing, as well as afflicting, than to find themselves rank'd with those People, whom, they presume, your Majesty is well assur'd they have always been earnest to oppose; and at the Expence of their Blood and Fortunes have assisted your Majesty's Royal Predecessors against upon all Occasions.

It cannot be that your Majesty's Protestant Dissenting Subjects of Ireland *can be guilty of any thing to entitle them to such severe Mortifications, since tho' they have the Unhappiness to differ in some Opinions from your Majesty's Sentiments, and the Established Church; yet as they value themselves upon the Testimonies graciously given them by your Majesty's Ancestors of their steady and unshaken Loyalty to the Crown of* England, *and your Majesty's Royal Family, so they humbly presume to appeal to their Professions of Faith, in Matters of Religion, as well as to their Constant Practice, to determine whether they have always adhered to Principles equally Orthodox in Doctrine, and equally contrary to, and inconsistent with, the Errors and Absurdities of the Church of* Rome.

As Your Majesty's Royal Resolution to protect the Protestant Interest without Distinction is known to the World, so your equal Conduct to all your Subjects gives an universal Satisfaction, that your Royal Judgment knows perfectly to execute by the most proper Methods what your Goodness hath first determined to be reasonable; and as this is the Joy of all your People, so Madam, *your Protestant Dissenting Subjects in* Ireland *are too sensible of the Blessing, and know too well both their Duty and Interest, to do any thing to forfeit their Share in it.*

Nor can they doubt, but as Your Majesty's equal Regard to all your Subjects is your Glory, so it will be their Advantage always, enclining your Majesty to hear, and redress the Pressures and Complaints of any

Part

Part of your Government, cruſh'd by the Weight of Another; and humbly laying themſelves and their Caſe at Your Royal Feet, they willingly wait the time when God ſhall move Your Royal Heart to that Goodneſs and Tenderneſs which the true Mother extended to the Child, when the Dreadful Arm was ſtretcht out to divide it.

In the Confidence of this, they heartily pray for Your Majeſty's unvaluable Life and Proſperity, and earneſtly wiſh and deſire the whole Body of Proteſtants in theſe Nations, for the Security of their Intereſts, and of Your Majeſty's Government, would obey the Glorious Invitation to Peace and Union, which Your Majeſty has ſo often made to all your Subjects, by which we might all joyn in your Service to the Glory of the Proteſtant Religion, the entire Satisfaction of your Majeſty, and the Peace and Proſperity of theſe unhappy divided Nations.

THE PARALLEL, &c.

THose Gentlemen who wrote with so much Vigour in the Case of Occasional Conformity, had most effectually clench'd their Arguments, and overthrown all the Pretences of the Dissenters against an Occasional Bill, could they, as they undertook, ha' made it out, That *in all wise Nations it has been the Practice to exclude all such as are not of the National Church from any share in the Administration of Publick Affairs.*

But as the good or bad Effects of Exclusive Laws may be most clearly discovered in Cases where the Seasons, Methods, Persons, Interests and Circumstances, run in the most exact Parallel, I shall beg leave to pass by the exploded Arguments, drawn from the practise of Nations abroad, for excluding from the Management of Publick Affairs all who are not of their National Church, and bring up a Precedent near home in the Kingdom of *Ireland*, where the Resemblance of a Bill against Occasional Conformity, in its charitable Expedients and flourishing Consequences, may teach those who desire the like in *England*, to look over among their Neighbours, and see the Consequences of it upon the Dissenters.

'Tis very probable the Gentlemen concern'd in that Project for *Ireland*, would never have push'd at it if they

they had not thought at the same time something equivalent in *England* would have past; for they would not have been so accessary to discovering the real Design, they would not have been willing the cloven Foot should have been so soon.

Unhappy Ireland! Thou art always bound to be ruin'd to save thy Neighbours; How was thy Massacre in Forty-one a flaming Beacon to illuminate the World, and tell *England* what was coming upon her! Giving her timely notice to take care of her self, and leading the way to her Safety with the Blood of 200000 innocent betray'd Protestants.

In our last unhappy Popish Reign how was this Kingdom swallowed up with Tyranny, and made a Sacrifice to *Rome* and *Romish* Politicks; entirely devour'd and over-run by the Arbitrary Methods of that Time? How was Tyranny and Popery hand in hand introduc'd, and the Laws and Liberties of Protestants trod under Foot, *as a fair Introduction to the same Method putting forward in* England, but not so easily brought to pass, and consequently as a fair Notice to the *English* People to fortifie themselves against that Flood of Destruction which they had seen overflow their Unfortunate Neighbours.

Now thou art set a third time as a Mark, a Buoy on the cover'd Rock, a Notice of concealed Mischiefs, a warning Piece to all the Protestant World, but particularly as a Plan of a Design laid for the Destruction both of the Liberties, Civil Rights and Religious Privileges of thy Protestant Dissenting Neighbours.

In all Cases, and on all Occasions, when the Ruin and Destruction of *England* has been design'd, *Ireland* has *thus gone before her*; some that are wiser in Politicks than I can pretend to, give this for a Reason, That the Protestant Interest being weaker in this Kingdom than in that, the encroaching Party has not been obliged to such Cautions, and such nice Measures here as they have there, and the Project has been

ſooner ripe; but they have been very happily defeated in their grand Deſign, by their own Forwardneſs in that part of it, the firſt Execution in that Caſe opening the Scene ſo early, that Nation has always been allarum'd from hence, and found occaſion to remember the old Rule in the Accidence, *Felix quem faciunt, &c.*

And thus in the fatal Inſtances given, *England* always took warning from her Siſter *Ireland*; in 1641, when the bloody Papiſts Maſſacred ſo many thouſand Proteſtants in *Ireland*, it immediately allarm'd the whole *Engliſh* Nation, and told then in Characters too plain not to be read by the meaneſt Underſtanding, what *Engliſh* Men were to expect from the Predominacy of the ſame Party, and conſequently that it was high time to Arm againſt the Encroachments of Popery at home, to prevent the ſame Deſtruction they had ſeen happen to their Neighbours here in *Ireland.*

In 1688, when the Methods of Arbitrary Power, and the Popiſh Deſigns went on ſo faſt in *Ireland*, that the whole Kingdom appeared in a manner ſubjugated to the Power of the Princes Will, and prepared to be either Papiſts or Slaves, or both. The forward Ruin of their Liberties, and the viſible Deſtruction of the Proteſtant Religion in *Ireland*, *like the Drum to the Battle*, awakned the *Engliſh* Nation to their own Deliverance, and rouz'd them to conſider, That the only Reaſon why they were not reduced to the ſame Condition with their unhappy Neighbours was, becauſe the Enemies Power was not yet arrived to a pitch of Capacity; and that the Deſign was the ſame, tho' the End was remoter there, as their Work had more Difficulty.

The Third Article is now before us, *equally Ruinous* in its Conſequences and *equally Exemplar*; and in this they keep ſtill to the former Method, That we are always Ruin'd a ſtep before *England.*

'Tis

'Tis confeſt the Contrivers of theſe Religious Diſturbances managed their Matters ſo as to have the Blow ſtruck in both Kingdoms at the ſame time, and ſo have prevented the Miſchief in one Place, being a Warning to the other: But Providence that has ever watch'd over the Proteſtant Intereſt broke the Snare, and unravel'd all this knot of Miſery, and ſtill poor *Ireland* is the Beacon to warn us, the Allarm to rouze us, and the Example from which to beware.

'Tis therefore worth ſome Remark here, that the ſpecious Pretences made in both Kingdoms to cover and conceal the real Deſign, have been equally contriv'd, tho' not equally ſucceſsful. In *Ireland* a Clauſe to ruine the Proteſtant Diſſenters, and in Effect the Proteſtant Intereſt, by diſcouraging and diſcontenting a great part of the Proteſtants in that Kingdom, comes introduc'd under the Title of *an Act to prevent the Growth of Popery.*

'Tis not material to enquire by whoſe Application or ſecret Management this Miſchief was accompliſh'd; nor is it the Deſign of this Paper to make Perſonal Reflections.

But it cannot but be obſerv'd, that it ſeems ſomething hard, and very unkind, that the Diſſenters in *Ireland*, who were known to be one of the chief Bulwarks in that Kingdom againſt Popery, and who were in general a People who at the Price of their Blood defended themſelves to the laſt Extremity, and kept a footing in *Ireland* till Relief could come from *England*, ſhould by the Artifice, and for the private Ends of a Party, who have not yet told us what they drive at, be rank'd in the ſame Claſs with the Introducers *of that Popery* they laid down their Lives to oppoſe, and be coupled with the moſt dangerous Enemies of the Kingdom.

At beſt it ſavours of a moſt ſcandalous Ingratitude, That the very People who drank deepeſt of the Popiſh Fury, and that were the moſt vigorous to ſhew both their Zeal and their Courage, in oppoſing Ty-

tanny and Popery, and on the Foot of whose Forwardness and Valour, the Church of *Ireland* recovered her self from the low Condition Popery had reduc'd her to, should now be requited with so injurious a Treatment as to be link'd with those very Papists they fought against, and be enacted against under the Head of *preventing the Growth of Popery.*

At the same time that this Bill was passing in *Ireland*, great Boasts were made by some People, of a Bill on foot in *England*, for the further enforcing the Test Act, by preventing the *Occasional Conformity* of Dissenters.

The Advocates for this Bill have had a great deal of trouble to defend it from some Scandals thrown upon it by other Pens. As that it was a Breach of *Toleration*, a Design of *Persecution*, and an Encroachment on Civil as well as Religious *Right*. Whether it has been clear'd of these Charges is not the Business of this Paper; and yet if my Opinion were to be ask'd in this Case, I believe I should say, that both Persecution and Encroachments on Civil Liberties, was actually expected by some that built their Hopes on the Success of this Bill.

Why some Gentlemen took care to put out of the Preamble to the second Bill the Declaration against Persecution, is a Mystery I wont undertake to explain; but that it afforded various Speculations to us without Doors is as certain, as that after it was so left out, some People began to lessen their Diligence in Exploding Persecuting Principles.

The Language of those Gentlemen without Doors, who at first were only for restraining a vicious Practice as they call'd it, was soon alter'd, and the Pulpit and the Press throng'd with Invectives at the Dissenters.

Cassandra. Sachevrel.

I shall not direct the World to judge of one thing by another, but where Parallels are drawn very exact, what shall we say when two things are acted at the same

ſame Time, by the ſame Perſons, in the ſame Methods, and the Subject exactly the ſame, who ſhall doubt the ſameneſs of the Deſign.

Never let our New Aſſociation Men talk any more of Diſſenters * Aſſociating, the Aſſociations are againſt them, what elſe are ſuch unuſual Methods, ſuch forgetting of Services, ſuch making Laws againſt the Innocent, ſuch branding them with odious Characters.

* *New Aſſociation.*

What can any Man expect when the peaceable part of the Nation are called † Bloody, thoſe that ſpent their Blood againſt Popery Enacted againſt *to prevent the Growth of Popery*; they that ſtood to the Defence of their Country, when ſome of them that applauded this Law ran away and deſerted it, made uncapable and thought unfit to be truſted with the Civil Adminiſtration in that Country they ſo bravely defended.

† Sacheverel's *Oxford Sermon.*

What can the largeſt Charity think is in the bottom of all this, when we ſee a Party in Travel with a monſtrous Birth? In *England* the Toleration Act to be kept inviolable, yet ſevere Penalties to be inflicted on Diſſenters. In *Ireland*, to prevent the Growth of Popery, the Diſſenters muſt be treated as Men moſt dangerous and ſuſpected, notwithſtanding their Zeal for the Proteſtant Intereſt, ſo conſpicuous in the defence of that Country. When Men ſtrain their Reaſon to reconcile ſuch Contradictions, we may expect the Birth will diſcloſe ſomething which at preſent they would be loath to own as legitimate. No Men ſtretch their Reaſon, and act beyond the common Rate of Creatures, but on extraordinary Occaſion; ſuch prepoſterous Dealings as theſe would not have been practis'd with any People in the World, if there were not a Figure, *A Meoſis* in it, ſomething more Intended than is Expreſs'd.

It cannot be that the Diſſenters in *Ireland*, who of all the People of that Nation ventur'd with the greateſt Obſtinacy and Reſolution to defend their Country, and the Proteſtant Religion againſt Popery, can be concern'd in a Bill *to prevent the Growth of Popery*; ſuch Contradictions muſt be big with ſome other Birth; there muſt be ſome Plot againſt the Diſſenters *as ſuch*, and the hedging them into an Act for *preventing the Growth of Popery*, muſt be either a meer Indignity put upon them to render them Odious and Contemptible to the World, or a Fraud, a Concealment to blind the Eyes of the Diſſenters that it might paſs without their Notice, ſince no one could imagine it could be poſſible an Act to *prevent the Growth of Popery*, could have any thing in it that could affect the Diſſenters, than whom none were more violent againſt Popery on all Occaſions, or more ready to expoſe themſelves for the defence of their Country and the Proteſtant Religion.

But however unkind or myſterious this Matter is, ſo it appears; and in order to lay open the Caſe, ſo as to let the World judge of it, and to make out the Hardſhips, which with Submiſſion to our Superiours, we think the Diſſenters in *Ireland* lye under, 'tis neceſſary,

1. To enter into the Particulars, examine the Fact, and ſee what it is that is done to the Diſſenters in *Ireland*, with the Manner and Circumſtances.

2. Enquire into the Behaviour of the Diſſenters in *Ireland*, and ſee what they have done to deſerve ſuch Treatment, and what Reaſon they had to expect better.

3. Examine whether the preſent Uſage has not been againſt the real Deſign of the Church of *Ireland*, and what has been done by them to ſhew their Concern at it, or their Forwardneſs to give them an Equivalent.

4. Exa-

4. Examine what natural Conſequences may be expected from ſuch a Treatment of the Diſſenters, and what the Detriment to the whole Nation.

1. As to the Matter of Fact, the ſhort Abridgment of it is as follows.

The Proteſtants in *Ireland* had many Years labour-ed under the Encroachments of the Papiſts, they had been once moſt horridly Maſſacred to the number of 200000, and the reſt Plundred and driven from their Settlements and Poſſeſſions in the Year 1641.

In the laſt War they ran a Fate equal to the firſt, *the Maſſacre excepted*, and *as will be farther obſerved*, in theſe Extremities, the little City of *Derry* was the only place of Refuge for the Proteſtants, and a San-ctuary which the Papiſts could never drive them out of with all their Force, and where they found ſuch Reſiſtance as gave all the World reaſon *to know*, that the averſion between the Diſſenters and the Papiſts was as conſtant as great, and as irreconcilable as poſ-ſible, and ſerved to encreaſe the Wonder, That the Diſſenters ſhould, of all People in the World, be look'd upon as Perſons in the ſame Claſs *with the Pa-piſts*, and Enacted againſt in a Bill to prevent *the Growth of Popery*.

In order to ſecure the Proteſtants from the like E-ruptions of Popery, ſeveral Bills had been offered in Parliament, to prevent the Growth and Encreaſe of that Power that had been ſo dangerous, and had ſtruck twice at the Root of their Liberty and Re-ligion.

But it had been the Misfortune of this Country to have ſuch Bills, thro' one unhappy Accident or other, always to miſcarry, either at home among them-ſelves, or at the *Engliſh* Court, where the Native *Iriſh* always cultivated ſuch an Intereſt as was too hard for the Proteſtants, and has been a means to deprive them of the Bleſſing of ſuch Bills.

The

The late Glorious King *William*, who, at the hazard of his Royal Person, was the special Instrument of their second Redemption from the prevailing Power of the *Irish*, had such a peculiar Love for this Kingdom, as the Triumph of his own immediate Conduct and Valour, that he always studied its Welfare, and was ready to give Ear to any Proposal for its advantage.

But as that Prince, who had upon his Thought the universal good of Mankind, had no sooner recovered one Kingdom from Destruction, but he had another upon his Hands; (his whole Reign being embarrass'd with the perpetual Cares of serving Ungrateful Nations,) so the Protestants found the Settlement of Affairs in *Ireland* so perplex'd, and the Reassumation of Grants ready to bring a new Difficulty on the Stage; and in all this time they found no Opportunity to offer at the Settlement and Security of their Interest and Religion, as they expected and desir'd.

But when they saw the Disorders pretty well over, and the loss of their glorious Benefactor so happily supply'd, by the Accession of her present Majesty Queen *Anne*.

When to their great Comfort and Satisfaction, they saw the early Care her Majesty took of all her Protestant Subjects, her Zeal for the Protestant Religion, and the powerful Assistance she prepared to give it in all parts of *Europe* where she saw it oppress'd.

When they saw themselves bless'd with such a Lord Lieutenant, who by reason of his great Possessions among them, *besides the Native Inclination*, his Grace the Duke of *Ormond always discovered to Acts of Generosity*, had powerful Obligations of Care and Respect upon him for the Kingdom of *Ireland* in particular; such a Governour as the People of *Ireland* always lov'd and long'd for, and than whom, none ever was, or could be sent thither more enclin'd, or better prepared to improve all her Majesty's gracious Intentions

tions of Good to the Kingdom, in the highest manner her Majesty could desire or the People expect.

This, of all the critical Junctures that ever happen'd to this Kingdom, seem'd *the happy opportunity*, put into their Hands by a special Providence, to obtain the Settlement and Security of the Protestant Religion, which they and their Ancestors had spent so much Blood and Treasure to procure, and the want of which had been attended with so many fatal Consequences.

In order to this, among the several Bills presented by the Parliament to his Grace the Lieutenant, in the second Year of his Government, to be by him transmitted to *London*, and to be passed in the Council there, *according to the Settlement*, there was one particular Bill, Entituled, *An Act to prevent the Growth of Popery*.

That the greater solemnity might add to the Value of it, and that it might appear of what Consequence the Parliament of *Ireland* thought this Act, the Speaker, attended by the whole House, waited on the Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland* to present this Bill, and in a particular manner recommended it to his Care; at the same time acquainting his Grace, that the House had sufficient Grounds to believe the *Irish* Papists had rais'd a Sum of Money in the Kingdom, to manage their Sollicitations against this Bill, in order to prevent its return out of *England*.

His Grace, to his Glory may it be remembred, had that Care of the Protestant Religion, that Concern for the good of *Ireland*, and that special Regard for the Recommendation of the Parliament, that sending the Bill to *England*, and backing it with his powerful and hearty Sollicitations at the Court of *England*, he prevented the Papists; and notwithstanding the opposition they made, obtained the Bill to be approved, and returned to the unspeakable Joy, and no less Surprize of the whole Body of Protestants in the Kingdom.

But

But this Joy was exceedingly leſſened, when upon the reading the Bill they found to their Amazement, among the Clauſes for ſecurity of the Proteſtants and weakning the Power of Popery, a Clauſe put in to oblige all the Proteſtant Diſſenters in *Ireland*, that have any Place, Office, or Power from the Government, to conform to the Church of *Ireland*, and receive the Sacrament after the uſage thereof, or elſe to be Diſabled or Incapacitated for the Service of their Country.

The Proteſtants of the Church of *Ireland*, who tho' they were zealous for the Eſtabliſh'd Church, were yet ſenſible of the Power of the Papiſts, and how uſeful on all Occaſions the Proteſtant Diſſenters had been in helping them to oppoſe Popery, were extreamly concern'd at this; they remember'd their Power, tho' united, had been twice too weak to reſiſt the Papiſts, and that therefore it was a moſt unhappy piece of unſeaſonable Policy, to weaken the Church by depriving them of the Aſſiſtance of ſo great a Body of Proteſtants, or at leaſt diſobliging them.

They foreſaw that this Clauſe would endanger the loſs of the Bill, ſince it would engage the Diſſenters with all their Intereſt to oppoſe it, as the Papiſts they were ſure already would do.

They foreſaw this Clauſe would allarm the Diſſenters, and make them judge their faithful Services in the Siege of *London-Derry*, at *Inniskilling*, and other places ill rewarded, and break that Harmony which with ſo much Charity and Tenderneſs had been reciprocally maintained between Conformiſts and Diſſenters in *Ireland*.

In Conſideration of theſe things, almoſt all People were under great Concern, and not a few thought it very unkind to the Diſſenters, and a Requital of their faithful Services at the Siege of *London-Derry*, at *Inniskilling*, and other places, in a manner very unſuitable to their Merits.

I chooſe to mention here the Concern the Conforming Proteſtants were in at this Clauſe, not only to teſtify their Zeal for the Bill of Security againſt Popery, which they were afraid by this Clauſe would be loſt, but alſo to witneſs for them, as they had no hand in, nor any Deſign to bring ſuch a thing upon the Diſſenters, ſo the Church of *Ireland* has on many Occaſions expreſs'd, and at all times for above twenty Years paſt practis'd, all the Charity and Eaſineſs to the diſſenting Proteſtants that can be deſired among Chriſtians; agreeing in all Capital Points of Religion, and particularly embark'd in one and the ſame bottom of Intereſt and publick Safety.

When this Bill came to be Read in the Houſe, it met with particular oppoſition from the Papiſts, who were heard by their Council, and who pleaded the Articles of *Limerick*, &c. and charged the Proteſtants with breach of Faith and Capitulations.

The Clauſe againſt the Diſſenters was oppos'd by ſeveral worthy Members of the Proteſtant Church of *Ireland*, and a great many Learned Speeches were made on that Head.

And not to preſume to publiſh a Relation of what was ſaid by any particular Member, I am inform'd that near one hundred Gentlemen, all of the Church of *Ireland*, ſpoke with a great deal of Tenderneſs and Concern for the Diſſenters as too hardly dealt with, and too much affected with this Clauſe.

The Diſſenters in the Houſe were obſerv'd to make little or no oppoſition in this Caſe, but as the old Earl of *Strafford*, when being Attainted in Parliament, the King refuſing to ſign the Attainder, he gave his own conſent to have his Head cut off to fix the Peace between his Majeſty and his People; they chooſe rather to acquieſce with an Unhappineſs laid on them, and ſuffer all the ill they ſaw coming upon them, than let ſuch a Bill drop in the Houſe, which they knew to be ſo much wanted againſt Popery, and which was of ſuch a vaſt Benefit to the ſecurity of the Proteſtant

teſtant Intereſt in general, and the publick Quiet and Safety of the Kingdom.

Thus they ſacrificed themſelves and their Brethren for the publick Good of their Country, and were paſſive in their own Prejudices that the Bill might not be loſt.

The Gentlemen, on the other ſide, on no Conſideration deſir'd to put theſe Hardſhips on the Diſſenters, but ſaw themſelves oblig'd to paſs this Clauſe, or loſe all the Advantages which were accruing to them by the other, ſo gave at laſt an unwilling Aſſent to the Bill, publickly declaring their Reſolution, *To do ſomething which ſhould make the Diſſenters as eaſie as they are in* England; and accordingly it was Reſolv'd, *Nemine Contradicente*, the very next Day, that Heads of a Bill ſhould be brought in to give the Diſſenters the ſame Tolleration they enjoy in *England*; but the Seſſions was ſo near a Concluſion that there was not time for that Bill to be brought in: And thus the Bill paſs'd, and the Diſſenters are thereby obliged to conform to the Church of *Ireland*, or to quit all the Service of their Country, and be turned out of every place of Truſt or Profit in the Nation.

This is a ſhort Abſtract of the Fact as it now lies before us, the Conſequences of this Act of Parliament, ſo far as it affects the Diſſenters in the Kingdom of *Ireland*, may be gueſt at from the following Account of the proceedings upon this Act in the North parts, and particularly in the City of *London-Derry*.

The Province of *Ulſter*, as is well known to all thoſe who are acquainted with *Ireland*, is chiefly Inhabited by *Engliſh* and *Scots*, and above two Thirds of them by computation are Proteſtant Diſſenters.

How they have always behav'd themſelves, both in Peace and War, both to their Enemies and to their Neighbours, both to the Government, and for the Government, will be conſidered in an Article by it ſelf.

How

How they have now been Treated, with reſpect to this Act, comes under this Head, and will appear by the ſurprizing Proceedings with the Magiſtrates of *London-Derry*, and other places in *Ulſter*.

In this Tranſaction its obſervable, how readily the very Eſſence of a Party, Humour, Spleen and Forwardneſs, may be difuſed into the Minds of Men, ſince notwithſtanding the Tenderneſs and Conſideration of the Enactors, yet the Execution has not been managed with the ſame Spirit.

By this Act they have put out moſt of the Juſtices of the Peace in the Province of *Ulſter*, for we do not hear of above one or two that have Qualified themſelves, and for want of Gentlemen that are qualified, have been oblig'd to fill up the Commiſſion of the Peace with Clergy-men; where by the way it may be noted, That the Phanaticks in *New England* are not the only People who make their Prieſts Magiſtrates, and have the Law and the Goſpel under the management of the ſame Hand.

It was thought ſtrange, that in thoſe Counties they ſhould be under Eccleſiaſtical Magiſtrates, and the Men of the Gown have both the Word of the Lord and the Sword *of the State*, inſtead of that of the *Spirit* to manage, and ſo in *Ireland* it might be thought as ſtrange, that the antient Inhabitants, who ſpent their Fortunes, and hazarded their Lives in Defence of the whole Proteſtant Intereſt, are now not thought worthy to Govern what they ſo gallantly defended; but as People not fit to be truſted with that in Peace which they ſaved in War, are laid by with Contempt, and their places not being to be filled up with Men of equal Worth and equal Figure, in part ſupplied with Youths, Strangers, new Comers, and Clergy men; Men of little Eſtates, and conſequently having not ſo much Obligation on them to be concerned for the Good of the place; Perſons that have little, if any thing, to recommend them to the Dignity

ty of Magiſtrates but their going to Church, with neither Fortunes, Intereſt or Qualification.

How far the Government is concerned, how far the Safety of the City, how far the Service of her Majeſty is advanc'd in this way of Proceedings, Time, and the Conſequences of Things, muſt determine, and avoiding any Reflections on the probability, 'tis left to the publick Conſideration.

And ſince 'tis natural for all Perſons, and even a Turk, that ſees a Nation or a Party puniſhed, exploded and unqualified by a Law would be ready to enquire what Crime they have been Guilty of, what Offence they have committed that ſhould move the Government to throw them by as uſeleſs Perſons, diſmiſs them as People not fit to be truſted and employed, it obliges us to fall in with the ſame Enquiry, and ſo go on with the ſecond Head of this Argument, *viz.*

2. Enquire into the Behaviour of the Diſſenters, and ſee what they have done to deſerve ſuch a Treatment, and what reaſon they have to expect a better.

And becauſe it is the Cuſtom of all the Diſſenters Enemies in *England*, who ſeek for Matter to charge them with, to go back to the Years of 41 to 48 and 60, and to rake into the Follies and Misfortunes of former Ages to ſeek for Arguments to brand the preſent, *a certain ſign* the modern Behaviour of the Diſſenters does not furniſh ſufficient Matter of blame to juſtifie their preſent Treatment; yet in the Caſe of the Diſſenters in *Ireland*, we are as willing as they to go back to thoſe Times, and ſhould be pleaſed to join Iſſue with them in ſearching out for the Rebellions, the Aſſociations, the Factions, and the Diſturbances the Diſſenters in *Ireland* ever raiſed againſt their Prince.

It was one of the Objections againſt the late Earl of *Strafford* at his Tryal, That he propoſed the Army in *Ireland* to come over hither to the Aſſiſtance of his Majeſty, as People of whoſe Fidelity he was ſure of,

and

and ſeveral Regiments of them did afterwards come over, and fought for the King at the Battle of *Nantwich*, among whom were ſeveral Diſſenters, and where General *Monk*, then but a Captain, was taken Priſoner, who was afterwards Inſtrumental in the Reſtoring the King.

In all the Civil Wars here in *Ireland*, we find none of theſe People up in Arms for the Parliament, but we find them zealouſly eſpouſing the King's Quarrel, and contending with the *Sectaries*, as they themſelves call'd them, who oppoſed the King here.

And as no Teſtimony of the good Deeds of a Perſon, or a Party, can come with ſuch unexceptioned Authority as what has the concurring Teſtimony of their Enemies, we refer the Reader for the Particulars to the famous *Milton*, whoſe Pen muſt needs obtain Credit of our high Gentlemen ſince he Quarrels with the very Men they would quarrel with, and falls in with the fury of the Times, to expoſe thoſe they would have expoſed.

The Misfortune is, he Expoſes the Presbyterians, Rails at and Accuſes them of that as a Crime, the not doing which is the very Crime theſe Gentlemen would brand them for now.

Our Modern Authors would ſet a Mark on the Diſſenters for fighting againſt, Dethroning and Murthering their King, Subverting the Conſtitution, and overthrowing the Government, here we find Mr. *Milton* expoſing and defaming the Proteſtant Diſſenters of *Ulſter*, for not joining with his Party in thoſe things, but fighting for their King, and endeavouring to prevent the very things for which theſe People are accuſed, and endeavouring to reſtore the Monarchy in the Son which they would not help to ſuppreſs in the Father.

To make out this, the Reader is referred to the particular Authors and their Writings, which are in every Library of any Value to be ſeen, the brevity of this

Tract not allowing us to quote these things at large.

But we cannot omit to quote here the Representation of the Presbytery at *Belfast*, dated *Feb.* 15. 1649. wherein the Dissenters of the North of *Ireland*, declare their detestation of all the Proceedings in *England*; *Milton*'s Works, Fol. 566, 567.

" What of late have been, and now are, the insolence and presumptuous Practises of the Sectaries in " *England*, is not unknown to the World.

" Moreover it is more than manifest, that they seek " not the Vindication but the Extirpation of the Laws " and Liberties, as appears by their seizing the Person of the King, their violent Surprizing, Imprisoning and Secluding many of the most worthy " Members of the Honourable House of Commons: " neither hath their Fury staid here, but without all " Rule or Example, being but private Men, they " have proceeded to the Tryal of the King, against " both the Interest, Protestation and Publick Declarations of both Kingdoms, and with cruel Hands " have put him to Death, an act so horrible as no " History Divine or Humane hath laid a precedent of " the like.

" These and many other their detestable Insolencies, " may abundantly convince any unbyas's'd Judgment, " that the present practises of the Sectaries and their " Abettors, do directly overturn the Laws and Liberties of the Kingdom, root out lawful and supreme " Magistracy, the just Priviledges whereof we have " sworn to maintain, and Introduce a fearful Confusion and lawless Anarchy.

And in the subsequent Paragraphs as follows, *Fol.* 562.

" When we consider these things, we cannot but " declare and manifest our utter Dislike and Detesta-

" tion

" tion of all ſuch unwarrantable Practiſes, directly
" ſubverting our Religion, Laws and Liberties.

We farther refer the Readers for the Treatment theſe Diſſenters met with in Print from their Brethren of *England* then in Power, to Mr. *Milton*'s Obſervations on the Repreſentation in the ſame Collection, in Fol. 553, 554, 555. where he treats them with the ſcandalous Terms of *Egregious Liars and Impoſtures, blockiſh Presbyterians*, and goes on to juſtifie the putting the King to Death, all the way upbraiding them with Ignorance and Separation.

This Teſtimony ſufficiently clears the Diſſenters in *Ireland* from being concerned in any of the Councils of thoſe Days, and the Hiſtories of thoſe Times which all People are left to peruſe, are ſufficient to prove how the Northern Proteſtants, being moſt of them Diſſenters, were the moſt effectual Barriers of the Royal Intereſt at that time, and when all the reſt of the Country was over-run with Popery, Blood and Deſolation; were left as a Sanctuary to which the Duke of *Ormond* and the Royal Party retreated, that they endured all the Miſeries of a long War, and defended themſelves with the ſame Vigor and Obſtinacy as they did in the City of *Derry* in the late Time, till they were reduced by abſolute Force and the Current of the Times, being conquer'd and oppreſs'd by the prevailing Party under *Oliver Cromwel*, together with all the reſt of the Kingdom.

But as theſe things are ſo well known to all the World, as not to require that we ſhould repeat them, it remains to examine what Senſe the Royal Family had of their Behaviour in thoſe Times, and what greater Teſtimony can be deſired than is naturally deduc'd from the Bounty of King *Charles* the Second after his Reſtoration, in the Grant whereof it will appear, and to which for a proof of this the Reader is referr'd, that for the good Services rendred by the Proteſtant Diſſenters of *Ulſter* to his Royal Father,

and afterwards to himself; and in regard to the great Sufferings they had undergone in the time of the Wars, the King grants the Sum of 800 *l.* Sterling *per Annum* for the support of the Dissenting Ministers in the said Provinces.

This Grant was made soon after the Restoration, the Mony was constantly paid out of the Revenue of *Ireland* all the Reign of King *Charles* the Second, and was continued till the Revolution, and the Interruption of the last War; it was afterwards renewed by King *William* of glorious Memory, was augmented by the late Queen *Mary*'s special Bounty to 1200 *l. per Annum*, and was lately, *viz.* in the second Year of her present Majesty retrench'd by the Parliaments Authority, not upon any failure of Duty charg'd on the Protestant Dissenters, or any Branch of the Queens Esteem; but among other Grants and Pensions, which in Consideration of the impoverish'd State of the Kingdom, the pressure of the present War, and the great Exigencies of the State, the Commons thought fit to suspend for a Season.

This may serve for a short Representation of the Behaviour of the Protestants, Dissenters in *Ireland*, and to clear them from all that Reproach with which their Brethren in *England* seem to be loaden, and consequently serves to make it out, that there could not be the same Reasons why such Provisionary Laws should be made against them, since People always Loyal, rewarded and acknowledged as such by our Kings, and who have suffered so deeply for it, cannot without an inexcusable breach both in Charity and good Manners, be supposed to give any cause of Jealousie, or to make it necessary for us to couple them with Papists in our Acts of Security.

I refer for the Proof of these Matters to the Testimony of *Milton* aforesaid, their profest Enemy, who in his Observations on their unchristian Representation as he calls it, falls on them in their Terms, *Milton*'s Works, Fol. 551.

" Nay,

" Nay, while we are writing these things, and " foretelling all Men the Rebellion which was even " then design'd by these unhallow'd Priests, at the " same time when with their Lips they are disclaim- " ing all Sedition, News is brought, and too true, " that the *Scotch* Inhabitants of that Province are ac- " tually Revolted, and have not only besieged in " *London-Derry* those Forces which were to have " fought against *Ormond*, but have in a manner be- " gan open War against the Parliament, and all this " by the Incitement and Illusions of that unchristian " Synagogue the Presbytery at *Belfast*.

As this is sufficient to declare their Behaviour in those Days, so we have no less Authority to prove their hearty Union with the Church of *Ireland*, in defence of the Protestant Religion in the late War, and their Tenderness of, and Charity to the Ministers of the Church, when oppress'd by the Papists; and for this we refer to that known and unexceptionable History, call'd, *The State of the Protestants in* Ireland *under the late King* James *his Government*; written by the learned Dr. *King*, Bishop of *Derry*, and now Lord Archbishop of *Dublin*; wherein his Lordship with an unexampled Generosity, telling us of the Reasons of the Clergy of *Ireland* abandoning the Country and their Cures in many places, has these Words,

" I do confess that there was no reason to complain " of the People's backwardness to maintain the Cler- " gy, on the contrary they contributed to the utmost " of their Power, and made no distinction of Sects; " many Dissenters Contributing liberally to this good " End, which ought to be remembred to their Honour. Archbishop *King*'s State of *Ireland*, page 231.

It cannot be denied but that this is an Authentick Certificate of their Charity to the Church, as the o-

ther of their Loyalty to their King, and how it has been *remembred to their Honour*, is left to all impartial Judgments, who pleaſe to give themſelves the trouble to review the Conſequences of the Bill lately paſt; by which they have rank'd their Charitable Brethren amongſt their worſt Enemies, and chain'd them to a Compulſion as a means *to prevent the growth of Popery.*

And being brought by this Article to the late War, after the Confeſſion of ſo eminent a Branch of the Church of *Ireland*, with reſpect to their Charity, it is fit a little to examine their Behaviour in the late Siege of *Derry*, and the ſeveral Actions at *Inniskilling.*

To make out this: Was this Paper confin'd to *Ireland*, and were we writing to none but our own Country-men, it were eaſie to appeal to the knowledge of thouſands yet alive, in whoſe Memory it muſt yet be very freſh, with what undiſtinguiſh'd Charity and Alacrity the Diſſenters join'd with their Brethren of the Church, in the mutual defence of Religion and Liberty, how they went Hand in Hand into the Field, and Hand in Hand to the Grave, fighting for one another, and their dear Families and Religion.

What tho' they have not the Arrogance to enter upon any diſtinguiſhing Circumſtances, in which they might go beyond their Brethren, yet ſince the Church themſelves will not aſſume a pretence to have outgone them, we hope their Modeſty in that Caſe cannot tend to their Prejudice.

We therefore avoid ſo ungrateful a ſtrife as it muſt be, to find out and fix the Particulars in which one Party excell'd another; 'tis enough to both their Honour, that they ſtrove to out-do themſelves and one another, as they plainly did all the reſt of the Kingdom in Acts of Gallantry and Courage, in a free open handed contributing to one anothers Wants, and ſupplying all People concern'd in the defence of the Nation, and in the Perſonal Bravery in the defence of the place.

Nor

Nor are we afraid to enter into a Liſt of the Numbers of the People of either ſort ſlain in that Siege; if they are two Diſſenters to one Church-man, they cannot take it ill that we do not boaſt of it.

The ſeveral Magiſtrates of the City of *Derry*, now turned out of Commiſſion by this Act, as not ſafe to be truſted, are too Modeſt to furniſh us with an Account how much Money each of them expended in Proviſions, Stores, and Charity for the Defence of the Town; and the Editor of this is forc'd to boaſt for them, without Reflections on any, that ſome of them have disburſt greater Sums than many of their Succeſſors are in Condition to ſpare, if there ſhould be the like occaſion.

The Teſtimony given by Authority to their Behaviour, in the defence of their Country, and the Proteſtant Religion, is an unqueſtion'd Proof of the juſt Claim they have to the Title of Loyal, and Faithful Valiant Subjects, and is a perfect Contradiction to the Notion of obtaining Security againſt them as againſt Papiſts, and coupling them with the known Enemies of the Nation.

The late Queen *Mary*, a Name both Nations have an equal Veneration for, and which we cannot name without a Sigh, had ſo true a Senſe on her Mind, of the Courage and Fidelity of the Diſſenters in *Derry*, that ſhe gave them a Mark of her Royal Favour in Money, to be employ'd to rebuild their Market Houſe, and to erect a new Meeting houſe in that City.

Nor let us do Injuſtice to the Church and Gentry, or Clergy of the Church of *Ireland*; 'tis moſt certain it never enter'd into the Hearts of the Conforming Proteſtants of this Kingdom, to impoſe theſe Hardſhips upon their Brethren, much leſs did they imagine to have it included in their Bill to prevent the Growth of Popery.

Nothing so hard, nothing so ungrateful, could enter into the Hearts of the Church in this Kingdom, who could not but remember what the Dissenters had done to deserve, and from whence they might expect better Usage.

They could not but have it fresh in their Memories, how they had relieved their Clergy in distress, harboured their banish'd, diverted their Forces of the Enemy, and defended the remnant of the Kingdom against Popery.

They could not forget the Slaughter made of the *Irish* Army under the Walls of *Derry*, and how that bold stand, made by such a handful of Men, aw'd the Enemy, encourag'd Friends, and made way for the Conquests of King *William*, by securing to him all the North of *Ireland*; by which means he had leisure to March directly to the *Boyn*, and there put the whole Fortune of *Ireland* upon one decisive Battel; and by beating the *Irish* there delivered this Nation, which he could not have done had the Province of *Ulster* been at his back possess'd by his Enemies, who would have cut off his Provisions, and exceedingly straitned his Quarters.

'Twould be endless to reckon up all the brave Actions done in this War by the Dissenters, own'd by the King himself, acknowledg'd by the Archbishop of *Dublin*, rewarded by the Queen, and consider'd by the Parliament.

From all these things I cannot but be of the Opinion, the Dissenters in *Ireland* had a great deal of reason to expect better Treatment, and had indeed a just Claim to the same brotherly Charity they shew'd to the Church.

And here they cannot but lament in themselves the evil of the Times, when they should meet with such usage after all their Services done, and Duty express'd, that contrary to the true Sentiments of the Church of *Ireland*, after an Acknowledgment of one of the Primates of the Clergy, that it ought to be remember'd

member'd to their Honour, it ſhould at laſt be remembred to their Infamy, and the Diſſenters be counted with the number of the Nations Enemies, and included in a Law for the general Security.

And it cannot but be obſerv'd here, the Earl of *N*—— could not be ignorant of the Acknowledgment made by the Archbiſhop, in the Caſe of the Diſſenters Kindneſs to the Clergy, which it was his Graces Opinion, ought to be remember'd with Honour, ſince his Imprimatur being to that Book, his Lordſhip could not but have peruſed the Book, unleſs we ſhould advance a Notion too mean for a Man of his Capacity and Prudentials, *viz.* That his Lordſhip put his Imprimatur to it, not having read it over, and ſo Licens'd he knew not what.

We come now to the Third General Head, *viz.*

To examine the Effects this ill Step upon the Diſſenters may have, with the particular Circumſtances that aggravate it ſeveral ways, and as we go, to make ſome needful Remarks: As,

1. How full of Viciſſitudes are Humane Things, Times Turn-about, Men and Parties change Principles, *Nos & mutamur in illis.* The Lord Biſhop of *Derry*, a Man of Temper and Moderation, being well treated by the Diſſenters, recommends it *To be remember'd to their Honour*; but my Lord Archbiſhop of *Dublin* grown quite a new Man, flying in the Face of all their Merit, and embracing Principles which are deſtructive of the Rights and Liberties of the very People they Rule, prompts with all poſſible Zeal a Perſecution of Spirit, to the Ruin and Injury of thoſe very People of whom, by the E—— of *N*——'s leave, he had ſaid all thoſe things before.

2. Here we cannot but obſerve, how change of things will change Clergy-men, and other Men too, make moderate Biſhops turn violent Archbiſhops,

make

make Men forget when the Storm's over, the Vows they made in the time of its Violence.

Some have had ill Nature enough to compare this with the Practiſes of ſome of the *Engliſh* Clergy, who in the ſame times of Trouble in *England*, promiſed to come to a Temper with the Diſſenters, in order to draw them off from cloſing with King *James*, and the extraordinary Advantages he offer'd them, and have ſince been pleaſed to forget very much of that Temper, and purſue the ſame Diſſenters with ill Language, perſecuting Laws, and the like.

'Tis unhappy for the Diſſenters however, that this Unchriſtian Spirit ſhould be convey'd into this Nation, where all liv'd in Peace and Union, and began to cultivate the happy Fruits of Charity and good Neighbourhood.

'Tis preſumed the Church of *Ireland* had nothing of this in their Thoughts, and are not pleaſed with it now they have it, as they cannot but ſee that it is the beginning of inteſtine Strife, and a Bone of Contention, Emulation and Unchriſtian Diſcord among us, dividing us into Parties, ſowring and diſſatisfying thouſands of Proteſtants, as good Subjects, as Loyal to the Queen, as faithful to her Intereſt, and without Vanity, as able to render her Service as any her Majeſty has in theſe Parts.

And tho' we are aſſur'd nothing will be able to extort from the Diſſenters any thing, either in Word or Action, Undutiful or Diſreſpectful to her Majeſty or her Government; yet 'tis no Breach of Duty to obſerve, that it is a great Diſcouragement to the Trade and Proſperity of this Kingdom, as it will occaſion many wealthy Families to abandon their Country where they are uſed ſo ill, and will at leaſt not invite other Families to ſettle here in their room, where they are ſure to be treated with Jealouſie and Diſreſpect.

It cannot but be allow'd by any Persons who have the least Knowledge of publick Matters, that to drive the People away from any Country, is so far to impoverish that Country; and of all Methods of Government it is the most Impolitick, since the Wealth of a Nation depends upon the Multitude of its Inhabitants. But of all Countries in *Europe*, this distress'd Kingdom, that has twice now, in the space of sixty Years, been in a manner Depopulated by most bloody and inhumane Wars, two Wars that have been more particularly destructive to the Inhabitants than may be expected to happen in like Cases, and which have destroyed such incredible Numbers, that 'tis a wonderful thing to see there should be People left to cultivate and manage the Earth; the least of these Wars having, by the Judgment of moderate Computators, kill'd, or driven beyond the Seas, above 400000 of the Inhabitants of this Kingdom.

We shall not presume to foretel, or enter into Reasons, why great Numbers of the Inhabitants in this Kingdom will remove themselves and Effects, upon the melancholly Prospect of Persecution, and the Discouragement receiv'd by this Treatment.

But it cannot but be allow'd, that to make them uneasie in their Consciences, or deprive them of the Honours and Trust which ever since the settling of this Kingdom they have enjoy'd in common with their Brethren of the Church, will be far from inviting other Families to come thither and settle, and so keep them as thin of People as the War has left them.

The Advantage this will be to *Scotland*, whither the Dissenters in these Parts must of course retreat, and where they talk very big of erecting and improving the *English* Manufacture: As it is a Subject which affords many Speculations, so it can be no Trespass upon Reason to say, we believe the Gentlemen who contriv'd this Law, would not like it the

better

better for its being a means of Enriching or Encouraging the *Scots*.

As to the Church of *Ireland*, tho' the Diſſenters are as we think unkindly treated, we cannot but acquit them, *as a Body*, of being any way guilty of this thing, and crave leave to lay this Grievance where it really lies.

Firſt, By the Church of *Ireland* we mean, the Proteſtant Nobility, Gentry and common People, Inhabitants of this Kingdom conforming to the Church.

And theſe being unconcern'd, appear'd, as has been already noted, in a great Surprize; it was perfectly a ſtrange thing to them when they found their Bill come back clog'd with ſuch a Clauſe as was unwelcome to them both; and had not the Diſſenters in the Houſe acquieſced, for the publick Good, had endanger'd the Loſs of their Bill.

If any Man will ſuggeſt, That it was ſollicited privately by the Clergy of the Church of *Ireland*, they muſt at the ſame time fly in the Face of the Lord Archbiſhop of *Dublin*, and charge all the Clergy of *Ireland* with very much Ingratitude to treat thoſe Men ſo ill, who by the Confeſſion of the ſaid Archbiſhop deſerv'd to have their Charity and Kindneſs to their Brethren *remembred to their Honour*.

It can therefore lie no where but among the Enemies of the Diſſenters, who for the Gratification of their private Malice, or for the carrying on of ſome private Deſign, have miſrepreſented them at the Court of *England*, and cauſing all their Submiſſions and paſt Services to be forgotten, prevailed to have them treated as Enemies and dangerous Perſons, to that Government which they had ſo often and ſo faithfully defended.

If the E—— of *N*—— had been pleaſed to remember his Imprimatur to the Book of his Grace of *Dublin*, as in Honour moſt Men think he was bound, he would certainly have made a generous Repreſentation of the Diſſenters Caſe to the *Engliſh* Court.

And

And we hope we cannot be guilty of Presumption in saying, that whoever they were that promoted this Clause, and whatsoever their Reasons might be, they cannot pretend that in it they pursued her Majesty's true Interest, or indeed her own genuine or glorious Design, which appears from her own Royal Mouth to be the Good, the Peace and Prosperity of all her Protestant Subjects, since to oppress a Party of them, and persecute them for their Religion, at a time when her Majesty has declar'd her Royal Intentions to the contrary, can never be agreeable to her Majesty's Pleasure, nor could ever have been obtain'd without some Misrepresentation of her Majesty's Loyal and Faithful Subjects.

Farther, 'tis our Opinion that the Church of *Ireland*, as before describ'd, cannot be the Agents of this ill Treatment, because 'tis apparent the Sense both of what the Dissenters have done and suffer'd, for the Security and Preservation of that Church, would have given all its moderate Members such Satisfaction, and made them so easy with the Dissenters, and the Dissenters with them, that the Peace and Union which her Majesty has so earnestly recommended to her Subjects in *England*, seem'd to be arrived to a Perfection in *Ireland*.

To the Papists in particular there appear'd no difference, Protestants were always treated alike as Enemies, and always heartily concerned themselves for one another in their mutual Defence.

'Tis no Vanity to say, the Church-men could not have defended themselves against the Papists without the Dissenters; and we need appeal to no body but themselves for the Truth of it; we need ask none but the Church-men, whether the Dissenters did not both in their Persons and Purses heartily join with them, and if they should be so disingenuous as to deny it, the Papists themselves would confess it for them.

The Diſſenters aſſiſting them, and relieving them, both Clergy and Laity, in their Flight and Diſtreſs, is fairly and honourably own'd by the Church, and by one of the moſt eminent of their Dignified Clergy, his Grace the Lord Archbiſhop of *Dublin*, as has been already noted.

Nor can we forbear to mention, to the Honour of the Church of *Ireland*, that they have been ſo ſenſible of this, and ſo far from expreſſing any Heat, or Breach of Charity, ſo far from inclining to a perſecuting Temper, or from envying, or moleſting the Diſſenters in their Conſcientious Liberties, that they have enjoy'd a perfect and entire Liberty, tho' without any Toleration by a Law, and this Liberty, to the Honour of the Church of *Ireland* Proteſtants, was found free from all thoſe Heart-burnings, Inſultings, Lampoons and Reproaches, which their Neighbours have been treated with on that account; they liv'd together in Charity, good Neighbourhood, and ſettled friendly Correſpondence.

And as the Church of *Ireland* of their mere Inclination gave to the Diſſenters an undiſturb'd Liberty of Conſcience, ſo on the other hand the Diſſenters manifeſted their entire Confidence in the Chriſtian Temper and Moderation of the Church, and never ſollicited the Obligation of a Law to the Toleration of their Religious Worſhip; they knew they had oblig'd the Church to the heighth, and always frankly joyn'd Hearts and Hands to defend them, and as they found no ungrateful Uſage they fear'd none; and thus they lived together in full Confidence of one another, and as they never expected this Act, ſo we firmly believe it was the remoteſt thing in the World from their Thought to put any ſuch thing upon the Publick, as the joyning the Diſſenters with the Nation's Enemies, and ranking them with thoſe they ought to be afraid of.

If any Man ſhould ask now what will be the Effect of all this Hardſhip and ill Uſage, *which is the Fourth Head,*

Head, the Author of this anſwers, there cannot be Place in the Compaſs of theſe Sheets to enumerate all the unhappy Conſequences of this Matter; nor may it be fit to ſuggeſt what we ought to fear on this Account. But as far as may conſiſt with Reaſon, we anſwer

1. Negatively.

Nothing Tumultuous, nothing Diſobedient or Undutiful to her Majeſty, whoſe Inclination we have abundant Reaſon to know, is entirely ſet to promote the Peace of all her Dominions, and the general Union of all her People. We ſhould not preſume to quote the Addreſs from the Presbyterian Miniſters of the North of *Ireland*, and how they boaſt to her Majeſty in theſe Words, *According to our known Principles of Loyalty*, were it not known to her Majeſty, and even to the Diſſenters Enemies that nothing has ever been able to ſhake their Fidelity to the *Engliſh* Crown; and that their Principles have never been Tainted with Diſobedience or Diſaffection, either to the Perſons or Government of our Proteſtant Princes.

Therefore as the worſt of the Diſſenters Enemies cannot ſuggeſt any thing Undutiful of them, with the leaſt Shadow of Reaſon; ſo they will be effectually diſappointed in their Expectations, that any Hardſhips put upon the Diſſenters, of what ſort, or by what Means, Contrivance, or Procurement ſoever, will drive them, either by Word or Action, to expreſs the leaſt Diſreſpect to her Majeſty's Perſon or Government, much leſs to ſhow any Undutiful, Diſturbing, or Factious Reſentment.

Nor can the Appeal made to all the World in the Publication of theſe Sheets, in Behalf of the Diſſenters, ſignifie any ſuch thing, being no other than a ſetting the Caſe in a true Light; that, if poſſible, the Eyes of the Nation's Repreſentatives or Governours being open'd, they may become Advocates for them, and humble Petitioners with them to her Majeſty,

to

to repeal that Part of this Act that treats them in such a manner, that they may no longer, *without any Desert of their own*, lie under so heavy a Burthen, as being misrepresented to their Prince, and being counted Dangerous to that State they so zealously and ardently fought for, and engag'd their Lives and Fortunes to save.

2. *Not Peace and Union.* For as such a Law cannot but Sower and Discompose the Parties, and make one side always regret the Wrong they think done them; so on the other Hand, it rouzes the Evil Spirit of Malice and Envy in those, who had before no Inclination to insult their Brethren. The Lord *Falkland*, in his Speech to the Parliament, tells them, that the Church had destroy'd Union under Pretence of Uniformity. *Rush. Coll.* Vol. 2. Fol. 1342. 'Tis plain, that there was no Strife of Parties before, but *Peace* and *Union* were their Pleasure and their Boast.

If any shall attempt to tell us what a Learned Author advanc'd in *England*, that this would establish Peace and Union, it must be referr'd to the Example of the North of *Ireland*, where this Law is likely to fill a peaceable Nation with all the Constant, but Fatal Attendants of contending Parties, to the Breach of that Union, Peace, Charity, and Temper which reign'd in the Hearts of all her Majesty's Subjects, of what Perswasion soever.

Certainly Oppression of Consciences, or Deprivation of Benefits for the Sake of Conscience, can never be a means of uniting Parties. 'Tis impossible any Party can be easy to see known Loyalty of Principles suspected, unbroken Duty and untainted Affection treated with Doubts, and enacted against as dangerous.

Either the Dissenting Protestants of *Ireland* are dangerous to the Government, there is something to be fear'd from them, or the Act would be preposterous, and there can be no Reason assign'd for the making

king it; and joyning them with the Enemies of the Nation would be barbarous and unchriſtian. But the worſt Enemy they cannot charge them with one Action, either in Memory or in Hiſtory, in Modern or in Antient Time, that can make them ſo much as look like Men dangerous to the Government, or from whom ſomething is to be fear'd. *Ergo*

If then this Act has divided thoſe Proteſtants into Parties who were united before, has fill'd them with Heats, Animoſities and Repinings at one another that were in perfect Peace before, will any Man ſay we are in the wrong in ſaying among the Effects of this Bill negatively, Not *Peace* and *Union*.

Diſcontenting any one ſort of People to pleaſe another, ſuppreſſing one Part to raiſe another, ſetting one Party above another; theſe can never be made uſe of as Arguments to prove that Peace will be the Effect; and above all it is plain it will never bring it to paſs.

Peace and Union are the Native Produce of eaſy Laws, Plenty, and Proſperity; People are apt to be pleaſed when they are eaſy, when they enjoy their Rights, and when an Equality of the Government ſways all Parties; but if there is a Byaſs in the ruling Powers againſt or for one Party more than another, 'tis natural for the oppreſs'd Party to envy or repine at the other. It breeds ill Blood, it boils in the Breaſt of the Party, and 'tis impoſſible it ſhould be otherwiſe; and therefore 'tis not to be expected that any of the Conſequences of this Act can be Peace and Union.

3. *Not the Increaſe of Trade.* This is apparent, for that the People of all Governments Trade freeſt when they are eaſy. Trade always declines in Governments where the People are not eaſy; and any one might ſee it in *London*, during a certain time when a particular Bill was on foot in the Houſe; Stocks, Publick Credit and Actions of Companies always roſe and fell as that Bill did, or did not go for-

ward in the Houſe: What Joy in Trade, what Riſe of Stocks, what a Flux of Credit was in that Nation at the Demiſe of that Bill!

We have indeed no Banks, *Eaſt India* Companies, or Publick Stocks in *Ireland* to feel the ſenſible Injury done to Trade; but if any Man will ask whether the Diſſenters, who are ſome of the principal Traders in that Kingdom, will launch out the farther, and embark the more heartily in Trade for being Diſhonour'd, Disfranchis'd, Diſheartned and Suppreſt; it is a Queſtion that needs very little Anſwer, and what the meaneſt Underſtanding in the World would give a Negative to with little or no Heſitation.

Can it be, that the Diſſenters ſhould wiſh well to that Country, where notwithſtanding their conſtant ſteady Loyalty, their univerſal Engaging in its Defence, the Expence of their Blood and Eſtates in oppoſing Popery, they ſhould be now ſuſpected as dangerous to its Welfare, turn'd out of all Honours, Truſts or Profits in the Neighbourhood, and look'd upon as Perſons unſafe to be truſted in any Publick Employment. Such Treatment can never be attractive of the Affections and the Love of the Diſſenters; they cannot ſtudy the Proſperity of a Country where they are us'd with ſo much ungrateful Diſtinction.

If then their Affections to the Place may juſtly be chang'd by unkind Treatment, the Tranſpoſing themſelves, their Stocks and Families into other Parts is a Conſequence we may ſay more to afterwards; but the Trade following the Traders, by Conſequence the Country will ſink in its People, Wealth, and Trade.

There are more Negatives which might be inſiſted on here, when we are enquiring into the Conſequences of this Act; as

4. *No Reputation to the Church of* Ireland, to Perſecute thoſe People of whom the Arch-Biſhop of *Dublin* has recorded in Print, that their Kindneſs and Charity to her Clergy in their Flight and Diſtreſs deſerves to be remembred to their Honour. Ingratitude can be

be no Reputation either to a Party or Church, any more than to a ſingle Perſon; and though the Proteſtant Diſſenters of *Ireland* do acquit the Church *as ſuch* of contriving this Hardſhip, yet the Scandal will for ever lie on the Church of *Ireland*, ſo far as they dip their Hands in the unhappy *if rigorous* Execution of it.

Nor will this ever tend to the Reputation of the Govern— of *Ireland*.—To ſay they were impos'd upon any where is to ſay nothing; for though 'tis not a Man's Fault that he is impos'd upon, 'tis a Diſreputation to him to be impos'd on: And the farther thoſe Arguments are true which acquit the Gentry and the Church of *Ireland* of deſigning this Miſchief to the Proteſtant Diſſenters, the farther this Diſreputation of their Conduct will appear.

If they had no hand in the Contrivance of this Clauſe, if it was ſent back with that Clauſe incerted without the Privity or Knowledge of any of the Governing Party in this Kingdom, either in Church or State, this may acquit them of Ingratitude to the Diſſenters, but it can never acquit them of being impos'd upon ſomewhere: And if they had furniſh'd themſelves with Courage and Honour enough to have repreſented back the Services, the Fidelity and Loyalty of the Diſſenters, and their Debt of Kindneſs and Charity to them; if all this had been laid before her Majeſty, we cannot doubt but ſuch Orders would have been given by her Majeſty's Gracious Direction, as are ſuitable to that Tenderneſs ſhe has always expreſs'd to her People in General, and as we know to be the Innate and Hereditary Quality of our Sovereign.

Nay had our Clergy repreſented to the Right Honourable the E--- of *N*--- then Secretary of State, and through whoſe Hands this Law, with this unhappy additional Clauſe muſt paſs, had they repreſented to his Lordſhip the Kindneſs, Charity and Goodneſs which the Diſſenters ſhew'd to their perſecuted Bre-

thren, recorded, as is noted, by the Archbiſhop of *Dublin*; had they reminded him that his Lordſhip's *Imprimatur* is to the Book, and that himſelf paſs'd it into the World; that his Lordſhip has thereby own'd to all the World that *it ought to be remember'd of the Diſſenters to their Honour*, that they reliev'd the Clergy of the Church in their Suffering without Diſtinction--- had his Lordſhip been referr'd back to this Teſtimony, under his own Hand, he is a Gentleman of too much Juſtice and Honour ever to have forwarded ſuch a Bill, without humbly laying it before her Majeſty, that to his Knowledge they deſerv'd better Treatment.

It can therefore never be reckon'd up to the Honour and Reputation of the G———t or Clergy in *Ireland*, that they ſhould repreſent the Caſe to the Court of *England*, uſe their Intereſt to obtain ſuch a Remiſſion as, in Gratitude for Service done, and Love expreſs'd, they ow'd to the Diſſenters. And all we can ſay for them on that Head, is the great Concern they were in for the Loſs of the Needful Security againſt Popery, together with Reſolutions to make the Diſſenters ſome future Amends, which may ſomething extenuate the thing.

5. Another Negative may be thus expreſs'd. This will certainly be no Encouragement to the Diſſenters to joyn with their Brethren in their mutual Defence the next time the Papiſts ſhall pleaſe to take Arms, and attempt their Throats.

Not but that perhaps they may be Fools enough, as they always were, to ſtand in the Gap, and 'tis plain they have actually ſav'd the Church of *Ireland* from Ruin; but it cannot be that they have any Arguments to move them to it from this Bill. If they had no other Inducements, they could never be thought to be mov'd to it from this Law.

If ever the Papiſts in *Ireland* ſhould rebel and commence a new Maſſacre, as 'tis known they have good Will enough to do, and the Proteſtants of the Church

of

of *Ireland*, taking Arms to defend themſelves, ſhould ſay to the Diſſenters, Come *help the Lord againſt the Mighty*; and the Diſſenters ſhould ſay, " No, Gentlement, we are not fit to be truſted, we were not " fit to be Mayors or Juſtices, Cuſtom houſe or Exciſe Officers, Aldermen or Common-Councilmen for " fear of the Growth of Popery, pray take Care of " it your ſelves; we were not to be truſted with " Commiſſions in your Army, or your Country *Militia*, pray fight by your ſelves; we were not to be " intruſted in your Stores, pray be your own Gunners; " we'll have no Hand in it; you are able no doubt to " beat the *Iriſh* without us, pray don't trouble us a- " bout it, 'tis none of our Buſineſs, you took it out " of our Hands by Act of Parliament.

We are content to appeal to all the World whether ſuch an anſwer as this would not be *Lex Talionis*, would not be fair and juſt in the Diſſenters; and whether indeed, all things conſider'd, they ought not to act thus, and anſwer thus, if ever the Caſe came to the Criſis, and they ſhould be tried as they have been already---- Would not all the World call them Fools, to do any thing again that merits *to be remember'd to their Honour*---- If this be the Church's Method of *remembring Favours*, if this be their *Returns of Gratitude*, let them fight for them next time that dare truſt their Temper.

And here, with Submiſſion, there appears ſome Inconſiſtency in the very Act it ſelf; and the Conſequences of this Bill ſtill as to Negatives will be really.

6. No preventing the Growth of Popery. Will any Man in the World tell us, that *To divide Proteſtants is a way to prevent the further Growth of Popery*. This is like ſinking the Ship to drown the Rats---like Cutting off the Foot to cure the Corns. To divide Proteſtants is to weaken them, or elſe our Saviour was a falſe Prophet; and can weakening the Proteſtant Intereſt be a way to prevent the Growth of Popery?

This would merit ſome Satyr if the Caſe was not really too ſad and ſerious to bear a Banter. If theſe are Church of *Ireland* Politicks, for Shame Gentlemen never reproach the Native *Iriſh* for winking when they ſhoot, for never Marks-men took ſuch Aim as this. 'Tis ſuch a *Tale of a Tub* the very *Iriſh* themſelves muſt of Neceſſity laugh at it; and whereas we have been told they were in Hopes this Clauſe would break the Bill, divide the Houſe, and ſo the Bill be loſt, we are of Opinion they ought to have acquieſc'd and forwarded the paſſing the Bill for the Sake of this Clauſe; for what could be of more Service to the Popiſh Intereſt in that Kingdom than to ſee the Proteſtants thus divided, perſecuting, diſturbing and diſobliging one another------To ſee that Party ſuppreſs'd, trampl'd on and diſſatisfied who were always the dead Weight againſt Popery, from whom they received the moſt Powder and Shot, and by whom they were always worſt handled---This certainly ought to have comforted them, made them hope for a Reſtoration of their Affairs with more Probability than ever, and might be thought a ſufficient Satisfaction to them for all the other Diſappointments of that Bill.

How can it but be an inexpreſſible Satisfaction and Pleaſure to the *Iriſh* Papiſts, who wiſh all the *Engliſh* Proteſtants out of the Kingdom, to ſee a great many of the richeſt and moſt trading Inhabitants draw in their Effects, remit their Money to other Places, follow it with their Families; and a Law made by their Fellow Proteſtants, which making them uneaſy is the Occaſion of it all.

If it be anſwer'd, the Church Party are ſtrong enough to take Care of the *Iriſh* without the Diſſenters, this opens the Door to a very unhappy Argument againſt them, *Then what need of the Act*; if there was no Occaſion for it, *Why was it made?* And this would cauſe the Church of *Ireland* to run the Riſque of being charg'd with ſome ſpecial Malice, to make a Law

ſo

ſo grievous to their Brethren, ſo unkind, and ſo otherwiſe ill circumſtanc'd, without any manner of Occaſion for it; wherefore we chooſe to diſmiſs that Anſwer as a vain Pretenee, and bring it to matter of Truth.

That there is Occaſion in the Kingdom of *Ireland* to prevent the Growth of Popery.

That the united Force of all the Proteſtants in *Ireland* is neceſſary to diſcourage and keep it down, and all little enough.

And if ſo, then 'tis a great Encouragement to the Growth of Popery to divide and diſunite the Proteſtants; and conſequently, the Act diſagrees with it ſelf, it pulls down in one part what it builds up in another; the Whole is inconſiſtent with the Parts, and incoherent with the Title.

'Tis time to have done with the Negatives. The Affirmative Conſequences of this matter are many, and time may make them appear to be more than yet they ſeem to be; ſome of them have been toucht in their Contraries.

1. Perſecution for Conſcience Sake, which whatever may have been pretended, has been in all Ages allow'd to be contrary to the Principles of the Chriſtian Religion, and is Publickly diſown'd and diſapprov'd by the Church of *England*, which is allow'd to be the Parent and Nurſing Mother of the Church of *Ireland*. To perſecute for the Sake of a Conſcientious Difference, as it has no Scriptural Authority, ſo it has no Humane Authority to give it any Colour of a Law, or to make it agreeable to the Minds of Men ---And therefore when we call it Perſecution, we find none of the Church pretend to juſtify the Article of Perſecution as lawful; but they would come off here by proving, that this is not Perſecution; becauſe, ſay they, we allow you the Liberty of all Religious Worſhip your own Way.

The Anſwer to this is ſo unhappily plain, that ſad and moſt pitiful Shifts are made to evade it.

Perſecution, if we underſtand it right, is puniſhing any Perſon or People for not complying with, or conforming to, ſome Particular of Divine Worſhip, or ſome Article of Religion which that Power that perſecutes demands a Conformity to.

Now if thoſe Gentlemen, who will not have theſe things go under the Title of Perſecution, will tell us that to turn all the Diſſenters out of Places of Honour, Truſt and Profit for not complying with the Sacrament, is not puniſhing them for not complying with ſome Particular of Divine Worſhip, they will come to a Neceſſity of proving One of theſe Two things.

1. That inflicting Penalties is no Puniſhment. Or,

2. That the Sacrament is no Particular of Divine Worſhip, or no Religious Act.

Any Man would be glad to ſee either of theſe Two points ſo anſwer'd, as that this Cauſe might be clear'd from the Scandal, and the Church of *Ireland* be acquitted from practicing that Perſecution which her Principle diſowns.

2. The ſecond Conſequence, which any wiſe Man may foreſee muſt follow this Matter is *Diviſion*—— The Effects of that capacious Word are too many and too long, to be deſcrib'd.

Diviſions have too long afflicted theſe unhappy Nations, to leave us in any Degree Strangers to their ill Conſequences. The Queen's Majeſty, in all her late moſt Excellent Speeches to her Parliament, has given us true Ideas of the fatal Effect of Diviſions, and Breaches in the Union of a Nation; and ſufficiently warn'd all her Subjects, were they a People capable of Warning, againſt all the Circumſtances that lead to ſuch an Evil.

The Union of Proteſtants in *Ireland*, till now, was very remarkable; ſome hints have been given of it in this Tract, and much more might be ſaid on that pleaſant Subject; but the Diſcontents that begin already to ſhew their ill Aſpects, and cloud and eclipſe

the

the Beauty and Luſtre of that Light, how many, how numberleſs are they! and what a black Proſpect have we ſtill of thoſe behind!

To divide the Proteſtant Intereſt is to weaken it, to weaken that is to ſtrengthen its contrary, Popery; and what can be a more fatal Blow to the general Good of that Nation.

Capt. *Lawrence*, a Learned and a Senſible Gentleman, who wrote of, and very well underſtood the Intereſt of *Ireland*, has this very apt Notion of the Intereſt of *Ireland*; and with that we ſhall end this Diſcourſe.

" But that which would, above all other Expedi-
" ents, tend to the ſtrengthning the *Engliſh* Intereſt
" in *Ireland*, would be to endeavour a right Under-
" ſtanding and charitable Union between all ſober pi-
" ous Proteſtants in matters of Religion, the Want
" of which increaſeth groundleſs Jealouſies of each
" other, and ſtrengthneth the Confidence of the com-
" mon Enemy of the Proteſtant Intereſt, that they
" are eaſily run down, as in the Maſſacre 1641.
" when at firſt they declar'd their Deſign was againſt
" the Puritannical Party, then againſt the *Engliſh*,
" not the *Scots*: But I ſuppoſe I need not inform you
" how ſoon all Proteſtants became equal Objects of
" their Fury and barbarous Cruelty. *Law. Int. Ire-land.* pag. 99.

CON.

CONCLUSION.

To the Church of *Ireland.*

Gentlemen,

YOur Proteſtant Brethren, the Diſſenters of this Kingdom, tho' not perſonally acquainted with the Publication of theſe Sheets, are here repreſented your humble Suppliants for the Teſtimonies of Loyalty and Peaceable Behaviour, due from you in Juſtice to Truth, and Honour to your ſelves.

Theſe Innocents allied to you in Blood, united to you in one Faith, Doctrine, and Redeemer, often your Companions in Sufferings for the ſame Religion, the ſame Liberty, and the ſame Country; your Fellows in Arms for the Defence of this Kingdom, and Sharers with you in the Joy of the ſame Conqueſts; your Partners in the many Bleſſings of the Revolution, and intereſted with you in the Favour and mighty Protection of the ſame Defender King *William*, always thought they ſhould, with mutual Satisfaction, enjoy with you their Share of the immortal Bleſſings of Peace, purchas'd under the Valour and Conduct of that Prince, by the joint Concurrence of the Proteſtant

ant Power, undiſtinguiſh'd as to Party, Profeſſion, or Opinion.

'Tis with infinite Regret they ſee the Endeavours of their Enemies to render them ſuſpected to you, too ſucceſsful; and thoſe Laws, which were introduced for the Security of this Nation, pointed at them in Company with the Capital Enemies of *Ireland*. They cannot believe the Church of *Ireland as ſuch* could entertain a Thought ſo deſtructive to the general Welfare, as the loading the Diſſenters with Crimes, which, by God's Grace, they never were, or will be guilty of; or be ſo unkind as to enact againſt them as Criminal, while under the authentick Teſtimonies of Loyalty and Good Services done to your whole Body, as well as the Government, they have an Acknowledgment of their extraordinary Zeal for the Safety of both.

They are therefore rather enclined to ſuppoſe they ſhall meet with Eaſe and Redreſs of this Burthen from your Hands, than that you will ſhow your ſelves ſo much as enclin'd to lay any Hardſhip upon them; and the Deſign of theſe Sheets is but in an humble Manner to expoſtulate with you on their Behalf, that from the Senſe of their Merit, their paſt Services and known Loyalty, you would become humble Interceſſors with them, and for them, to their Sovereign, that ſuch part of this Preſſure as, your own Juſtice and Honour ſhall dictate to you they have not deſerv'd, may be taken off; and that the Church may not lie under the Reflection of having enjoy'd the Advantage of their Sufferings and Faithful Services, without ſuitable Returns to the People, who have, by your own Acknowledgment, merited to be remember'd by you to their Honour.

Next, and immediately after the Arguments in this Caſe, drawn from the Principles of Charity, Neighbourhood, Chriſtian-love, and the Senſe of Merit, known

known in ſome Countries by the Name of Common Gratitude, the Author of theſe Sheets humbly deſires, in the Name of the whole Body of the Diſſenters in *Ireland*, that all thoſe Gentlemen of the Church of *Ireland*, who may be enclined to acquieſe in the Hardſhips put upon their Diſſenting Brethren would be pleas'd to conſider,

1. *Their own Intereſts.* And 1. Whether upon the Emergency of any future Inſolence, Rebellion, or Inſurrection of the Native *Iriſh*, whether back'd by Foreign Alliance, or not, they are able of themſelves, without the Aſſiſtance of theſe dangerous Proteſtants, call'd Diſſenters, to oppoſe, fight, conquer, and reduce the ſaid Native *Iriſh*.

2. Whether, if it be true, that the Native *Iriſh* and Papiſts, by common Calculation are Eight to One againſt the *Britiſh* and Proteſtants in that Kingdom, ſpeaking incluſively of all ſorts of Diſſenters: The Said *Iriſh*, &c. would not be above Sixteen to One, in Caſe all ſorts of Diſſenters are excluded from every Part of the Defence, and laid by either as Neuters, or as Enemies.

3. Whether, allow the *Iriſh* to be worſe Cowards and Scoundrils than they ever yet appeared, whether they think it poſſible to fight them with the Inequality of One to Sixteen.

2. *Juſtice.* Whether it be reaſonable to expect the Diſſenters, who, in time of Peace, and without Provocation, are enacted againſt as dangerous Enemies, and not thought fit to be truſted with Poſts of Profit, ſhould be concern'd in Caſe of Rebellion and War to accept of Places of Hazards, and embark in the Defence of thoſe People who treated them ſo unkindly.

3. Paſt

3. Paſt Actions. Whether ever the Church of *Ireland*, when oppreſs'd or inſulted by the *Iriſh*, were able to defend themſelves againſt them, without the Help of their Diſſenting Brethren?

4. Whether they found them backward in ſuch time of Diſtreſs to venture their Fortunes and Blood for the general Preſervation? And whether by right of War they have not an equal Claim to the Privileges of that Peace they help'd to obtain.

If we might be allow'd here to expoſtulate with the Church of *Ireland*, it ſhould be to ask them, Gentlemen, do you think the Papiſts are likely ever to renounce their old Principles of Hatred againſt the *Engliſh*, as a Nation; or that upon every Opportunity they ſhould not be very forward to put in Practice the former Rage againſt the Proteſtant Intereſt in general; whether, when they find an Occaſion to put this in Practice, either by Inſurrection, General Maſſacre, or any other publick or private Method, they will diſtinguiſh Church Proteſtants from Diſſenting Proteſtants.

We deſire, with all Modeſty and poſſible Reſpect, to ask whether you do not ſeem to expreſs a greater Confidence in the Diſſenters on one Hand, than is conſiſtent with the Diſtruſt and Diffidence on the other Hand, which muſt be ſuppos'd to make it rational, that they ſhould be enacted againſt in the ſame Law with the Papiſts and Enemies to the Government; and whether you do not ſeem hereby to own, that we are more Loyal to the Government, and True to the Proteſtant Intereſt than your ſelves, in that you venture to put the higheſt Indignity, Reproach and Affront upon us, and thereby preſume we are by no ill Treatment to be provoked ſo much as to ſtand Neuter

when

when your Defence requires our Aſſiſtance, much leſs that you ſhould think, we ſhall on any Terms be brought to joyn with the Papiſts in your Deſtruction.

We would be glad you would reconcile theſe two palpable Contradictions; and would willingly know, whether, if after all this Treatment, the next time the Papiſts of this Kingdom ſhall think fit to inſult you, and the Diſſenters fall in, and with the Hazards of their Lives, Eſtates, and all that is dear to them, defend you, whether you will not bluſh at this Bill, and enter your Acknowledgment upon Record, as it is already, that theſe Things ought to be remembred to their Honour?

It cannot be defended by the Rules of Charity, Chriſtian Love, and Good Neighbourhood, any more than it can from the Rules of Juſtice or Policy, that the Diſſenters ſhould be thus treated; ſince they, eſpecially thoſe of them who now inhabit the Northern Parts of the Kingdom, came to you as Fellow-Planters and Settlers of Colonies, in the Beginning of the Peopling this Nation by the *Britiſh* Proteſtants; and conſequently, have equal Right of Liberty and Settlement as your ſelves; or elſe came hither as Auxiliaries, as indeed they have ever ſince prov'd, and as your Aſſiſtants againſt your Enemies; and have thereby obtain'd a Right of Settlement and Liberty by Treaties and Capitulations, which ought not to be violated or invaded.

Upon all theſe Conſiderations, and many more, of which they ſave to themſelves the Liberty of reminding you, as Occaſion requires, they deſire to lay before you calmly and ſedately; and in all Tenderneſs and Charity the Hardſhip, and, as they think, Injuſtice of thoſe Gentlemen, who think they merit ſuch ſevere Treatment.

They humbly appeal to your certain Knowledge in their conſtant Behaviour, and in the Truth of every Article

Article insisted on in this Book: And the Author of this Tract is not afraid to take upon him the Demonstration of all the Particulars; and to recommend them, in Behalf of the Dissenters, to the Gentlemen of the Church, as their Fellows, in all possible degrees of Right to the Peace of this Nation; and most earnestly to desire their serious Considerations of the Indignities, Injuries and Oppressions they already suffer, and are likely yet farther to suffer on this Account.

And thus they are you humble Petitioners, that from a Sence of Justice, Gratitude, and Christian Charity, as you know the Dissenters innocent of any thing to merit being treated severely, from a Sence of Interest, Prudence, and Civil Polity, as there is more than ordinary Occasion of a firm Union among all Protestants for the mutual Defence of themselves and the Nation; and as you would encourage the Dissenters, and expect of them to assist you in Case of any future Dangers from the Publick Enemy, and from a Sence of the Christian Obligation of Charity and Forbearance, which in all Cases declares against Coertion or Punishments in Cases of Conscience, and from many other Reasons, as well Civil as Religious, too long to be here enumerated, *You would be pleased* to become humble Intercessors with her Majesty, and the Parliament of this Kingdom, for the Repeal of that part of the Clause, and Remission of that part of this Act, which they have just Reason to complain is grievous to them, as Protestant Dissenters; and against the Honourable Remembrance of their former Loyalty and Services; and that they may no longer be reckoned among the Nations Enemies, and enacted against as People dangerous and suspected, at least till by some disloyal or disaffected Behaviour, which they trust will never be found on them, they shall have done something to forfeit the Title of, as well as the Protection, which all Governments

ments think due to, faithful and peaceable Subjects.

Thus you will effectually secure this Kingdom against the Growth of Popery, by firmly uniting the Hearts and Hands of all her Majesty's Protestant Subjects, in the vigorous Defence both of her Person and Government; and in that blessed Peace and Union, which her Majesty has, on all Occasions, declared to be her pious Desire, and has so often recommended to all her Subjects.

Giving

Giving Alms no Charity,

And Employing the

POOR

A Grievance to the

NATION.

BEING AN

ESSAY

UPON THIS

Great Question,

Whether Work-Houſes, Corporations, and Houſes of Correction for Employing the Poor, as now practis'd in *England*; or Pariſh-Stocks, as propos'd in a late Pamphlet, Entituled, *A Bill for the better Relief, Imployment and Settlement of the Poor*, &c. Are not miſchievous to the Nation, tending to the Deſtruction of our Trade, and to Encreaſe the Number and Miſery of the Poor.

To the Knights, Citizens and Burgesses in Parliament Assembled.

GENTLEMEN,

HE that has Truth and Justice, and the Interest of *England* in his Design, can have nothing to fear from an *English* Parliament.

This makes the Author of these Sheets, however Despicable in himself, apply to this Honourable House, without any Apology for the Presumption.

Truth, *Gentlemen*, however meanly dress'd, and in whatsoever bad Company she happens to come, was always entertain'd at your Bar; and the Commons of *England* must cease to act like themselves, or which is worse, like their Ancestors, when they cease to entertain any Proposal, that offers it self at their Door, for the general Good and Advantage of the People they Represent.

I willingly grant, That 'tis a Crime in good Manners to interrupt your more weighty Councils, and disturb your Debates; with empty nauseous Trifles in Value, or mistaken Schemes, and whoever ventures to Address You, ought to be well assur'd he is in the right, and that the Matter suits the Intent of your meeting, *viz. To dispatch the weighty Affairs of the Kingdom.*

And as I have premis'd this, so I freely submit to any Censure this Honourable Assembly shall think I de-

deserve, if I have broke in upon either of the Particulars.

I have but one Petition to make with respect to the Author, and that is, That no freedom of Expression, which the Arguments may oblige him to, may be construd'd as a want of Respect, and a Breach of the due Deference every *English* Man owes to the representing Power of the Nation.

It would be hard, that while I am honestly offering to your Consideration something of Moment for the general Good, Prejudice should lay Snares for the Author, and private Pique make him an Offender for a Word.

Without entring upon other Parts of my Character, 'tis enough to acquaint this Assembly, that I am an *English* Freeholder, and have by that a Title to be concern'd in the good of that Community of which I am an unworthy Member.

This Honourable House is the Representative of all the Freeholders of *England*; you are Assembl'd for their Good, you study their Interest, you possess their Hearts, and you hold the Strings of the general Purse.

To you they have Recourse for the Redress of all their Wrongs, and if at any time one of their Body can offer to your Assistance, any fair, legal, honest and rational Proposal for the publick Benefit, it was never known that such a Man was either rejected or discourag'd.

And on this Account I crave the Liberty to assure you, That the Author of this seeks no Reward; to him it shall always be Reward enough to have been capable of serving his Native Country, and Honour enough to have offer'd something for the publick Good worthy of Consideration in your Honourable Assembly.

Pauper ubique jacet, said our Famous Queen *Elizabeth*, when in her Progress thro' the Kingdom she saw the vast Throngs of the Poor, flocking to see and bless

bleſs her; and the Thought put her Majeſty upon a continu'd ſtudy how to recover her People from that Poverty, and make their Labour more profitable to themſelves in Particular, and the Nation in General.

This was eaſie then to propoſe, for that many uſeful Manufactures were made in foreign Parts, which our People bought with *Engliſh* Money, and Imported for their Uſe.

The Queen, who knew the Wealth and vaſt Numbers of People which the ſaid Manufactures had brought to the neighbouring Countries then under the King of *Spain*, the *Dutch* being not yet revolted, never left off endeavouring what ſhe happily brought to paſs, *viz.* the tranſplanting into *England* thoſe Springs of Riches and People.

She ſaw the *Flemings* prodigiouſly Numerous, their Cities ſtood thicker than her Peoples Villages in ſome parts; all ſorts of uſeful Manufactures were found in their Towns, and all their People were rich and buſie, no Beggars, no Idleneſs, and conſequently no want was to be ſeen among them.

She ſaw the Fountain of all this Wealth and Workmanſhip, I mean the Wool, was in her own Hands, and *Flanders* became the Seat of all theſe Manufactures, not becauſe it was naturally Richer and more Populous than other Countries, but becauſe it lay near *England*, and the Staple of the *Engliſh* Wool which was the Foundation of all the Wealth, was at *Antwerp* in the Heart of that Country.

From hence, it may be ſaid of *Flanders*, it was not the Riches and the Number of People brought the Manufactures into the *Low Countries*, but it was the Manufactures brought the People thither, and Multitudes of People make Trade, Trade makes Wealth, Wealth builds Cities, Cities enrich the Land round them, Land enrich'd riſes in Value, and the Value of Lands enriches the Government.

Many Projects were set on foot in *England* to erect the Woollen Manufacturer here, and in some Places it had found Encouragement, before the Days of this Queen, especially as to making of Cloath, but Stuffs, Bays, Says, Serges, and such like Wares were yet wholly the Work of the *Flemings*.

At last an Opportunity offer'd perfectly unlook'd for, *viz.* The Persecution of the Protestants, and introducing the *Spanish* Inquisition into *Flanders*, with the Tyranny of the Duke *D' Alva*.

It cannot be an ungrateful Observation, here to take notice how Tyranny and Persecution, the one an Oppression of Property, the other of Conscience, always Ruine Trade, Impoverish Nations, Depopulate Countries, Dethrone Princes, and Destroy Peace.

When an *English* Man reflects on it, he cannot without infinite Satisfaction look up to Heaven, and to this Honourable House, *that* as the spring, *this* as the Stream *from* and *by* which the Felicity of this Nation has obtain'd a Pitch of Glory, Superior to all the People in the World.

Your Councils especially, when blest from Heaven, *as now we trust they are*, with Principles of Unanimity and Concord, can never fail to make Trade flourish, War successful, Peace certain, Wealth flowing, Blessings probable, the Queen Glorious, and the People happy.

Our unhappy Neighbours of the *Low Countries* were the very Reverse of what we *bless our selves for in you.*

Their Kings were Tyrants, their Governours Persecutors, their Armies Thieves and Blood-hounds.

Their People divided, their Councils confus'd, and their Miseries innumerable.

D' Alva the *Spanish* Governour, besieg'd their Cities, decimated the Inhabitants, murther'd their Nobility, proscrib'd their Princes and executed 18000 Men by the Hand of the Hang-man.

Con-

Conſcience was trampl'd under foot, Religion and Reformation hunted like a Hare upon the Monntains, the Inquiſition threatned, and Foreign Armies introduc'd.

Property fell a Sacrifice to Abſolute Power, the Country was ravag'd, the Towns plunder'd, the Rich confiſcated, the Poor ſtarv'd, Trade interrupted, and the 10*th* Penny demanded.

The Conſequence of this was, *as in all Tyrannies and Perſecutions it is*, the People fled and ſcatter'd themſelves in their Neighbours Countries, Trade languiſh'd, Manufactures went abroad, and never return'd, Confuſion reign'd, and Poverty ſucceeded.

The Multitude that remain'd, puſh'd to all Extremities, were forc'd to obey the Voice of Nature, and in their own juſt Defence to take Arms againſt their Governours.

Deſtruction it ſelf has it uſes in the World, the Aſhes of one City rebuilds another, and God Almighty, who never acts in vain, brought the Wealth of *England*, and the Power of *Holland* into the World from the Ruine of the *Flemiſh Liberty*.

The *Dutch* in defence of their Liberty revolted, renounc'd their Tyrant Prince, and proſper'd by Heaven and the Aſſiſtance of *England*, erected the greateſt Common-wealth in the World.

Innumerable Obſervations would flow from this part of the preſent Subject, but Brevity is my Study, I am not teaching; for I know who I ſpeak to, but relating and obſerving the Connexion of Cauſes, and the wonderous Births which *lay then* in the Womb of Providence, and are ſince come to life.

Particularly how Heaven directed the Oppreſſion and Tyranny of the Poor, ſhould be the Wheel to turn over the great Machine of Trade from *Flanders* into *England*.

And how the Perſecution and Cruelty of the *Spaniards* againſt Religion ſhould be directed by the ſecret over-ruling Hand, to be the Foundation of a Peo-

ple, and a Body that ſhould in Ages then to come, be one of the chief Bulwarks of that very Liberty and Religion they ſought to deſtroy.

In this general Ruine of Trade and Liberty, *England* made a Gain of what ſhe never yet loſt, and of what ſhe has ſince encreas'd to an inconceivable Magnitude.

As D' *Alva* worried the poor *Flemings*, the Queen of *England* entertain'd them, cheriſh'd them, invited them, encourag'd them.

Thouſands of innocent People fled from all Parts from the Fury of this Mercileſs Man, and as *England*, *to her Honour* has always been the Sanctuary of her diſtreſs'd Neighbours, ſo now ſhe was ſo to her ſpecial and particular Profit.

The Queen who ſaw the Opportunity put into her hands which ſhe had ſo long wiſh'd for, not only receiv'd kindly the Exil'd *Flemings*, but invited over all that would come, promiſing them all poſſible Encouragement, Privileges and Freedom of her Ports, and the like.

This brought over a vaſt Multitude of *Flemings*, *Walloons*, and *Dutch*, who with their whole Families ſettled at *Norwich*, at *Ipſwich*, *Colcheſter*, *Canterbury*, *Exeter*, and the like. From theſe came the *Walloon* Church at *Canterbury*, and the *Dutch* Churches *Norwich*, *Colcheſter* and *Yarmouth*; from hence came the True born *Engliſh* Families at thoſe Places with Foreign Names; as the *De Vinks* at *Norwich*, the *Rebows* at *Colcheſter*, the *Papilons*, &c. at *Canterbury*, Families to whom this Nation are much in debt for the firſt planting thoſe Manufactures, from which we have ſince rais'd the greateſt Trades in the World.

This wiſe Queen knew that number of Inhabitants are the Wealth and Strength of a Nation, ſhe was far from that Opinion, we have of late ſhown too much of in complaining that Foreigners came to take the Bread out of our Mouths, and ill treating on that account the *French* Proteſtants who fled hither for Refuge in the late Perſecution.

Some

Some have ſaid that above 50000 of them ſettled here, and would have made it a Grievance, tho' without doubt 'tis eaſie to make it appear, that 500000 more would be both uſeful and profitable to this Nation.

Upon the ſetling of theſe Foreigners, the Scale of Trade viſibly turn'd both here and in *Flanders*.

The *Flemings* taught our Women and Children to Spin, the Youth to Weave, the Men entred the Loom to labour inſtead of going abroad to ſeek their Fortunes by the War, the ſeveral Trades of *Bayes* at *Colcheſter*, *Sayes* and *Perpets*, at *Sudbury*, *Ipſwich*, &c. *Stuffs* at *Norwich*, *Serges* at *Exeter*, *Silks* at *Canterbury*, and the like, began to flouriſh. All the Counties round felt the Profit, the Poor were ſet to work, the Traders gain'd Wealth; and Multitudes of People flock'd to the ſeveral Parts where theſe Manufactures were erected for Employment, and the Growth of *England*, both in Trade, Wealth and People ſince that time, as it is well known to this Honourable Houſe; ſo the Cauſes of it appear to be plainly the Introducing of theſe Manufactures, and nothing elſe.

Nor was the Gain made here by it more viſible than the loſs to the *Flemings*, from hence, and not as is vainly ſuggeſted from the building the *Dutch* Fort of *Lillo* on the *Scheld*, came the Decay of that flouriſhing City of *Antwerp*. From hence it is plain the *Flemings*, an Induſtrious Nation, finding their Trade ruin'd at once, turn'd their Hands to other things, as making of *Lace*, *Linen*, and the like, and the *Dutch* to the Sea Affairs and Fiſhing.

From hence they become *Poor*, thin of People, and *weak* in Trade, the Flux both of their Wealth and Trade, running wholly into *England*.

I humbly crave leave to ſay, this long Introduction ſhall not be thought uſeleſs, when I ſhall bring it home by the Proceſs of theſe Papers to the Subject now in hand, *viz. The Providing for, and Employing the Poor.*

Since

Since the Times of *Queen Elizabeth* this Nation has gone on to a Prodigy of Trade, of which the Encreaſe of our Cuſtoms from 400000 Crowns to two Millions of Pounds Sterling, *per Ann.* is a Demonſtration beyond the Power of Argument; and that this whole Encreaſe depends upon, and is principally occaſion'd by the encreaſe of our Manufactures is ſo plain, I ſhall not take up any room here to make it out.

Having thus given an Account how we came to be a rich, flouriſhing and populous Nation, I crave leave as conciſely as I can, to examine how we came to be Poor again, if it muſt be granted that we are ſo.

By Poor here I humbly deſire to be underſtood, not that we are a poor Nation in general; I ſhould undervalue the bounty of Heaven to *England*, and act with leſs Underſtanding than moſt Men are Maſters of, if I ſhould not own, that in general we are *as Rich a Nation* as any in the World; but by Poor I mean burthen'd with a crowd of clamouring, unimploy'd, unprovided for poor People, who make the Nation uneaſie, burthen the Rich, clog our Pariſhes, and make themſelves worthy of Laws, and peculiar Management to diſpoſe of and direct them how theſe came to be thus in the Queſtion.

And firſt, I humbly crave leave to lay theſe Heads down as fundamental Maxims, which I am ready at any time to Defend and make out.

1. *There is in* England *more Labour than Hands to perform it, and conſequently a want of People, not of Employment.*
2. *No Man in* England, *of ſound Limbs and Senſes, can be Poor meerly for want of Work.*
3. *All our Work-houſes, Corporations and Charities for employing the Poor, and ſetting them to Work, as now they are employ'd, or any Acts of Parliament to empower Overſeers of Pariſhes, or Pariſhes themſelves, to employ the Poor, except as ſhall be hereafter*

after excepted, are, and will be publick Nuſances, Miſchiefs to the Nation which ſerve to the Ruin of Families, and the Encreaſe of the Poor.

4. *That 'tis a Regulation of the Poor that is wanted in* England, *not a ſetting them to Work.*

If after theſe things are made out, I am enquir'd of what this Regulation ſhould be, I am no more at a loſs to lay it down than I am to affirm what is above; and ſhall always be ready, when call'd to it, to make ſuch a Propoſal to this Honourable Houſe, as with their Concurrence ſhall for ever put a ſtop to Poverty and Beggery, Pariſh Charges, Aſſeſſments and the like, in this Nation.

If ſuch offers as theſe ſhall be ſlighted and rejected, I have the Satisfaction of having diſcharg'd my Duty, and the Conſequence muſt be, that complaining will be continued in our Streets.

'Tis my misfortune, that while I ſtudy to make every Head ſo conciſe, as becomes me in things to be brought before ſo Honourable and Auguſt an Aſſembly, I am oblig'd to be ſhort upon Heads that in their own Nature would very well admit of particular Volumes to explain them.

1. I affirm, *That in* England *there is more Labour than Hands to perform it.* This I prove,

1. From the dearneſs of Wages, which in *England* out goes all Nations in the World; and *I know no greater Demonſtration in Trade.* Wages, like Exchanges, Riſe and Fall as the Remitters and Drawers, the Employers and the Work-men, Ballance one another.

The Employers are the Remitters, the Work-men are the Drawers, if there are more Employers than Work-men, the price of Wages muſt Riſe, becauſe the Employer wants that Work to be done more than the Poor Man wants to do it, if there are more Work-men than Employers the price of Labour falls, be-

cauſe the Poor Man wants his Wages more than the Employer wants to have his Buſineſs done.

Trade, like all Nature, moſt obſequiouſly obeys the great Law of Cauſe and Conſequence; and this is the occaſion why even all the greateſt Articles of Trade follow, and as it were pay Homage to this ſeemingly Minute and Inconſiderable Thing, *The Poor Man's Labour*.

I omit, with ſome pain, the many very uſeful Thoughts that occur on this Head, to preſerve the Brevity I owe to the Dignity of that Aſſembly I am writing to. But I cannot but Note how from hence it appears, that the Glory, the Strength, the Riches, the Trade, and all that's valuable in a Nation, as to its Figure in the World, depends upon the Number of its People, be they never ſo mean or poor; the conſumption of Manufactures encreaſes the Manufacturers; the number of Manufacturers encreaſes the Conſumption; Proviſions are conſum'd to feed them, Land Improv'd, and more Hands employ'd to furniſh Proviſion: All the Wealth of the Nation, and all the Trade is produc'd by Numbers of People; but of this by the way.

The price of Wages not only determines the Difference between the Employer and the Work-man, but it rules the Rates of every Market. If Wages grows high, Proviſions riſe in Proportion, and I humbly conceive it to be a miſtake in thoſe People, who ſay Labour in ſuch parts of *England* is cheap becauſe Proviſions are cheap, but 'tis plain, Proviſions are cheap there becauſe Labour is cheap, and Labour is cheaper in thoſe Parts than in others; becauſe being remoter from *London* there is not that extraordinary Diſproportion between the Work and the Number of Hands; there are more Hands, and conſequently Labour cheaper.

'Tis plain to any obſerving Eye, that there is an equal plenty of Proviſions in ſeveral of our South and Weſtern Countries, as in *Yorkſhire*, and rather a greater,

greater, and I believe I could make it out, that a poor labouring Man may live as cheap in *Kent* or *Suſſex* as in the Biſhoprick of *Durham*; and yet in *Kent* a poor Man ſhall earn 7 *s.* 10 *s.* 9 *s.* a Week, and in the North 4 *s.* or perhaps leſs; the difference is plain in this, that in *Kent* there is a greater want of People, in Proportion to the Work there, than in the North.

And this on the other hand makes the People of our norther Countries ſpread themſelves ſo much to the South, where Trade, War and the Sea carrying off ſo many, there is a greater want of Hands.

And yet 'tis plain there is Labour for the Hands which remain in the North, or elſe the Country would be depopulated, and the People come all away to the South to ſeek Work; and even in *Yorkſhire*, where Labour is cheapeſt, the People can gain more by their Labour than in any of the Manufacturing Countries of *Germany*, *Italy* or *France*, and live much better.

If there was one poor Man in *England* more than there was Work to employ, either ſome body elſe muſt ſtand ſtill for him, or he muſt be ſtarv'd; if another Man ſtands ſtill for him he wants a days Work, and goes to ſeek it, and by conſequence ſupplants another, and this a third, and this Contention brings it to this; no ſays the poor Man, *That is like to be put out of his Work*, rather than that Man ſhall come in I'll do it cheaper; nay, ſays the other, but I'll do it cheaper than you; and thus one poor Man wanting but a Days work would bring down the Price of Labour in a whole Nation, for the Man cannot ſtarve, and will work for any thing rather than want it.

It may be Objected here, This is contradicted by our Number of Beggars.

I am ſorry to ſay I am oblig'd here to call begging an Employment, ſince 'tis plain, if there is more Work than Hands to perform it, no Man that has his *Limbs* and his *Senſes* need to beg, and thoſe that *have not* ought to be put into a Condition not to want it.

So

So that begging is a meer ſcandal in the General; *in the Able* 'tis a ſcandal upon their Induſtry, and *in the Impotent* 'tis a ſcandal upon the Country.

Nay, the begging, as now practic'd, is a ſcandal upon our Charity, and perhaps the foundation of all our preſent Grievance---- How can it be poſſible that any Man or Woman, who being found in Body and Mind, may, as 'tis apparent they may, have Wages for their Work, ſhould be ſo baſe, ſo meanly ſpirited, as to beg an Alms for God-ſake --- Truly the ſcandal lies on our Charity; and People have ſuch a Notion in *England* of being pitiful and charitable, that they encourage Vagrants, and by a miſtaken Zeal do more harm than good.

This is a large Scene, and much might be ſaid upon it; I ſhall abridge it as much as poſſible----. The Poverty of *England* does not lie among the craving Beggars but among poor Families, where the Children are numerous, and where Death or Sickneſs has depriv'd them of the Labour of the Father; theſe are the Houſes that the Sons and Daughters of Charity, if they would order it well, ſhould ſeek out and relieve; an Alms ill directed may be Charity to the particular Perſon, but becomes an Injury to the Publick, and no Charity to the Nation. As for the craving Poor, I am perſwaded I do them no wrong when I ſay, that if they were Incorporated they would be the richeſt Society in the Nation; and the reaſon why ſo many pretend to want Work is, that they can live ſo well with the pretence of wanting Work, they would be mad to leave it and Work in earneſt; and I affirm of my own knowledge, when I have wanted a Man for labouring work, and offer'd 9*s. per* Week to ſtrouling Fellows at my Door, they have frequently told me to my Face, they could get more a begging, and I once ſet a luſty Fellow in the Stocks for making the Experiment.

I ſhall, in its proper place, bring this to a Method of Tryal, ſince nothing but Demonſtration will affect

us;

us, 'tis an eaſie matter to prevent begging in *England*, and yet to maintain all our Impotent Poor at far leſs charge to the Pariſhes than now they are oblig'd to be at.

When Queen *Elizabeth* had gain'd her Point as to Manufactories in *England*, ſhe had fairly laid the Foundation, ſhe thereby found out the way how every Family might live upon their own Labour, like a wiſe Princeſs ſhe knew 'twould be hard to force People to Work when there was nothing for them to turn their Hands to; but aſſoon as ſhe had brought the matter to bear, and there was Work for every body that had no mind to ſtarve, then ſhe applied her ſelf to make Laws to oblige the People to do this Work, and to puniſh Vagrants, and make every one live by their own Labour; all her Succeſſors followed this laudable Example, and from hence came all thoſe Laws againſt ſturdy Beggars, Vagabonds, Stroulers, *&c.* which had they been ſeverely put in Execution by our Magiſtrates, 'tis preſum'd theſe Vagrant Poor had not ſo encreas'd upon us as they have.

And it ſeems ſtrange to me, from what juſt Ground we proceed now upon other Methods, and fancy that 'tis now our Buſineſs to find them Work, and to Employ them rather than to oblige them to find themſelves Work and go about it.

From this miſtaken Notion come all our Workhouſes and Corporations, and the ſame Error, with ſubmiſſion, I preſume was the birth of this Bill now depending, which enables every Pariſh to erect the Woollen Manufacture within it ſelf, for the employing their own Poor.

'Tis the miſtake of this part of the Bill only which I am enquiring into, and which I endeavour to ſet in a true light.

In all the Parliaments ſince the Revolution, this Matter has been before them, and I am juſtified in this attempt by the Houſe of Commons having frequently

quently appointed Committees to receive Propoſals upon this Head.

As my Propoſal is General, I preſume to offer it to the General Body of the Houſe; if I am commanded to explain any part of it, I am ready to do any thing that may be ſerviceable to this great and noble Deſign.

As the former Houſes of Commons gave all poſſible Encouragement to ſuch as could offer, or but pretend to offer at this needful thing, ſo the imperfect Eſſays of ſeveral, whether for private or publick Benefit. I do not attempt to determine which have ſince been made, and which have obtain'd the Powers and Conditions they have deſir'd, have by all their Effects demonſtrated the weakneſs of their Deſign; and that they either underſtood not the Diſeaſe, or know not the proper Cure for it.

The Imperfection of all theſe Attempts is acknowledg'd, not only in the Preamble of this new Act of Parliament, but even in the thing, in that there is yet occaſion for any new Law.

And having ſurvey'd, not the neceſſity of a new Act, but the Contents of the Act which has been propos'd as a Remedy in this Caſe; I cannot but offer my Objections againſt the Sufficiency of the Propoſal, and leave it to the Conſideration of this Wiſe Aſſembly, and of the whole Nation.

I humbly hope the Learned Gentleman, under whoſe Direction this Law is now to proceed, and by whoſe Order it has been Printed, will not think himſelf perſonally concern'd in this Caſe, his Endeavours to promote ſo good a Work, as the Relief, Employment, and Settlement of the Poor merit the Thanks and Acknowledgment of the whole Nation, and no Man ſhall be more ready to pay his ſhare of that Debt to him than my ſelf. But if his Scheme happen to be ſomething ſuperficial, if he comes in among the number of thoſe who have not ſearch'd this Wound to the bottom, if the Methods propos'd are not ſuch as will either anſwer his own Deſigns or the Nations,

Nations, I cannot think my ſelf oblig'd to diſpence, with my Duty to the Publick Good, to preſerve a Perſonal Value for his Judgment, tho' the Gentleman's Merit be extraordinary.

Wherefore, as in all the Schemes I have ſeen laid for the Poor, and in this Act now before your Honourable Houſe; the general Thought of the Propoſers runs upon the Employing the Poor by Work-houſes, Corporations, Houſes of Correction, and the like, and that I think it plain to be ſeen, that thoſe Propoſals come vaſtly ſhort of the main Deſign. Theſe Sheets are humbly laid before you, as well to make good what is alledg'd, *viz.* That all theſe Work-houſes, *&c.* Tend to the Encreaſe, and not the Relief of the Poor, as to make an humble Tender of mean plain, but I hope, rational Propoſals for the more effectual Cure of this grand Diſeaſe.

In order to proceed to this great Challenge, I humbly deſire the Bills already paſs'd may be review'd, the Practice of our Corporation Work-houſes, and the Contents of this propoſed Act examin'd.

In all theſe it will appear that the Method chiefly propoſed for the Employment of our Poor, is by ſetting them to Work on the ſeveral Manufactures before mention'd; as *Spinning*, *Weaving*, and Manufacturing our *Engliſh Wool.*

All our Work-houſes, lately Erected in *England*, are in general thus Employ'd, for which without enumerating Particulars, I humbly appeal to the Knowledge of the ſeveral Members of this Honourable Houſe in their reſpective Towns where ſuch Corporations have been erected.

In the preſent Act now preparing, as Printed by Direction of a Member of this Honourable Houſe, it appears, *that in order to ſet the Poor to Work, it ſhall be Lawful for the Overſeers of* every Town, *or of one or more* Towns joyn'd together to *occupy any Trade, Myſtery,* &c. *And raiſe Stocks for the carrying them on for the ſetting the Poor at Work, and for the pur-*

chasing Wool, Iron, Hemp, Flax, Thread, or other Materials for that Purpose. Vide the Act Publish'd by Sir Humphry Mackworth.

And that Charities given so and so, and not exceeding 200 *l. per Annum* for this Purpose, shall be Incorporated of Course for these Ends.

In order now to come to the Case in hand, *it is necessary to premise*, that the thing now in debate is not the Poor of this or that particular Town. The House of Commons are acting like themselves, as they are the Representatives of all the Commons of *England*, 'tis the Care of all the Poor of *England* which lies before them, not of this or that particular Body of the Poor.

In proportion to this great Work, I am to be understood that these Work-houses, Houses of Correction, and Stocks to Employ the Poor may be granted to lessen the Poor in this or that particular part of *England*; and we are particularly told of that at *Bristol*, that it has been such a Terror to the Beggars, that none of the strouling Crew will come near the City. But all this allow'd, in general, 'twill be felt in the main, and the end will be an Encrease of our Poor.

1. The Manufactures that these Gentlemen Employ the Poor upon, are all such as are before exercis'd in *England*.

2. They are all such as are manag'd to a full Extent, and the present Accidents of War and Foreign Interruption of Trade consider'd, rather beyond the Vent of them than under it.

Suppose now a Work-house for Employment of Poor Children, sets them to spinning of Worsted.—For every Skein of Worsted these Poor Children Spin, there must be a Skein the less Spun by some poor Family or Person that spun it before; suppose the Manufacture of making Bays to be erected in *Bishopsgate-street*, unless the Makers of these Bays can at the same time find out a Trade or Consumption for more Bays than

than were made before. For every piece of Bays so made in *London* there must be a piece the less made at *Colchester*.

I humbly appeal to the Honourable House of Commons what this may be call'd, and with Submission, I think it is nothing at all to the employing the Poor, since 'tis only the transposing the Manufacture from *Colchester* to *London*, and taking the Bread out of the Mouths of the Poor of *Essex*, to put it into the Mouths of the Poor of *Middlesex*.

If these worthy Gentlemen, who show themselves so commendably forward to relieve and employ the Poor, will find out some new Trade, some new Market, where the Goods they make shall be sold, where none of the same Goods were sold before; if they will send them to any place where they shall not interfere with the rest of that Manufacture, or with some other made in *England*, then indeed they will do something worthy of themselves, and may employ the Poor to the same glorious Advantage as Queen *Elizabeth* did, to whom this Nation, as a Trading Country, owes its peculiar Greatness.

If these Gentlemen could establish a Trade to *Muscovy* for *English* Serges, or obtain an Order from the *Czar*, that all his Subjects should wear Stockings who wore none before, every poor Child's Labour in Spinning and Knitting those Stockings, and all the Wool in them would be clear Gain to the Nation, and the general Stock would be improved by it, because all the Growth of our Country, and all the Labour of a Person who was idle before, is so much clear Gain to the General Stock.

If they will employ the Poor in some Manufacture which was not made in *England* before, or not bought with some Manufacture made here before, then they offer at something extraordinary.

But to set poor People at Work, on the same thing which other poor People were employ'd on before, and at the same time not increase the Consumption,

is giving to one what you take away from another; enriching one poor Man to ſtarve another, putting a Vagabond into an honeſt Man's Employment, and putting his Diligence on the Tenters to find out ſome other Work to maintain his Family.

As this is not at all profitable, ſo *with Submiſſion for the Expreſſion*, I cannot ſay 'tis honeſt, becauſe 'tis tranſplanting and carrying the poor Peoples Lawful Employment from the Place where was their Lawful Settlement, and the hardſhip of this *our Law conſider'd* is intolerable. For Example.

The Manufacture of making Bays is now eſtabliſh'd at *Colcheſter* in *Eſſex*, ſuppoſe it ſhould be attempted to be erected in *Middleſex*, as a certain Worthy and Wealthy Gentleman near *Hackney* once propos'd, it may be ſuppos'd if you will grant the Skill in Working the ſame, and the Wages the ſame, that they muſt be made cheaper in *Middleſex* than in *Eſſex*, and Cheapneſs certainly will make the Merchant buy here rather than there, and ſo in time all the Bay making at *Colcheſter* dyes, and the Staple for that Commodity is remov'd to *London*.

What muſt the Poor of *Colcheſter* do, there they buy a Parochial Settlement, thoſe that have numerous Families cannot follow the Manufacture and come up to *London*, for our Parochial Laws impower the Church-wardens to refuſe them a Settlement, ſo that they are confin'd to their own Country, and the Bread taken out of their Mouths, and all this to feed Vagabonds, and to ſet them to Work, who by their choice would be idle, and who merit the Correction of the Law.

There is another Grievance which I ſhall endeavour to touch at, which every Man that wiſhes well to the Poor does not foreſee, and which, with humble Submiſſion to the Gentlemen that contriv'd this Act, I ſee no notice taken of.

There are Arcanas in Trade, which though they are the Natural Conſequences of Time and caſual Circumſtances,

cumſtances, are yet become now ſo Eſſential to the Publick Benefit, that to alter or diſorder them, would be an irreparable Damage to the Publick.

I ſhall explain my ſelf as conciſely as I can.

The Manufactures of *England* are happily ſettled in different Corners of the Kingdom, from whence they are mutually convey'd by a Circulation of Trade to *London* by Wholeſale, like the Blood to the Heart, and from thence diſperſe in leſſer Quantities to the other parts of the Kingdom by Retail. For Example.

Serges are made at *Exeter*, *Taunton*, &c. Stuffs at *Norwich*; *Bays*, *Says*, *Shaloons*, &c. at *Colcheſter*, *Bocking*, *Sudbury*, and parts adjacent, Fine Cloath in *Somerſet*, *Wilts*, *Glouceſter* and *Worceſterſhire*, Courſe Cloath in *Yorkſhire*, *Kent*, *Surry*, &c. Druggets at *Farnham*, *Newbury*, &c. All theſe ſend up the Groſs of their Quantity to *London*, and receive each others Sorts in Retail for their own uſe again. *Norwich* buys *Exeter* Serges, *Exeter* buys *Norwich* Stuffs; all at *London*, *Yorkſhire* buys Fine Cloths, and *Glouceſter* Courſe, ſtill at *London*; and the like, of a vaſt Variety of our Manufactures.

By this Exchange of Manufactures abundance of Trading Families are maintain'd by the Carriage and Re-carriage of Goods, vaſt number of Men and Cattle are employed, and numbers of Inholders, Victuallers, and their Dependencies ſubſiſted.

And on this account I cannot but obſerve to your Honours, and 'tis well worth your Conſideration, that the already tranſpoſing a vaſt Woollen Manfacture from ſeveral parts of *England* to *London*, is a manifeſt Detriment to Trade in general, the ſeveral Woollen Goods now made in *Spittlefields*, where within this few Years were none at all made, has already viſibly affected the ſeveral parts, where they were before made, as *Norwich*, *Sudbury*, *Farnham*, and other Towns, many of whoſe Principal Tradeſmen are now remov'd hither, employ their Stocks here, employ the

Poor here, and leave the Poor of those Countries to shift for Work.

This Breach of the Circulation of Trade must necessarily Distemper the Body, and I crave leave to give an Example or two.

I'll presume to give an Example in Trade, which perhaps the Gentlemen concern'd in this Bill may, without Reflection upon their Knowledge, be ignorant of.

The City of *Norwich*, and part adjacent, were for some Ages employ'd in the Manufactures of Stuffs and Stockings.

The latter Trade, which was once considerable, is in a manner wholly transpos'd into *London*, by the vast quantities of worsted Hose wove by the Frame, which is a Trade within this 20 Years almost wholly new.

Now as the knitting Frame performs that in a Day which would otherwise employ a poor Woman eight or ten Days, by consequence a few Frames perform'd the Work of many thousand poor People; and the Consumption being not increased, the Effect immediately appear'd; so many Stockings as were made in *London*, so many the fewer were demanded from *Norwich*, till in a few Years the Manufacture there wholly sunk, the Masters there turn'd their hands to other Business; and whereas the Hose Trade from *Norfolk* once return'd at least 5000 *l. per* Week, and as some say twice that Sum, 'tis not now worth naming.

'Tis in fewer Years, and near our Memory, that of *Spittle fields* Men have fallen into another Branch of the *Norwich* Trade, *viz.* making of Stuffs, Druggets, *&c.*

If any Man say the People of *Norfolk* are yet full of Employ, and do not Work; and some have been so weak as to make that Reply, avoiding the many other Demonstrations which could be given, this is fast answering, *viz.* That the Combers of Wool in

Norfolk

Norfolk and *Suffolk*, who formerly had all, or ten parts in eleven of their Yarn Manufactur'd in the Country, now comb their Wool indeed, and spin the Yarn in the Country, but send vast Quantities of it to *London* to be woven; will any Man question whether this be not a Loss to *Norwich*? Can there be as many Weavers as before? And are there not abundance of Work-men and Masters too remov'd to *London*?

If it be so at *Norwich*, *Canterbury* is yet more a melancholy Instance of it, where the Houses stand empty, and the People go off, and the Trade dye, because the Weavers are following the Manufacture to *London*; and whereas there was within few Years 200 broad Looms at Work, I am well assur'd there are not 50 now Employ'd in that City.

These are the Effects of transposing Manufactures, and interrupting the Circulation of Trade.

All Methods to bring our Trade to be manag'd by fewer hands than it was before, are in themselves pernicious to *England* in general, as it lessens the Employment of the Poor, unhinges their hands from the Labour, and tends to bring our Hands to be superior to our Employ, which as yet it is not.

In *Dorsetshire* and *Somersetshire* there always has been a very considerable Manufacture for Stockings, at *Colchester* and *Sudbury* for Bayes, Sayes, *&c.* most of the Wool these Countries use is bought at *London*, and carried down into those Counties, and then the Goods being Manufactur'd are brought back to *London* to Market; upon transposing the Manufacture as before, all the poor People and all the Cattle who hitherto were employ'd in that *Voiture*, are immediately disbanded by their Country, the Inkeepers on the Roads must Decay, so much Land lie for other uses, as the Cattle employ'd, Houses and Tenements on the Roads, and all their Dependencies sink in Value.

'Tis hard to calculate what a Blow it would be to Trade in general, ſhould every County but Manufacture all the ſeveral ſorts of Goods they uſe, it would throw our Inland Trade into ſtrange Convulſions, which at preſent is perhaps, or has been, in the greateſt Regularity of any in the World.

What ſtrange Work muſt it then make when every Town ſhall have a Manufacture, and every Pariſh be a Ware houſe; Trade will be burthen'd with Corporations, which are generally equally deſtructive as Monopolies, and by this Method will eaſily be made ſo.

Pariſh Stocks, under the Direction of Juſtices of Peace, may ſoon come to ſet up petty Manufactures, and here ſhall all uſeful things be made, and all the poorer ſort of People ſhall be aw'd or byaſs'd to Trade there only. Thus the Shop-keepers, who pay Taxes, and are the Support of our Inland Circulation, will immediately be ruin'd, and thus we ſhall beggar the Nation to provide for the Poor.

As this will make every Pariſh a Market Town, and every Hoſpital a Store houſe, ſo in *London*, and the adjacent Parts, to which vaſt Quantities of the Woollen Manufacture will be thus tranſplanted thither, will in time too great and diſproportion'd numbers of the People aſſemble.

Tho' the ſettled Poor can't remove, yet ſingle People will ſtroul about and follow the Manufacturer; and thus in time ſuch vaſt numbers will be drawn about *London*, as may be inconvenient to the Government, and eſpecially Depopulating to thoſe Countries where the numbers of People, by reaſon of theſe Manufactures are very conſiderable.

An eminent Inſtance of this we have in the preſent Trade to *Muſcovy*, which however deſign'd for an Improvement to the *Engliſh* Nation, and boaſted of as ſuch, appears to be converted into a Monopoly, and proves injurious and deſtructive to the Nation. The Perſons concern'd removing and carrying out our Peo-

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ple to teach that unpoliſh'd Nation the Improvements they are capable of.

If the bringing the *Flemings* to *England* brought with them their Manufacture and Trade, carrying our People abroad, eſpecially to a Country where the People work for little or nothing, what may it not do towards inſtructing that populous Nation in ſuch Manufactures as may in time tend to the Deſtruction of our Trade, or the reducing our Manufacture to an Abatement in Value, which will be felt at home by an Abatement of Wages, and that in Proviſions, and that in Rent of Land; and ſo the general Stock ſinks of Courſe.

But as this is preparing, by eminent Hands, to be laid before this Houſe as a Grievance meriting your Care and Concern, I omit inſiſting on it here.

And this removing of People is attended with many Inconveniencies which are not eaſily perceived, as

1. The immediate fall of the Value of all Lands in thoſe Countries where the Manufactures were before; for as the numbers of People, by the Conſumption of Proviſions, muſt wherever they encreaſe make Rents riſe, and Lands valuable; ſo thoſe People removing, tho' the Proviſions would, if poſſible, follow them, yet the Price of them muſt fall by all that Charge they are at for Carriage, and conſequently Lands muſt fall in Proportion.

2. This Tranſplanting of Families, in time, would introduce great and new Alterations in the Countries they removed to, which as they would be to the Profit of ſome Places, would be to the Detriment of others, and can by no means be juſt any more than it is convenient; for no wiſe Government ſtudies to put any Branch of their Country to any particular Diſadvantages, tho' it may be found in the general Account in another Place.

If it be ſaid here will be Manufactures in every Pariſh, and that will keep the People at home.

I humbly

I humbly repreſent what ſtrange Confuſion and particular Detriment to the general Circulation of Trade *mention'd before* it muſt be, to have every Pariſh make its own Manufactures.

1. It will make our Towns and Counties independent of one another, and put a damp to Correſpondence, which all will allow to be a great Motive of Trade in general.

2. It will fill us with various ſorts and kinds of Manufactures, by which our ſtated ſorts of Goods will in time dwindle away in Reputation, and Foreigners not know them one from another. Our ſeveral Manufactures are known by their reſpective Names; and our Serges, Bayes and other Goods, are bought abroad by the Character and Reputation of the Places where they are made; when there ſhall come new and unheard of Kinds to Market, ſome better, ſome worſe, as to be ſure new Undertakers will vary in kinds, the Dignity and Reputation of the *Engliſh* Goods abroad will be loſt, and ſo many Confuſions in Trade will follow, as are too many to re-

3. Either our Pariſh-ſtock muſt ſell by Wholeſale or by Retail, or both; if the firſt 'tis doubted they will ſorry Work of it, and have other Buſineſs of their own, make but poor Merchants; if by Retail, then they turn Pedlars, will be a publick Nuſance to Trade and at laſt quite ruine it.

4. This will ruine all the Carriers in *England*, the Wool will be all Manufactured where it is ſheer'd, every Body will make their own Cloaths, and the Trade which now lives by running thro' a Multitude of Hands, will go then through ſo few, that thouſands of Families will want Employment, and this is the only way to reduce us to the Condition ſpoken of, to have more Hands than Work.

'Tis the Excellence of our *Engliſh* Manufacture, that it is ſo planted as to go through as many Hands as 'tis poſſible; he that contrives to have it go thro' fewer, ought at the ſame time to provide Work for

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the reſt——As it is it employs a great multitude of People, and can employ more; but if a conſiderable number of theſe People be unhing'd from their Employment, it cannot but be detrimental to the whole.

When I ſay we could employ more People in *England*, I do not mean that we cannot do our Work with thoſe we have, but I mean thus:

Firſt, It ſhould be more People brought over from foreign Parts. I do not mean that thoſe we have ſhould be taken from all common Employments and put to our Manufacture; we may unequally diſpoſe of our Hands, and ſo have too many for ſome Works, and too few for others; and 'tis plain, that in ſome parts of *England* it is ſo, what elſe can be the reaſon, why in our Southern parts of *England*, *Kent* in particular, borrows 20000 People of other Counties to get in her Harveſt.

But if more Foreigners came among us, if it were 2 Millions, it could do us no harm, becauſe they would conſume our Proviſions, and we have Land enough to produce much more than we do, and they would conſume our Manufactures, and we have Wool enough for any Quantity.

I think therefore, with Submiſſion, to erect Manufactures in every Town, to tranſpoſe the Manufactures from the ſettled places into private Pariſhes and Corporations, to parcel out our Trade to every Door, it muſt be ruinous to the Manufacturers themſelves, will turn thouſands of Families out of their Employments, and take the Bread out of the Mouths of diligent and induſtrious Families to feed Vagrants, Thieves and Beggars, who ought much rather to be compell'd, by Legal Methods, to ſeek that Work which it is plain is to be had; and thus this Act will inſtead of ſettling and relieving the Poor, encreaſe their Number, and ſtarve the beſt of them.

It remains now, according to my firſt Propoſal, Page 9, to conſider from whence proceeds the Poverty of our People, what Accident, what Decay of

Trade,

Trade, what want of Employment, what ſtrange Revolution of Circumſtances makes our People poor, and conſequently Burthenſom, and our Laws Deficient, ſo as to make more and other Laws requiſite, and the Nation concerned to apply a Remedy to this growing Diſeaſe. I anſwer.

1. Not for want of Work; and beſides what has been ſaid on that Head, I humbly deſire theſe two things may be conſider'd.

Firſt, 'Tis apparent, That if one Man, Woman, or Child, can by his, or her Labour, earn more Money than will ſubſiſt one Body, there muſt conſequently be no want of Work, ſince any Man would work for juſt as much as would ſupply himſelf rather than ſtarve——What a vaſt difference then muſt there be between the Work and the Workmen, when 'tis now known that in *Spittlefields*, and other adjacent parts of the City, there is nothing more frequent than for a Journey-man Weaver, of many ſorts, to gain from 15*s.* to 30*s.* *per* Week Wages, and I appeal to the Silk Throwſters, whether they do not give 8*s*, 9*s*, and 10*s.* *per* Week to blind Men and Cripples, to turn Wheels, and do the meaneſt and moſt ordinary Works.

Cur Moriatur Homo, &c.

Why are the Families of theſe Men ſtarv'd, and their Children in Work houſes, and brought up by Charity: I am ready to produce to this Honourable Houſe the Man who for ſeveral Years has gain'd of me by his handy Labour at the mean ſcoundrel Employment of Tile-making from 16*s.* to 20*s* *per* Week Wages, and all that time would hardly have a pair of Shoes to his Feet, or Cloaths to cover his Nakedneſs, and had his Wife and Children kept by the Pariſh.

The meaneſt Labours in this Nation afford the Workmen ſufficient to provide for himſelf and his Family,

Family, and that could never be if there was a want of Work.

2. I humbly desire this Honourable House to consider the present Difficulty of Raising Soldiers in this Kingdom; the vast Charge the Kingdom is at to the Officers to procure Men; the many little and *not over honest Methods* made use of to bring them into the Service, the Laws made to compel them; Why are Goals rumag'd for Malefactors, and the Mint and Prisons for Debtors, the War is an Employment of Honour, and suffers some scandal in having Men taken from the Gallows, and immediately from Villains and House-breakers made Gentlemen Soldiers. If Men wanted Employment, and consequently Bread, this could never be, any Man would carry a Musquet rather than starve, and wear the Queens Cloth, or any Bodies Cloth, rather than go Naked, and live in Rags and want; 'tis plain, the Nation is full of People, and 'tis as plain, our People have no particular aversion to the War, but they are not poor enough to go abroad; 'tis Poverty makes Men Soldiers, and drives crowds into the Armies, and the Difficulties to get *English* men to List is, because they live in Plenty and Ease, and he that can earn 20 *s. per* Week at an easie, steady Employment, must be Drunk or Mad when he Lists for a Soldier, to be knock'd o'th'Head for 3 *s. 6 d. per* Week; but if there was no Work to be had, if the Poor wanted Employment, if they had not Bread to eat, nor knew not how to earn it, thousands of young lusty Fellows would fly to the Pike and Musquet, and choose to die like Men in the Face of the Enemy, rather than lie at home, starve, perish in Poverty and Distress.

From all these Particulars, an innumerable unhappy Instances which might be given, 'tis plain, the Poverty of our People which is so burthensome, and increases upon us so much, does not arise from want of proper Employments, and for want of Work, or Employers, and consequently,

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Work-houſes, Corporations, Pariſh-Stocks, and the like, to ſet them to Work, as they are Pernicious to Trade, Injurious and Impoveriſhing to thoſe already employ'd, ſo they are needleſs, and will come ſhort of the End propos'd.

The Poverty and Exigence of the Poor in *England*, is plainly deriv'd from one of theſe two particular Cauſes,

Caſualty or *Crime*.

By Caſualty, I mean Sickneſs of Families, loſs of Limbs or Sight, and any, either Natural or Accidental Impotence as to Labour.

Theſe as Infirmities meerly Providential are not at all concern'd in this Debate; ever were, will, and ought to be the Charge and Care of the Reſpective Pariſhes where ſuch unhappy People chance to live, nor is there any want of new Laws to make Proviſion for them, our Anceſtors having been always careful to do it.

The Crimes of our People, and from whence their Poverty derives, as the viſible and direct Fountains are;

1. Luxury.
2. Sloath.
3. Pride.

Good Husbandry is no *Engliſh* Vertue, it may have been brought over, and in ſome Places where it has been planted it has thriven well enough, but 'tis a Foreign Species, it neither loves, nor is belov'd by an *Engliſh man*; and 'tis obſerv'd, nothing is ſo univerſally hated, nothing treated with ſuch a general Contempt as a Rich Covetous Man, tho he does no Man any Wrong, only ſaves his own, every Man will have an ill word for him, if a Misfortune happens to him, hang him a covetous old Rogue, 'tis no matter, he's Rich enough; nay when a certain great Man's Houſe was on Fire, I have heard the People ſay one to another, let it burn and 'twill, he's a covetous old miſerable Dog, I wo'nt trouble my head to help him, he'd be

be hang'd before he'd give us a bit of Bread if we wanted it.

Tho' this be a Fault, yet I obſerve from it ſomething of the natural Temper and Genius of the Nation, generally ſpeaking, they cannot ſave their Mony. 'Tis generally ſaid, the *Engliſh* get Eſtates, and the *Dutch* ſave them; and this Obſervation I have made between Foreigners and *Engliſh-men*, that where an *Engliſh-man* earns 20 *s. per* Week, and *but juſt lives*, as we call it, a *Dutch-man* grows Rich, and leaves his Children in very good Condition; where an *Engliſh* labouring Man with his 9 *s. per* Week lives wretchedly and poor, a *Dutch-man* with that Wages will live very tolerably well, keep the Wolf from the Door, and have every thing handſome about him. In ſhort, he will be Rich with the ſame Gain as makes the *Engliſh-man* poor, he'll thrive when the other goes in Rags, and he'll live when the other ſtarves, or goes a begging.

The Reaſon is plain, a Man with good Husbandry, and Thought in his Head, brings home his Earnings honeſtly to his Family, commits it to the Management of his Wife, or otherwiſe diſpoſes it for proper Subſiſtance, and this Man with mean Gains lives comfortably, and brings up a Family, when a ſingle Man getting the ſame Wages, Drinks it away at the Alehouſe, thinks not of to morrow, lays up nothing for Sickneſs, Age, or Diſaſter, and when any of theſe happen he's ſtarv'd, and a Beggar.

This is ſo apparent in every place, that I think it needs no Explication; that *Engliſh* Labouring People eat and drink, but eſpecially the latter three times as much in value as any ſort of Foreigners of the ſame Dimenſions in the World.

I am not Writing this as a Satyr on our People, 'tis a ſad Truth; and Worthy the Debate and Application of the Nations Phyſitians Aſſembled in Parliament, the profuſe Extravagant Humour of our poor People in eating and drinking, keeps them low, cauſes their

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Children to be left naked and ſtarving, to the care of the Pariſhes, whenever Sickneſs or Diſaſter befalls the Parent.

The next Article is their *Sloath.*

We are the moſt *Lazy Diligent* Nation in the World, vaſt Trade, Rich Manufactures, mighty Wealth, univerſal Correſpondence and happy Succeſs has been conſtant Companions of *England*, and given us the Title of an Induſtrious People, and ſo in general we are.

But there is a general Taint of Slothfulneſs upon our Poor, there's nothing more frequent, than for an *Engliſh-man* to Work till he has got his Pocket full of Money, and then go and be idle, *or perhaps drunk*, till 'tis all gone, and perhaps himſelf in Debt; and ask him in his Cups what he intends, he'll tell you honeſtly, he'll drink as long as it laſts, and then go to work for more.

I humbly ſuggeſt this Diſtemper's ſo General, ſo Epidemick, and ſo deep Rooted in the Nature and Genius of the *Engliſh*, that I much doubt it's being eaſily redreſs'd, and queſtion whether it be poſſible to reach it by an Act of Parliament.

This is the Ruine of our Poor, the *Wife mourns*, the Children *ſtarves*, the Husband *has Work before him*, but lies at the Ale-houſe, or otherwiſe *idles away* his time, and won't Work.

'Tis the Men that *wont work*, not the Men that *can get no work*, which makes the numbers of our Poor; all the Work-houſes in *England*, all the Overſeers ſetting up Stocks and Manufactures won't reach this Caſe; and I humbly preſume to ſay, if theſe two Articles are remov'd, there will be no need of the other.

I make no Difficulty to promiſe on a ſhort Summons, to produce above a Thouſand Families in *England*, within my particular knowledge, who go in Rags, and their Children wanting Bread, whoſe Fathers can earn their 15 to 25 *s. per* Week, but will not work, who may have Work enough, but are too

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idle to ſeek after it, and hardly vouchſafe to earn any thing more than bare Subſiſtance, and Spending Money for themſelves.

I can give an incredible number of Examples in my own Knowledge among our Labouring Poor. I once paid ſix or ſeven Men together on a *Saturday* Night, the leaſt 10*s.* and ſome 30*s.* for Work, and have ſeen them go with it directly to the Ale-houſe, lie there till *Monday*, ſpend it every Penny, and run in Debt to boot, and not give a Farthing of it to their Families, tho' all of them had Wives and Children.

From hence comes Poverty, Pariſh Charges, and Beggary, if ever one of theſe Wretches falls ſick, all they would ask was a Paſs to the Pariſh they liv'd at, and the Wife and Children to the Door a Begging.

If this Honourable Houſe can find out a Remedy for this part of the Miſchief, if ſuch Acts of Parliament may be made as may effectually cure the Sloth and Luxury of our Poor, that ſhall make Drunkards take care of Wife and Children, Spend-thrifts, lay up for a *wet Day*; Idle, Lazy Fellows Diligent; and Thoughtleſs Sottiſh Men, Careful and Provident.

If this can be done, I preſume to ſay there will be no need of tranſpoſing and confounding our Manufactures, and the Circulation of our Trade; they will ſoon find work enough, and there will ſoon be leſs Poverty among us, and if this cannot be done, ſetting them to work upon Woolen Manufactures, and thereby encroaching upon thoſe that now work at them, will but ruine our Trade, and conſequently increaſe the number of the Poor.

I do not preſume to offer the Schemes I have now drawn of Methods for the bringing much of this to paſs, becauſe I ſhall not preſume to lead a Body ſo Auguſt, ſo Wiſe, and ſo capable as this Honourable Aſſembly.

I humbly ſubmit what is here offered, as Reaſons to prove the Attempt now making inſufficient; and doubt not but in your Great Wiſdom, you will find out Ways and Means to ſet this Matter in a clearer Light, and on a right Foot.

And if this obtains on the Houſe to examine farther into this Matter, the Author humbly recommends it to their Conſideration to accept, *in behalf of all the Poor of this Nation*, a Clauſe in the room of this objected againſt, which ſhall anſwer the End without this terrible Ruin to our Trade and People.

ROYAL RELIGION:

Being some

ENQUIRY

AFTER THE

Piety of Princes.

With Remarks on a Book, Entituled,

A Form of Prayers us'd by King William.

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Royal-Religion.

ROYAL-RELIGION! ſays the Firſt Man that looks on the Book, what d'ye mean by that? Did ever Man write a Book on ſo empty a Subject? This is like my Lord *Rocheſter*'s Poem upon Nothing, or the Niceties of Entity and Non-Entity. Royal-Religion! A Demonſtration of a *Vacuum* in Nature, a *Salamander* in the Fire, *Lawyers* Honeſty, *Jews* Charity, *Turkiſh* Humanity, a *Brute*'s Abſtinence, a *Prieſt*'s Continence, or a *Whore*'s Maidenhead.

Well Gentlemen, ha' Patience, while we make a little ſearch after this Novelty: And ſince the Religion of Princes is under a little Scandal, bear with us a while, and we'll make Enquiry about it, perhaps we may find ſome Religion among Crown'd Heads; where we miſs it, we'll let you know; and if we find it, we'll not fail to give you notice.

But why ſhould any Man buſie himſelf to no purpoſe? Says another Learned Objector. Name me one King that ever had any Religion in him, I'll name you Forty that never troubl'd their Heads about God or Devil; never liv'd as if there was either, or thought it worth while to enquire whether there was or no.

It may be ſo, Gentlemen; but don't diſcourage a Body in the Enquiry. Neither is that an Argument; for, if there be one Good Man in forty Kings, there's as many in proportion as there is of any Claſs of Men in the World; beſides, there is not above one King to Five Millions of Subjects all over *Europe*, one with another, and if there be one Religious King in an Age, 'tis above a Proportion in the Account of Good and Bad; therefore, pray let us go on with the Enquiry, and if we can find out this One in Forty, if we can ſhow you his *Star* in the *Eaſt*, we hope you will join with us to go and worſhip him.

But where ſhall we look for him? In what Quarter of the World ſhall we hear of him? Is there no Old Prophecy, to guide us in the Enquiry, *Merlin*, *Noſtradamus*, *Mother Shipton*, *Lilly*, *Gadbury*, *Partridge*, and all the Soothſayers of the Age? Can his Character be found in none of the Calendars, or among the Strange and Wonderfuls of the Times? Let us enquire nicely, and who knows what may be the Conſequence of a diligent Search.

Really, Gentlemen, after having ranſack'd *Europe* for pious Kings, Men of Honeſty and Principles, Men of Religion, wearing the Badge of Sovereignty upon their Heads, and the Stamp of Chriſtian in their Hearts, having rummag'd Hiſtory, and ſingl'd out a very few, I cannot but inform you who they are.

But before I come to them, I think 'tis needful to let you ſee how much fruitleſs Pains has been taken this way, and how much Labour loſt; in ſhort, to give you the Negatives where we found it not.

And, Firſt, we came to *Rome*; Any body would ha' thought to ha' found Religion there; and tho' a Man with one Crown upon his Head, might be a Sinner, he that had three Crowns, who claim'd the Divine Succeſſion, and the Miſſion of the Infallible Spirit,

Spirit, must needs be the Man; here we began to sing *Nunc Dimitis* with old *Simeon*, and design'd to call the Place *Bethel*, and to write over it, *Surely the Lord is in this Place, and I knew it not.*

But when we search'd into the Holy Juggle, and saw clearly the Sacred Fraud; how Interest govern'd all their Pretences, and what prodigious Cheats were conceal'd under the Pontif of St. *Peter*; when, with the Prophet *Ezekiel*, we were carry'd into the Inner Rooms, and visited the Chambers of Abomination; when, by the unbiass'd Eye of Reason and Reflexion, we entred into the Apartments of Darkness, and saw the *Arcana* of the Sanctified See, a sudden Light shone into the Place, and discovered this Golden Inscription, written on the Inside of the *Sancta Casa* of the *Vatican*,

Heu quantum profuit hæc Fabula Christi!

Away we came; we had enough of the Search.

From thence we considered the Imperial Court, his Imperial Majesty's Piety, his Zeal in Religion, his Holy Life, his Bare-footed Processions, his Religious Observation of Treaties and Confederates, and the like, we concluded,

Hic jacet in Tumulo Religio Religiosi.

But searching a little farther into the Treaties of *Caschaw*, and the sundry Capitulations with the poor Protestants of *Hungaria*, and finding among some Old Records of Count *Teckley*'s, which were taken in the Castle of *Mongatz*, a sad and melancholy account of Bloody Massacres and Cruel Devastations committed on the Protestants, under the solemnest Treaties and Engagements, and repeated Oaths of Parties: And a Protestation made by Count *Secini* before his Death, that they found it safer to trust the

Faith of the *Turk* than the Emperor, and a great deal of such Black Stuff as this: We concluded in the Words of the Angel, *Resurrexit, non est hic.*

We pass'd from hence into *Poland*; never did poor Enquirers meet with such Disappointments; here we found a new King, and a new Convert, both in one; they said, he had lately chang'd his Religion; but upon Enquiry, we found that a Mistake, for it was plainly prov'd he had none before: So it was concluded, he had newly embrac'd Religion, as such, and as might reasonably be expected from a Man newly become a Christian; we made no question but we should find a warm Zeal, a hearty Profession, and a Red-hot Christian; we found he went constantly to Mass, and said over his *Aves* and *Paternosters* most Religiously; was constantly at *Vespers*, and rose before Day to his *Mattins*; and now we thought we had found Religion out: But all of a sudden his *Saxon* Troops began to march, and without so much as declaring War, without Quarrel, without Pretence, without the least Shadow of Honesty, he invaded *Livonia*, depeding upon the Minority of the King of *Swedeland*, and his being at the same time embarrassed with a War in *Denmark*.

We were a going to quit *Poland* upon this, when on a sudden we were call'd to look back to the Cardinal Primate, who being in the *Interregnum* the Sovereign of *Poland*, deserves our Notice; and being a Prince and a Priest, both together, sanctified in Life, and Sacred in Person, we had a wonderful Opinion of him; but hearing that he being a Roman Catholick Prelate, had join'd with a Heretick Prince to depose his Roman Catholick Master; it appear'd his Politick Interest had got Possession of his Religious; and so we laid him by as an Hermaphrodite in Religion, and made a Trip to *Moscovy*.

The Czar of *Moscovy*, we were told, was a Furious Christian, and we did not know but he might have

have something of this Divine Quality in him; but when we examined things, and found him executing two or three thousand People in a Day, putting whole Families to Death for the Offences of one of the Blood; we knew Religion too well, to look any longer for her in Tyranny and Barbarity, and so we found our Labour in vain there too.

The late Duke of *Holstein*, had been so Rakish with the *Swede*, and made such loud Clamours at the *Dane*, that we Despair'd of finding this Royal Religion in those Parts; it had been entertain'd a great while by the Young King of *Sweden*'s Father, *Charles* the Eleventh; but he being Dead, it fled from the Clime, for fear of being frozen to Death, before this young Hero was at Leisure for it.

We considered, *France* is a Kingdom, in which much of this Matter had been talk'd of: We examin'd the Crown'd Legend back to *Henry* the Third; he was a most Zealous Prince, and exceeding Pious; but the barbarous Murther of the Duke of *Guise*, blotted him quite out of our Roll.

Henry the Fourth, encourag'd us to find it in his Story; he having been a Champion for his Religion, and maintained a Bloody War for Seventeen Years, against almost all the Power of *France* and *Spain*; but when at last he was put to the Tryal, he shew'd the World, he fought for the Crown, and not for the Religion, for he Denied the last, to enjoy the first.

Lewis the Thirteenth, Gave us to understand, he had more Zeal than Religion; and at first view of his History, bid us not trouble our heads with it, for he was not the Man.

The present King of *France*, bids exceeding Fair, for the most Religious Prince in the World: If innumerable Reliques, which hang about every part of his Body, if alighting out of his Coach and Kneeling down in the Dirt, in the very High way, while the Blessed

Bleſſed Hoſt is carried by, with *Infinite Te Deums at Noſtre-Dame*; and thanking God for more Victories than ever he gave him, will diſtinguiſh a Monarch to be a Man of Religion, this is He.

What, tho' the Blood of Thouſands of Towns and Villages, whoſe Inhabitants have been murthered in his Sight, are a Pretence for ſome People to leſſen his Immortal Character; theſe are the Effects of War, which his Enemies have forced him to, by preſuming to check the Current of his Conqueſts, and his juſt purſuit of Glory.

What, tho' 'tis pretended he has Unjuſtly Diſpoſſeſs'd the Princes of *Lorrain*, and the *Spaniard* in *Burgogne*; what, tho' he invaded the *Dutch* in Seventy two, and over-run their whole Country, without Declaring War; what, tho' he Bombarded *Genoa*, and laid the moſt Glorious Palaces of the *Senators* in Aſhes; all theſe are but neceſſary Corrections of thoſe petty Neighbouring Princes, who juſtly deſerv'd it for Diſobeying the Commands of the Greateſt Prince in the World.

What, tho' he has Diſſolv'd the Edict of *Nants*, and Baniſh'd Three Hundred Thouſand of his Proteſtant Subjects; this is but a farther Confirmation of of his Steadineſs and Zeal for the Church, and conſequently of his being Maſter of Religion; and ſince no Faith is to be kept with Hereticks, who ſhall blame him for uſing his Proteſtant Subjects as he did, Zeal for Religion might move him to that: Beſides, being an Abſolute Monarch, and having the ſame Right to his People, as a Farmer has to his Cattel, ſhall any one ask him what he does with his own; if any one ask ſuch a Fooliſh Queſtion, 'tis a Sign they do not know what belongs to Arbitrary Power.

All theſe Things had never Diverted us from our fixing this Royal Quality with this Heroick King, had he not lately Diſoblig'd us in breaking the Trea-

ty

ty of Partition, ſolemnly Made, Ratified and Exchang'd, and in ſeizing the Monarchy of *Spain*, which we can no way Reconcile to the Teſt of his moſt Illuſtrious Character.

The Duke of *Savoy* came next in View, for though he is not a King, he wou'd be one; and rather than not be call'd a King, is content with the empty Title, without a Kingdom, and be call'd King of *Jeruſalem*; which, as the *French* Man ſaid, is to be his, *when he can catch.*

There's a Prodigious Face of Religion, on all this Prince's Behaviour; and take him as a Man, I hardly find ſuch another in a Station ſo high; Virtue ſeems to be mixt with Galantry, throughout all the Concerns of his Court, and they are the beſt Regulated Houſhold in *Europe*; Religion has a peculiar Intereſt in his Family; and in ſhort, had we never ſeen him in the Field, he had paſt for a very Religious Prince.

But, when we came into his Cabinet, and found him Tracing the Steps of his Subtil Progenitor, *Charles Emanuel*; when we found he firſt broke his Faith with the Confederacy, afterwards with the *French*, married his Daughter to a King, and then refus'd her the Title of a Queen; when we found him to Day perſecuting his Subjects of the Valleys, to Morrow haranguing them as his faithful Friends, and putting Arms into their Hands.

In ſhort, when we found him Falſe and Fickle, we concluded the Princes of *Europe* were to blame to be cheated twice, but they muſt be mad that venture him the third Time; in ſhort, we found 'twas to no purpoſe, to continue the Search of Religion among Politicks and Intrigues; and that whatever that Prince may do in advancing his Royal Character, 'tis paſt doubt, that he'll never much improve his Religious; he may make himſelf to be own'd for a King, ſooner than he will ever paſs with us for a Chriſtian, and ſo we turn'd our Backs upon him.

We

We were at some loss now, where to carry on the Search; *Europe* was found so barren of this Royal Quality, that we had some thought of going over into *Asia*, and look for it among the *Turks*, but we altered that rash Resolution, and turn'd about to look into *Spain*.

Here we found two Kings, but both Young, and having shown very little of their Piety in the World, we left them to fight it out. Not doubting but he will be the most Religious King that keeps the Crown longest, because Success sanctifies all the Frauds of Life.

We only wish, neither the *French* on one Hand, nor the *English* or *Dutch* on the other Hand, would concern themselves in the Quarrel, but leave that War for the Diversion of *Europe*, to be carried on by those Two Warlike Nations, the *Spaniards*, and the *Portuguese*: Never such a Farce was Acted on the Stage of the World, as wou'd be there; as to Fighting, Swaggering, Running away, *&c.*

Portugal came next in our Thoughts, and a great deal of the show of Religion and Piety has been seen in the Palace of the Court at *Lisbon*; but when we come to Deposing of Brothers, and going to Bed to their Wives; taking the Crown from the King's Head, and then lying with his Wife, we never examined Circumstances; but as to *Religion Royal*, we found it would never do.

At last, we came to *D*——, K—— *C*——— the First, presented himself the likeliest Object; for if a Man can give a greater Demonstration of his Love to Religion, than Dying for the Church, we are mistaken; and therefore we cannot forbear affirming, that certainly we have found the first of the sort at home.

An Ill Natur'd *Calves Head Dissenter*, stept in, and objected Three Things; the Book of Sports, Executing L. *Strafford* against his Conscience, and taking a Prayer

er out of the Romance call'd——— and putting it into his Book of *Eikon Baſiliké*.

As to the firſt and the laſt, they appear to be none of his Actions, the One put out by *A. B. L.* and the other put in by and as to the Caſe of the Lord *Strafford*, he publickly Repented of it.

Great Claim has been put in for this Matter, on behalf of the Two Crown'd Sons of the laſt Mention'd P----ce.

As to the firſt, If above Fifty B---ds with Innumerable Inſtances of Lewdneſs; if pretending all his Days to be a Proteſtant, and at the ſame time being a ſuppoſed P---- ; if theſe things will not bar him from the Claim to Religion, he ſhall have my Vote.

His Brother without doubt, has a much better Claim, and there is no queſtion, but when the Hundred Years are Compleat, ſhall receive a Badge of Saintſhip from *Rome*; mean time, this muſt be own'd, let his real Religion be what it will, he Suffer'd as much for it as any Man of his Character in the World, but his Memory won't go down with the *Engliſh*; and if I ſhou'd ſay, he was the Man, no Body would believe me.

If any Man Charge this as a Banter on Crown'd-heads, and on Religion, I tell 'em they are Miſtaken; and as there is too much Matter of Fact in the Hiſtory of it, ſo I muſt tell them, 'tis leſs than a juſt Return to thoſe hot Mouth'd Gentlemen, who have beſtow'd a Plentiful ſtorm of their Wit, as they call it upon a Manual call'd, A Collection of Prayers, uſed by King *William*.

I know nothing, but the general Scandal on the Religion of Princes, which can be a Handle for theſe Gentlemens Railery; and becauſe, perhaps few of the Kings of *Europe*, ever troubl'd themſelves with Private Devotion, therefore the late King muſt be ſo too.

Princes

Princes perform the Duties of Religion, as a Matter of State, and common Court Ceremony appoints, the Chaplains in Ordinary to attend at their Seaſon; the Hours of Prayer, are Regulated as the Hours of Play, and the Clerk of the Cloſet has his Work alſo; theſe are handſom General ways of treating God Almighty Civilly, and the Prince vouchſafes to be preſent, as often as he pleaſes; and we are very willing to cry up the Devotion and Piety of thoſe that do ſo.

But as for Cloſet Secret Devotion, Private Serious Prayer, Hearty Application to the God and Maker of us all, committing all to his Conduct, ſeeking the Face of the Almighty, his Favour, Protection, Counſel and Bleſſing; we Challenge Hiſtory of Times paſt, or Experience of Time within Memory, to match the Inſtance before us.

As to the Matter of Fact, which ſome have the Impudence to Queſtion, I appeal to the Teſtimony given by the late Reverend and Learned Prelate Dr. *Tillotſon*, late L. A. B. of *Canterbury*; which Teſtimony, as I have had the Honour to hear him Expreſs, ſo there are many living Witneſſes of it.

I ſet this in the Front of the Debate, becauſe, even thoſe who are willing to believe the beſt of his late Majeſty, and would be glad to have it true, are yet forward to ask, of the Book of Prayers Publiſh'd in his Majeſties Name, *Do you really believe the King made uſe of them.*

I confeſs, the Novelty of the thing, the rarity of a Praying Prince, may make the Queſtion the more Excuſable.

But I proceed to conſider, his late Majeſty in his Solitudes, and to Examine, what Authority we have to believe, that theſe Prayers Publiſh'd as his, are *Genuine.*

Firſt, I affirm the late Dr. *Tillotſon*, has often Expreſs'd himſelf of his Majeſty, thus, That he was a very

very Devout Perſon, and a conſtant Obſerver of Religious Duties, both in Publick and Private.

Secondly, I Appeal to his Lordſhip, the Biſhop of *Norwich*, and to his Preface to this Manual; wherein he gives an Account of the conſtant Solemnity his Majeſty obſerv'd, in the Receiving the Sacrament, and the extraordinary time of Preparation, which he Separated for himſelf, from the moſt preſſing Affairs, even in the very Camp; which I give you in his Lordſhips Words, thus; here is plainly the Picture of a Serious and Devout Chriſtian King, and the Authority of a Chriſtian Biſhop to confirm it.

THE

THE PREFACE TO THE PRAYERS.

" THese Prayers are faithfully Printed without the " leaſt variation from the Original Papers, which " his Majeſty conſtantly uſed.

" Although they were admirably ſuited to the Cir- " cumſtances of his Majeſty's Royal Condition, yet " the matter of them is choſe with ſo much Judg- " ment, that they in a manner comprehend all the " things for which a Chriſtian Man ought to Pray; " and may afford great Aſſiſtance to vertuouſly diſpo- " ſed Perſons of all Ranks and Qualities in their Re- " ligious Exerciſes.

" By their being made Publick, Men will ſee the " high Regard his Majeſty had for the Duties of the " Chriſtian Religion, and how well he employed him- " ſelf at the Lord's Table; where his Behaviour was " ever moſt Grave, Humble, and Devout.

" As

" As often as his Majesty received the Sacrament, " which he never failed to do four times in the Year, " he always set a part two or three Days to prepare " himself for it.

" When he was in the Camp, if urgent Affairs put " him by the Seasons he usually allotted for his Prepa- " ration; he ordered the Sacrament to be deferr'd till " the Lord's Day following, that he might have Op- " portunity to fit himself worthily to partake of those " Holy Mysteries.

" There is also very good Reason to believe, that he " made use of some of these Prayers, every Morning " and Evening, when he retir'd into his Closet to Pray; " in which daily Devotions, they, who had the Ho- " nour to attend his Person, well knew, that he was " most Constant and Regular.

" It is therefore hoped, that some Right hereby " will be done to the Sacred Memory of that excel- " lent Prince, who was the Glorious Instrument of " preserving the pure Religion, the Ancient Laws, " and known Liberties of this Kingdom.

" Which Invaluable Blessings, he hath also perpe- " tuated to us by establishing the Succession of the " Crown in the Protestant Line, and leaving the im- " mediate Possession thereof to her present Majesty, " our most Gracious Sovereign Queen *ANNE*.

Here's a living Testimony from an Unbiass'd Pen, and from an Unquestion'd Authority, to the Piety and Religion of a Devout Prince.

If his Lordship the Bishop of *Norwich*, had any need for me to give the World his Character, to add to the Reputation of his Testimony, something might be expected that way.

But as he is a Person eminent in Piety, as well as in Office, of a known and unsupported Integrity, and a Practicer of that very Quality which he applauds in his Christian Sovereign, there can lie no Objection a-

gainſt the Truth of it, but what will be a Satyr upon it ſelf.

His Lordſhips Deſign too, muſt be plainly and uprightly, what he profeſſes, *viz.* to do right to the Sacred Memory of that Excellent Prince, who was the Glorious Inſtrument of preſerving the Pure Religion, the Ancient Laws, and the known Liberties of this Kingdom.

This was not a Time for my Lord to expect much from the World, for either preſerving the Memory or recommending the Example of King *William*, when ſo many value themſelves upon Ill treating him on both Accounts.

My Lord of *Norwich* therefore, ſtands ſo much the clearer in that Point, by how much there is no room to imagine, his Deſign could be any thing elſe than he expreſſes.

Thirdly, I appeal to his Menial Attendants, whoſe Teſtimony, will ſtill Confirm the particular, as to the Time which his Majeſty every Day ſet apart for Private Devotion; and without breach of Charity, I can ſay, I do believe few about him ſpar'd ſo much time for the Solemn Occaſion of Private Prayer, as the King himſelf.

Fourthly, I Appeal to the Eye-witneſſes of his Actions in the Field; and there are Thouſands of Gentlemen, who Declare, they never knew him Enter upon any Great Action, but that immediately before he adventur'd himſelf, he recommended himſelf to the Divine Protection; as particularly at the great Battle of *Landen*, where the Night before the Battel, his Majeſty Lodg'd in his Coach, and in the Morning had his Chaplain call'd into the Coach, to pray with him.

I need not tell the World, with what Undauntedneſs of Reſolution he adventured into the Hotteſt Action;

tion; how Fearleſs and Unconcern'd, he look'd in the Face of Danger; after having thus prepar'd himſelf for Death, Hiſtory is too full of his Prodigious Actions, and the Minds of Men have too great an *Idea* of his Exalted Memory, to require any ſuch Excurſion of my Pen. But I muſt ſay, I firmly believe, it was the conſtant preparedneſs of his Condition, that ſettled and fix'd his Temper, in a perfect Reſignation to the Sovereign Diſpoſal, and caus'd him to be perfectly Hearty and Unconcern'd, in the greateſt Danger: Since no Man can be ſo truly brave, as the Man whoſe Conſcience ſpeaks comfortable things to him, in the Minute of Danger.

After all theſe particular Inſtances, I appeal to the Manner of his Death; with what Compoſure of Mind did he prepare for it; with what Eaſineſs did he talk of himſelf, and of the Affairs of the Kingdom; with what Freedom did he quit all the great Things of the World; how did he lay down the Scepter as a Burthen, and reſign the Crown with a Willingneſs, too great to be Counterfeited.

We are apt to ſuſpect the Solemneſt and moſt Publick Appearances of Living Devotion; but at the Hour of Death, it's another thing, he that can Diſſemble then, is arriv'd to a Degree of hardneſs, beyond what the worſt Enemy could ever ſuggeſt of him.

And I wiſh, ſome good Pen were admitted to Print, what a certain highly Dignified Prelate, has often been pleaſed to relate, of what paſſed between his late Majeſty and himſelf, in the laſt Moments of his Life, after his receiving the Sacrament, and during his other Preparations for Death.

'Tis known, his Majeſty was not ſurpriz'd with Death on a ſudden, but had ſome days Notice, and Time and Strength ſufficient to declare himſelf freely, and did ſo.

The chief End of renewing these Melancholy Parts of his Actions, is to make it appear, that it is not so Improbable a Story, that these Prayers Publish'd by the Bishop of *Norwich*, and said to be used by the late King, were *Genuine*, and were really his own.

The Affirmative, the Bishop of *Norwich*, whose Hand is to the Work, has made solemn; and as Negative can never be proved, I think nothing can desire a greater Confirmation.

Probability Clear, *Proof Positive*, *Circumstances Concurring*; he that would not hang a Thief on those Three Heads, ought to be hang'd himself; he that will doubt after these Heads thus clear'd up, will Doubt for ever, and ought to have all Men doubt, both his Honesty and his Understanding.

And after all, what can be the Reason, and who the Persons that make use of them, against the Memory of his Majesty?

First, 'Tis remarkably visible, all that are Enemies to the present Establishment, hate his Memory, vilifie his Name, and endeavour to lessen his Glory, and *è contra*, generally speaking, all those who reflect on the Memory of King *William*, hate the present Government: Would you have the Character of a High Church-man painted in little, his Prologue is *Prayer*, his Epilogue is *Anathema*'s and *Curses*, *Passive Obedience* and the Church is the Introduction, and Railing at King *William* is the Conclusion.

Show me a Pamphlet, a *New Association*, a *Wolf stript*. But as the Danger of the Church is the Pretence, Railings, wide Reflections upon King *William* and his Memory, are the Means.

To whose Charge do they lay the horrid Crime of establishing Schism by a Law, and introducing the damnable Act of Toleration? 'Tis all heap'd up to the Reproach of the Memory of King *William*.

Who

Who do they charge with filling the Eccleſiaſtick Preferments with Enemies to the Church, and putting in Presbyterian Biſhops? 'Tis all laid at the Door of King *William*.

'Tis to King *William* they Pretend to owe the turning out their Lawful King, and abjuring his Poſterity.

'Tis at King *William*'s door they lay the Crime of a pretended Settlement, and transferring the Nation to another *Dutch* Governour.

'Tis to King *William*'s Charge, they lay the Crime of Acknowledging the Superiority of the Laws to the Kingly Power, debaſing the Monarchy, and demoliſhing the Standard-Cheat of the Church, call'd *Paſſive Obedience*.

'Tis to King *William*'s Memory, they lay the Blame of a Partition Treaty, whoſe Conditions, 'twill be well for us, if we can ever come up to.

'Tis to King *William*'s Conduct, they lay the vaſt Increaſing Power of the *French*; whom, *now he is gone*, they have found it ſo eaſie a matter to ſubdue.

'Tis King *William* they call an Uſurper, and yet pretend her Majeſty is not concern'd in the Matter; as if the Queens Title did not depend upon the Validity of the Revolution.

'Tis to him they lay the ſubjecting the Divine Authority of Princes to the Bondage of Laws and the Slavery of Parliaments, and making the Majeſty of Heaven, *repreſented in his Vicegerent the King*, ſtoop to the Supremacy of Original and Collective Power.

'Tis this Man's Memory they curſe for depriving them of the ſweet Revenues raiſed out of the Perſecuted Diſſenters, and the wholſome Advantage of Plundering their Neighbours.

'Tis the hated Memory of King *William* they blame for interrupting the Succeſſion in the Right-Line, and

preventing a general Union of *English* and *French* Principles as well as Power.

In short, All our *French* Wars, our *Dutch* Settlement, our Whiggish Lords, all our Taxes, our Debts and Deficiencies, the Danger of the Church, the terrible Encroachments of Dissenters; it's all King *William*; he was an *Occasional Conformist*, a *Lutheran*, a *Presbyterian*; nay, the Author of this has a rallying Letter sent him from a Clergy-man of the *Church of England*, who calls King *William* a *Papist*, and a *Jacobite*.

'Tis strange to me, they never charg'd him with a Design to bring in the *French* Army, and restore King *James*.

No wonder these Gentlemen won't believe the Prayers we speak of, were ever made use of by him; if he is as certainly us'd those Prayers as they constantly pray'd for his Confusion, they are certainly genuine.

I look on it as a singular Providence, that these Prayers came usher'd into the World under the Patronage of so Reverend a Hand; after whose Name put to the Introduction, the Authentick Copy can have no Objection.

His Lordship is sufficiently curs'd for giving his *Imprimatur* to the Work, and has already had the Opportunity of hearing himself call'd a Thousand *Presbyterians*, *Whigs*, and *Traitors* to the Church.

Had the Book come out without a Name, it had met with forty Ridiculing Banters in Print before now; it had been call'd a Fanatick Plot, a Sham of the Party; and *J. Tuchin* and *William Fuller*, had been quoted for the Authors: In short, it had been condemn'd to the Hang-man, and all the Dissenters had been baited with putting such a Sham upon the World.

Mr. *L. alias W.* who never swore to this Government, and swears he never will; would ha' made a-

nother

nother *Wolf ſtript* of it, and have call'd it a *New Aſſociation*; from whence his ſtigmatizing Pen would certainly, according to his uſual ſhare of Braſs, have told the World the Party were plotting to bring King *William* to Life again, and depoſing Queen *Anne* to ſet him up again.

The Voluminous Gentleman is humbly deſir'd, the next time he is pleas'd to reflect on the Memory of King *William*, and his Title to the *Engliſh* Crown, to let the World know how he can make that out not to be an Invective, a meer Satyr upon the Queen.

Alſo, he is deſir'd to tell us, how he can have the Face to compliment Her Majeſty, and Her ſitting on the Throne of her Anceſtors, and yet refuſe to take the Oaths, and recognize her juſt Title? And, whether if any Man ſhould let Her Majeſty know it, She wou'd not believe he had the Impudence to Banter Her?

As to the Memory of King *William*, it needs no Addition from my Pen; it lives with a profound Eſteem in the Mind of every True *Engliſh-man*, that has a Value for the Proteſtant Religion, and the Peace of his Native Country; it lives abroad in the Hearts of all Nations, where he has made good the Saying of our Saviour, *That a Prophet's Honour is not in his own Country.*

I confeſs, I am at a loſs how to imagine, any Proteſtant can reflect upon King *William*, if a Roman Catholick does not reſpect his Memory, or did not love his Perſon; I can neither wonder at it, nor blame them; for I cannot cenſure any Man for being Faithful to what he profeſſes: But for a *Church of England* Man, who actually join'd in the Revolution, as they in general did for him, to turn upon the King, I would fain ask ſuch Gentlemen, What would they have had?

If they did not join in the Prince's Expedition, they could hardly be Church-men; for the whole Church was in the thing, and King *James* own'd it to be so to the last; and when the Mob took him at *Feversham*, and he saw a Clergy-man in the Crowd, he call'd him to him, and desir'd him to speak to the People to be quiet, and with Tears in his Eyes told him, *Sir, 'Tis the Men of your Coat have brought me to this*; and repeated it twice with great Earnestness and Concern.

Now the Church men being wholly concern'd, I don't say only concern'd but wholly, in bringing in a Foreign Power; and this they carried on till the late King went away. What is it they would have had? I could never see one of their Books or Writings that propos'd a *Medium*; since they did not approve of King *William*'s being set up, what would they ha' done?

What is it they would have had? A Protector would never have pleas'd them, the Word would have smelt too rank: I wish they would tell us what Articles, what Conditions would they have made with their Angry Prince, to have restor'd him, and recall'd him, and how would they have oblig'd him to keep them.

Most People who are discontented at the present Condition, can tell, how it might be made better; but these People cannot prescribe a Method, what else at that time they could have done, and how they could have been safe in their Property and Religion.

We demand therefore a Cessation of their Tongue as to *Billingsgate*, and Reproach upon King *William* and the late Revolution, so long at least, as till they tell us what Medium could have supplied the filling up the Throne with the late King *William* and Queen *Mary*, and how Property, Liberty, and the Protestant Religion, could have been secur'd.

If

If they cannot reply to this, what have they to say to King *William*? And why all this ill Language and reproach upon his Memory, that they will not allow him to be a King, nor a Christian.

As to his Actions in the Field, or on the Throne, they are far from wanting my Pen to defend them; but as to his Personal Piety, his Real Religion, I take the Freedom to affirm, from unquestionable Witness, justifiable Authority, and some little positive Knowledge, He was a Prince of the greatest Piety, Sincerity, and unfeigned Religion, as either History relates, or Memory informs of in the World; and I am not convinc'd, that I need not except any Crown'd Head that ever Reign'd, except, and only except his Royal Consort, and her Glorious Sister.

If he was not a Prince of Religion, let them show me a Prince in the World that ever was! And 'twould take up a large Volume to run back the Parallel to the beginning of History.

I confess, it would too much reproach the *English* Calendar, to ransack our Throne, to find a Prince equal to King *William*; and 'tis a Misfortune, that the Character of our Kings will not bear a Secret History: We have not above two or three Crown'd Heads that *England* can pretend to, before King *William*, whose Character values it self upon that Article, call'd *The Religion of Princes*; it has been so remote from their general Practice, that really it has not been much in the Pretence; and indeed, I have never read over the Scruples King *Henry* the Eighth made, about putting away his Wife *Katharine* of *Spain*, without my Thoughts fill'd with the utmost Contempt both of the Persons and the Times, to hear them call'd Scruples of Conscience; and Bishops, and all sorts of Ecclesiasticks, were summon'd together to satisfie the King's Conscience, a Mission to *Rome*; and an Examination of Matters in the Points of Consanguinity in all the Universities in

Europe

Europe, were carried on with all poſſible Vigour, and all for the ſatisfaction of his Majeſty's Conſcience.

Had ſome of the States-men of that Age, found out ways to have ſatisfied another importuning Affair in his Majeſty's Conſtitution, they might have taken much leſs Pains about his Conſcience; for if it may be gueſs'd by the reſt of his Conduct, if the After-management of that Prince may be the Teſt of his real Tenderneſs, no Man in the World ſhew'd leſs Concern for Religion, otherwiſe than it ſerv'd to cover the Deſign of his Luſt, his Covetouſneſs, or his Tyrannick Temper.

Indeed, we have had ſo much of this Royal Banter in former Ages in *England*, that a Prince ought to have more Religion in him than ever King had before him, before he can expect the World ſhould believe he has any more Sincerity than his Anceſtors.

'Tis confeſs'd, we owe the preſent Reformation to the Reign of King *Henry* the Eighth; and without troubling the Reader with the Particulars, which he may read in the Biſhop of *Salisbury*'s Hiſtory of the Reformation at large, I readily allow, he gave a great ſtroke to Popery and Idolatry in *England*.

But, what ſhall we ſay to the Inſtrument? God Almighty was pleas'd to ſhow the Sovereignty of his Government and to let us ſee he can ſanctifie the Deſign, in any Work, without ſanctifying the Agent; and had the Abbeys and Monaſteries in *England* been poor and empty Cells, had the Lands, and not the Monks and Prieſts, been out of the way, had he not had more occaſion for the Revenues than the Reformation of the Church; I believe I make no Breach upon my Charity, when I ſay, that in all probability they had ſtood to this Day, that is, at leaſt from any diſturbance they might have found from the Conſcience of that King.

Conſcience! What a ſtrange Play thing did that King make of his Conſcience!

1. In putting away his Wife after he had liv'd eighteen years with her; and as often as he had a mind to a New Bed-fellow, putting away or putting to Death ſeveral others after her.

2. In deſtroying the Abbeys and Monaſteries; which, however we are pleas'd with the matter who are Proteſtants, in him that was a Papiſt, could be nothing but a Sacrilegious Robbing the Church, alienating the Charity of the Dead, and Robbing other Men of their Due.

3. In his Cruelty and Thirſt of Blood; who at the ſame time put to Death Proteſtants for denying the Real Preſence, and Papiſts for denying to acknowledge his immediate Supremacy.

If King *Henry* the Eighth lop'd off the Branches of Popery, King *Edward* the Sixth laid the Ax to the Root of it; he gave it the Mortal Wound, and it died under his hand: And 'tis the Glory of our Reformation, that God, who had deſign'd in his Providence, to build up the Proteſtant Religion in *England*, tho' he permitted the Devil to contribute to the Deſtruction of his own Intereſt, yet he reſerv'd the Publick Work for one, in whoſe young Heart he had planted the Seeds of Early Religion.

What that Prince would have been, if he had liv'd to have ſhown himſelf in the World, no body can tell; but he died early enough to prevent all poſſible Scandal upon his Morals, and liv'd long enough to ſhow more Sincerity, and more Zeal to Religion, than any Prince that ever ſat upon the *Engliſh* Throne, or any other Throne in the World.

The peculiar Quality of the Royal Religion we are upon, is expreſs'd very much in the Book we are now in Debate about.

And what is the Title of this Book? *A Book of Prayers.* When Kings pray, it may well be put in a Book.

a Book. And 'tis remarkable to all the World, that in all our Liſt of Kings, from the Conqueſt to King *William*, there is not one word of Prayer recorded, no, not in the moſt Flattering, Fulſom Hiſtories of their Lives, except of King *Edward* the Sixth and King *William*.

I omit *Eikon Baſiliké*, and the Martyrdom of King *Charles* the Firſt in this caſe, becauſe one is liable to Exception; and the other, a Caſe without Example, which does not reach our Caſe.

I come now to the Credit of the Book we are upon; for, with thoſe People who are not willing to have this Book genuine, and who have aſſaulted it with Banter and Ridicule, who will have King *William* have no Religion, becauſe they have little themſelves, or becauſe he did not pleaſe them; after they have done with their incoherent Raillery, and find it inſufficient, then they aſſault the Book it ſelf.

Bedlam is hardly ſtrong enough to hold them, when they reflect, that this *Damn'd Prayer Book*, as one call'd it, ſhould be Vouch'd by a Biſhop. This has hook'd 'em in ſo, and cramp'd them, that all the Deſign of making it a Presbyterian Sham, is knock'd on the Head.

They can't run about now, and call it a Whimſie of the Diſſenters, to magnifie his Memory. Here is the Church Signature, that Church which his Majeſty own'd, conform'd to, protected, and would ha' Reform'd, if ſome, who the Devil employ'd to prevent it, had not always hindred him.

And the Honeſty of thoſe Fathers of the Church, who were ſenſible of his Integrity, ſtrict, and conſtant Endeavours for their Good, *as a Church*, is very conſpicuous, and deſerves this Teſtimony for their bearing Witneſs to his Memory, when the Sons of Fury, and Men of Malice, would load him with Reproach.

Here's

Here's the Picture of his Soul; all the Clouds of Envy, all the Smoke and Duſt of Slander and Evil-ſpeaking, cannot cover, eclipſe, or ſully his Character: *Thus he pray'd*, thus he ſerv'd his Maker, Daily, Weekly, Yearly; thus he Communicated, and thus he Prepar'd himſelf to do it. And here's the Sacred Teſtimony given by a Biſhop of the Church of *England*, whoſe Ears have been witneſs to the Truth of it, and who has Honeſty enough left to own it among the Cloud of other Witneſſes who are aſham'd of the Truth, and ſhow their Malice, by withholding the juſt Teſtimony, Honour and Conſcience would oblige them to.

'Twould be needleſs, after his Lordſhip's Teſtimony, to ſubjoin thoſe of Meaner Servants, who attending at his Majeſty's Cloſet, have been Eye-witneſſes of his Retirement, and his ſetting apart a ſufficient Time, Morning and Evening, for his Private Devotions; or, of thoſe other Perſons, who yet more near to his Majeſty, have been often preſent, and aſſiſtant to him in his Performances, leſs retir'd.

There are above Thirty Living Witneſſes who can atteſt, not only the General Practice of this Immortal Man, but who can alſo give Witneſs to the Particulars, that theſe were the very Prayers his Majeſty frequently uſed; always giving himſelf ſuch a Juſt Liberty of Expreſſing himſelf, as Dictated to his Tongue from a fervent Spirit, and an Inſpir'd Devotion.

But I chuſe to ſtand by the Authentick Teſtimony, of his Lordſhip the Biſhop of *Norwich*; ſuch Enquirers as are willing to be ſatisfied, may have full Satisfaction from ſuch of his Majeſties Menial Attendants, as are yet alive; and ſuch as are neither willing it ſhould be true, nor reſolv'd to believe it if it were: that Atteſtation of his Lordſhip, whoſe Name is fairly affix'd to the Preface, is a ſufficient Fortification againſt all they can pretend to ſay.

But

But where will Clamour ceaſe? Envy hunts all the Avenues of a Man's Reputation, to Impeach his Character; and when ſhe finds it ſo well Fortified and Guarded, that ſhe can break in no where, ſhe never fails to raiſe Duſt and Smoke, to blind the Eyes of thoſe that wou'd keep them open to a juſt Merit.

If theſe Prayers were us'd by the King, ſay they, 'twas only a Show of Religion without any Sincerity; for when he came to die, he would not ſay he died in the Communion of the Church of *England*.

He that can Undertake to ſay, that when he ſees a Man Worſhipping God, he is or is not Sincere, muſt ha' better Eyes than I; God has reſerv'd this Knowledge of the Heart wholly to himſelf.

But the preſent Subject of our Diſcourſe, his late Glorious Majeſty, at his Death, gave convincing Proofs, that he felt the Compoſure of a calm Conſcience; and I know no greater Teſtimony of a Sincerity in Religion.

As to his dying in the Church of *England*, 'tis plain he died in the Communion of that Church, in that the Bleſſed Sacrament was Adminiſtred to him, by the Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, not many Hours before his Death; and which he Receiv'd with extraordinary Marks of Devotion.

As to his Anſwer given to the Queſtion, which he has been ſo much reproached for, he anſwer'd, He Died a Chriſtian, and in Communion with the Reform'd Proteſtant Church, according to that Glorious Principle of Charity, which his Majeſty always retain'd for all Societies of Sincere Chriſtians, and which, as far as in him lay, he always Promoted and Encourag'd, both by his Commands and his Royal Example.

May the exceeding Candor of his Temper, the Extenſiveneſs of his Charity; and the Healing Principle, which on all occaſions appear'd in him, be the Pattern for this whole Nation to Imitate. May

May all ſucceeding Princes, who ſhall ſit on the *Engliſh* Throne, Acknowledge, Serve, and Pray to their Great Sovereign Maker like him; let him be ſo far their Pattern, let them ſhow the King and the Chriſtian like him.

And whenever this Nation is bleſt again with a Praying and Fighting Monarch; may they treat him better, betray him leſs, and love him more; leaſt Heaven ſerve them then, as he has done now, and take him from them when they have moſt need of him.

F I N I S.

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